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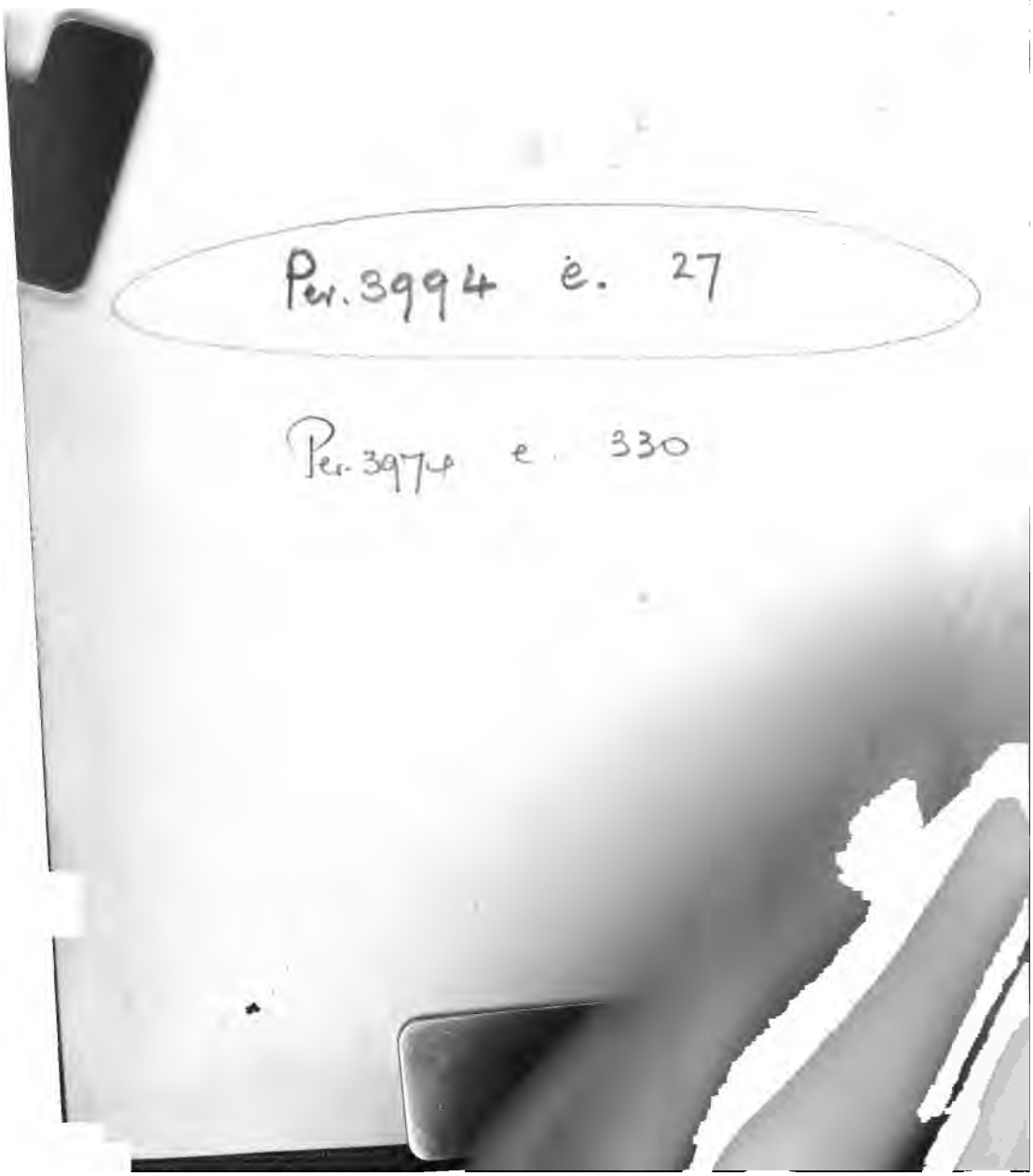

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THE GAMING HOUSES OF LONDON;

AS DESCRIBED IN A LETTER FROM A NOVICE IN TOWN TO HIS FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

LETTER I.

My Dear W.

Since my visit to this modern Babylon, I have been occupied in a round of the most pleasurable pastimes and recreations, and, (will you believe it?) apart from the description of the agreeable, I have actually been introduced to one of those most notorious receptacles of vice and profligacy, the Hells, or Gaming Houses—of which there are at least forty or fifty in the parish of St. James's alone; under the very nose of royalty, and equally so of the metropolitan prelate, to whom the morals of the great city are confided. With the many melancholy recorded instances of the fatal consequences to which introductions of this kind have led, you will naturally feel alarmed at this awful piece of intelligence, but calm your friendly anxieties; for so far from its having engendered a feeling from which might result any direful effect, it has, on the contrary, created an indelible horror and disgust that cannot fail for ever to restrain me from the fatal consequences of play.

The limits of a letter will not permit me to indulge in the moral reflections to which the subject naturally gives rise; I proceed, therefore, to give you an account of the accident which led to my initiation as a gamester; and then, to particularise my visit. Novice as, thank God, I still am, the description will be but an imperfect one, falling very far short of the reality, but nothing shall be lacking in truth; there is no need to heighten by false or meretricious colouring a picture which, in mere outline, exhibits but too much of human nature's failings and deformities.

Strolling through town with my friend L——, a man of much experience and well-acquired knowledge of character, as it is to be met with in all its shades and peculiarities in London, we had occasion to seek shelter from one of those pelting and pitiless showers, which, from their sudden and unexpected fall, are somewhat inconvenient to the fashionable lounger—chance and the emergency of the moment, directed us to a public-house in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street, in the parlour of which we took up our position, and, by way of qualifying our intrusion, called for a glass of brandy-and-water. While discussing its merits, which, by the way, were of a very inferior degree, my attention was attracted towards an individual seated in an opposite box, who was so intently engaged as to be wholly unobservant of our entrance, and totally unconscious of our presence, notwithstanding the fact that we had been loud and authoritative in our commands for the potation that was to reconcile mine host to our society. The individual alluded to, had, placed before him in methodical arrangement, a number of cards of very peculiar character; in his hand was the fragment of a plain unsophisticated cedar pencil, and his mind ap-

peared to be wandering in the labyrinth of problematical discovery—his countenance with thermometer-like variability, at times exhibiting the light and smile of heartfelt satisfaction, and anon becoming overcast by the lourings of disappointment. I taxed my ingenuity to the very stretch of its imagining, but could not arrive at any probable or satisfactory cause for these sudden and extraordinary changes in the mental atmosphere of the man, and my curiosity was about to break through the rules of courtesy and good breeding by boldly and unceremoniously trespassing on the stranger's occupations, when my friend timely checked me, and, perceiving my anxiety, kindly relieved me by communicating to me in a tone little above a whisper, that the individual who had so greatly excited my attention was one of those unfortunate and infatuated persons who frequent the *rouge et noir* tables at the different *Hells* or *Gaming Houses* of the metropolis, and although in other respects a man of strong mind, of highly cultivated intellect, and extensive attainments, was the victim of a fatal and destructive weakness which led him to imagine that his knowledge of figures and power of calculation would discover to him a system that should controul the numberless changes and combinations of which six packs of cards (the number used at the game of *rouge et noir*) are capable; in other terms, that from past events he could ensure future favourable results to his speculations, and thus, by mere arithmetical amusement, work out redemption of the fortune he had lost. "Years," observed my informant, "have found him thus abstractedly occupied. System after system has suggested itself to his sanguine and bigotted expectations, and failure upon failure has been the certain and distressing result; still, however, his mind as you may perceive, is more than ever possessed with the practicability of his schemes and the accomplishment of the grand object to which, with never-ceasing application, he has devoted ability, that, applied to any laudable and reasonable pursuit, must have worked out profit and honour to its possessor. Still, with more than frantic faith, 'he hugs the dear falsehood to the last,' and though possessing all the capabilities of reasoning, still lacks that strength which strikes the understanding and impresses conviction on the mind, he still pursues the phantom and feeds on hope

'So obstinately strong
That doth invert the test of ears and eyes.'

"The cards which you see before him," continued my friend, "are the lists or memoranda of events that have taken place in reference to winning and losing colours on past deals or games, and from these he is now labouring to establish on *probability alone*, *future certain results*, and thereon to plan a scale or progression of risk that shall ensure ultimate gain. He is scheming, in fact, to discover the philosopher's stone of gaming, spite of his knowledge that, as a player, he has to contend with a certain calculated per centage against him, which not even the skill of a Demoivre, or even of a Newton, could counteract or defeat, and which like the legacy duty will in time absorb all capital. And yet," added my friend, "this gentleman (for such he is by birth and education), is but one of a host of infatuated and debased beings,

who, spite of the bitter cup of experience, which they have drained to the very dregs, still continue to exhaust every shilling they can raise in the fatal experiment of their false and visionary calculations. Fortune, friends, connections, and all the happy and endearing ties and prospects of life are sacrificed to this dreadful monomania, and frequently it happens that the unhappy victims of such delusions are reduced to the degrading and heart-rending necessity of soliciting assistance from those whom their folly has enriched. Such," said my informant, "is the fate of a punter, (as he is termed), or rouge et noir player, and the illustration is now before you in the person of the individual who has so engrossed your attention, and who, though reduced to the pitiable condition in which you now behold him, once held high military rank in his majesty's service. The annals of gaming would furnish a lengthened and distressing list of men fallen from similar high estate, and who, for one fatal imprudence, have, perhaps, been too hastily and too unfeelingly condemned by their friends to a life of wretchedness and misery, when kindness and sympathy might have redeemed them from error, and restored them to their lost place in society. St. James's is the haunt of many such condemned and wretched men, for it is the hot-bed of the evil that has embittered their existence. Speaking on this melancholy subject" said my friend, "it would be well (if you feel that you have sufficient resolve to resist the fascinations and excitement of play) that you should have some insight of a system which begets such incalculable and irretrievable mischief. A visit to one of the many dens that 'from night to morn, from morn to dewy eve' open wide their doors to the thoughtless and inexperienced, will be a lesson in the great book of worldly knowledge, which if well studied and properly digested, may be productive of great benefits to you in after life, inasmuch as it will give you some acquaintance with the character of *men of the town*, as they are comprehensively termed, and will, in all probability, protect you from many deceits and impositions that may be attempted to be practised on you by persons having the address and exterior of gentlemen, but who, in fact, are neither more nor less than systematic sharpers, or what is worse, agents or decoys to mislead the youthful and inexperienced into the ruinous speculation of play, themselves participating, nay absolutely depending for subsistence on their proportion of the plunder to result therefrom. Such specious and designing knaves are dispersed through the town in every direction, and are on the constant alert to introduce themselves to the open-hearted and unsuspecting; while others of more bold and decided character are equally alive, to pluck from the wing of the well-feathered pigeon the downy feathers that adorn it. Character in all its variety is to be met with in the chamber of a gaming house, from the bold unblushing villain who commits the most barefaced robbery and maintains his right by oaths and imprecations, to the abject broken-spirited wretch, who having exhausted all means of honourable subsistence is driven by the pinchings of necessity to haunt the scene of his ruin, and solicit charity from the purse of the successful. Time and frequent intercourse can alone give perfect acquaintance with the many striking and distinguishing characteristics,

but something may be gained even from a casual visit; and as the weather has cleared, we will drop in and take a peep at a rouge et noir table—it is now high carnival, the very witching hour of day when gamesters congregate, and seeing that I have been regularly initiated, and have consequently that, which in court phraseology is termed the privilege of entré, there will be little or no difficulty in your introduction."

Accordingly we proceeded to a well known house in King Street, St. James's, and having duly undergone the scrutiny of the Cerberus who guarded the entrance, we were permitted to pass a ponderous door, which would have done honour to a bastile, and proceed up stairs, a bell, (whose sound had, as I have since learned, its *peculiar signification* above), announcing our arrival. The particulars of my visit to this Pandemonium shall be the subject of my next, and I cannot doubt but that the account, imperfect as it may be in the relation, will afford you much interest in the perusal.

Yours, my dear W.

EXPOSITOR.

ON DREAMS.

IT has frequently been a subject of enquiry amongst authors, as to what is the true cause of dreams. In this, as in most other subjects, many opinions have been advanced, and much dispute has taken place. At the present time, however, it is generally believed that they may be referred to a train of thought that has passed through the mind at some previous time, and left an impression on it, which is transferred into our slumbers. It must be allowed by every one that, in a very great degree, this opinion is correct; for it is utterly impossible that any man of the commonest observation should not have traced many of his dreams to thoughts or incidents which have previously occupied his mind. In fact, in the generality of cases, dreams may be attributed to this source. Still it has been maintained by many, amongst whom may be ranked men of the most acknowledged talent, that this definition is not always the correct one; and numerous examples have been cited, which, if true, would lead to the belief that dreams are sent to us by an over-ruling Providence for our good.

But, on the other hand, in support of the opinion above given, numerous authors may likewise be named. Dr. Franklin has written an essay upon the subject, under the the title of "The art of procuring pleasing dreams," and in which he states that dreams are pleasant or otherwise according to many circumstances which act upon the mind or body. Dr. Gregory, a celebrated modern physician, relates of himself that he dreamt he was on the top of Mount Etna, and that his feet were much burned by his near approach to the crater. This dream arose from his having a bottle of hot water at his feet, and he slumbered while it was there. He had been reading a short time before of a

journey to the top of that mountain. Here, then, we can evidently trace the true cause of this dream in the effect produced upon his mind by the book which he had been reading on the subject of Mount Etna. A French philosopher tried several experiments of this sort; he left his knees uncovered, and he dreamt he was on the outside of a diligence on a cold night. Having occasion to apply a blister to his head, he dreamt that he was scalped by a party of Indians. The Ettrick Shepherd, in one of his poems, has given us a dream of terrific misery arising from the effects of thirst. It is said that Mrs. Radcliffe, Dryden, and Fuseli ate indigestible suppers in order to dream horribly; surely no one will deny that they did not succeed, if we may judge from their works. Opium eaters, at first, have dreams of transcendant beauty, but when the stomach becomes disordered by a long continued use of this drug, nothing can exceed the horror and gloominess of their visions. In proof of this, we may mention the wonderfully fascinating and strange "*Confessions of an Opium Eater*,"* from which we make the following quotation:—

"And now came a tremendous change, which unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months promised an abiding torment, and, in fact, it never left me. Hitherto the human face mixed often with my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Now it was, that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear: the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens: faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries;—my agitation was infinite—my mind tossed and swayed with the ocean. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Hindoostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, chattered at, by monkeys, paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into secret pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me! I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed they said, at which the Ibis and the crocodile trembled. I was buried for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid confounded with all unutterably slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I should ever reascend. Nor did I by waking feel that I had reascended."

* A pamphlet under this title was published a few years back. It is exceedingly interesting, and will amply repay a perusal.

In the ages of superstition, and as we have before had occasion to remark, even in more modern times, dreams were supposed to be revelations from Providence, by which the secrets of futurity were disclosed to the eyes of mortals. Numerous authors, both sacred and profane, have cited examples in which dreams appeared to have been sent, either to warn men of impending danger, or as a medium for the disclosure of some important event that has, perhaps, baffled the most diligent investigation. It would be tedious to enumerate such examples; it will be sufficient for our purpose to call attention to the well known dreams of Pharoah and Nebuchadnessar recorded in the sacred volume. In modern times such examples are equally numerous; and we do not think any apology necessary for introducing the following case, which is most remarkable, and, we believe, not generally known. It is as follows;—

A manufacturer during his travels for country orders, arrived for the first time at an obscure town in Suffolk. It being late when he entered the town, he put up at the Commercial Inn, and retired as quickly as possible to rest. He soon fell into a profound slumber, but he was visited by a dream, which, although not extraordinary in itself, still from the events which followed, may be considered as a special interference of Providence for the purpose of revealing a crime which had remained for years hidden to all but the criminals themselves. He dreamt that he was in the main street of the town, and was amusing himself by examining with the curious eyes of a stranger every thing worthy of notice. He imagined that upon arriving at the head of the street, the parish church came in sight. He paused for a minute or two to examine its architecture, and then continued his walk till he reached a lane. Turning down this, he arrived opposite a cottage; and upon entering the little garden which was attached to it, he could perceive nothing but a well, in which however, to his great horror, he fancied that he could discover a human skeleton. When he awoke, he endeavoured as much as much as possible to shake off the unpleasant thoughts caused by the nature of his dreams. It being a fine summer's morning, he sallied out for a ramble previously to commencing the business of the day. Upon walking up the high street, it struck him that he had some dim recollection of it, and yet he was perfectly convinced that he had never passed through the town before. He pressed forward and at length came to the church, which, to his utter astonishment, presented the same features as the one he had seen in his dream; and the recollection of it instantly flashed upon his memory. He still continued his walk, urged on as it were by some uncontrollable impulse, and passing down a lane, came to a cottage, both of which bore a strong resemblance to the objects of his vision. Struck by so extraordinary a coincidence, he entered the garden, fully expecting to find the well which had formed so prominent a part in his dream. For this, however, he searched in vain—he could no where discover the slightest trace of it—this, then, was the only circumstance which was wanting to complete his dream. During his walk to the inn, he revolved these strange things in his mind, and came to the determination to take

further measures for ascertaining the truth or falsehood of the whole affair. He was further confirmed in this resolution, when upon enquiry, he learnt that the inhabitants of the cottage, (an old man and his daughter), had completely secluded themselves from the world, and avoided as much as possible, all intercourse with their neighbours. In order then to execute his project, he called on the magistrate of the town, and informed him of the whole circumstance. This gentleman desired two constables to accompany him to the cottage, where they for some time made ineffectual search for the well. At length an old woman amongst the bystanders, (for several persons had been drawn round the spot, out of curiosity, to witness the proceedings), hearing that this was the object of their search, pointed out the spot where, she affirmed, there had formerly been a well, which she remembered to have been closed by the inmates of the cottage, and she added—"I thought Giles" (such was the old man's name) "an old fool for blocking it up, because he now has a mile to go for every drop of water that he wants." This confirmed their suspicions, and they soon discovered the well, with its mouth closed over with old boards and rubbish. Upon lowering the hook and chain they had brought for the purpose, they for some length of time could discover nothing. At length they brought up an old box, almost dropping asunder by decay, and tied round with a piece of cord. In this they found to their horror and astonishment the skeleton of a child. The inmates of the cottage were secured, after a desperate resistance from the old man; and the woman then confessed that it was her child by her own father; that as soon as it was born they had murdered it, and disposed of it as it had been found—and, she added, she was glad that it was discovered, as since the crime had been committed, her life had been a burden to her. Upon this confession, coupled with the circumstantial evidence which was brought against them, they were hanged. Thus was a stranger made the means, in the hands of a superior Being, of discovering a crime which had remained hidden for years. In this case the dream cannot be traced to any previous train of thought; and we can only attribute it to a direct interposition of Providence.

For the present we shall take leave of this interesting subject, but shall recur to it at the first opportunity.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

"Fortuna transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi—nunc alii benigna."—HORACE.

FORTUNE, capricious jade, her favours shifts,
And in uncertain mood, the upstart lifts
To wealth and power—while intellect and mind,
Like beggars, follow, in her train behind.
To-day she smiles, and acts by reason's rule;
To-morrow plays the minion to a fool.

A TALE OF THE ROAD.

The road! the road!
Huzza for the road!—Song.

It was in the calm twilight of a summer's evening, in the seventeenth century, that a single horseman was seen cantering leisurely towards that part of London known by the name of Hyde Park Corner, with the intention of reaching the open country in the direction of Old Brentford. His age, from his appearance, might have been about twenty-six, or from that to thirty, though certainly he had not passed the last-mentioned number; his dress plainly told, that if not of rank and fortune, he aped not the possession of both in vain. It was in the height of the mode, consisting of a buff jerkin with silver trimmings and a slashed sleeve, with a puff of light green satin and point lace ruffles at the wrist; over this he wore a light cloak, trimmed as the jerkin, and round his neck was seen the much-admired and beautiful lace collar so generally worn at the period; long love-locks reached down on his shoulders, over which he wore a slouched hat and feather; this, with large riding boots and bright silver spurs, completed his outward man. He was remarkably well mounted, and after he had once left the busy haunts of men behind him, he dashed along at a rate which showed he distrusted neither the powers of his steed nor the abilities of the person who bestrode him.

At the entrance of Old Brentford stood a small secluded road-side inn; not but the owner of the Tun and Punchbowl, though but a small house, had a pretty smart stroke of business, and if rumour lied not, was possessed of a good share of chinking jacobuses. Neither was he very scrupulous as to the manner in which he scraped them together; yet be that as it may, Tom Bottergill was a hearty old wag, and could by his merry jokes give a relish to the traveller's cup, which might be looked for in vain over many a weary mile. It was at this house that the horseman before-mentioned pulled up his foaming steed, and with a rattling cheerful holloa, summoned its inmates to attend to him. His call had been twice repeated ere the ostler made his appearance from the stable, scratching and torturing his elf locks, and making faces wonderously resembling the ancient architectural ornaments which are seen on some of our old monastic edifices. "Wounds, Zir William, but you be moughtily floustered this ere night; a poor fel'er has hardly layed down to have one snooze arter his day's work but you must come shouting and holiowing as though the fox was going over the hill at your feet."—"Silence! you lout, silence! and lead Rawbone into the stable, and look to him quickly, as I want him soon, and for hard service," and dismounting, Sir William, as he was called, entered the house. "Well, Dorothy," said he, addressing the buxom landlady, 'here I am once more; why, I suppose you thought you'd lost me, ha! ha! No, my lass, no, other game afoot that's not turned out so good as might be. so I've come to try the old road again. Aha, Botty, my boy," (going up to the host, who now entered). "a cup of your best and strongest, to cheer the cockles of our hearts—a bottle of good Canary, my buck,"

slapping him smartly on the shoulder, "a bottle of good Canary, in the blue-room, and Dorothy shall look in to try its quality, and keep us out of harm in the time." "Aye, aye, Sir William," he answered, "the same rattler as ever, the life and soul of all who know you; go up to the parlour, you know the house too well to need a guide, and I'll follow presently.

In the blue-room then behold him, standing on one leg and swinging round, carelessly humming some fashionable air, and tapping the toe of his boot with his riding-cane.

The door opens, and not Botty enters, but his better-half—decidedly so: with great care she fastened the door; her caution alarmed him slightly, and made him move his hand in the impulse of the moment towards his breast, as if in search of a weapon—'twas but for an instant, she was only a woman. She approached him carefully and handed him a chair: he looked surprised. "How now, dame, you surely do not mean to make me a prisoner in your own house." "Sit down, Sir William, sit down; me make you a prisoner—Lord love ye, I'd sooner lose my right hand than see one hair of your head injured; but I have something of consequence that I wish to impart to you. You know, Sir William, that it is not very safe to travel between this and Staines at this time, especially if you have anything about you worth having." "Why yes," he answered, with a meaning smile, "Hounslow Heath is not exactly a safe journey with a heavy purse; but come, to the business." "Well then," said she, and she went to a small cupboard, and took out a bottle of excellent cordial (reserved for her own special use), of which she handed him a glass—"why, a foolish young lad in whom I have some interest, is going to his friends near Staines to-night. I want him to delay his departure till to-morrow, but he won't. He carries papers of worth with him, and the simple fellow, because he has got a couple of pistols and a little sword, fancies all the knights of the post will fly before him; now the night does not promise much, so come now, let him ride along with you, you shall not lose by it I assure you," and she put on one of her sweetest smiles, and she was not bad looking. "What," and he burst into a loud fit of laughter, "why, Dorothy, you are surely childish, you don't know what you ask; why to ride home with a lubberly boy—come, that's devilish good; and I suppose should I meet with a lift on the road, I should stand a chance of having a ball through my empty skull from the lad of squeamish conscience riding by my side; no, no, it's impossible—I expect great things to-night: why dame, fifty jacobuses would not compensate me for remaining quiet this night. Were it a sweet young damsel now, my gallantry might carry me a good way, but not for a boy—surely no." "Come, my sweet William," said she, "don't be cross now, and I'll promise you the money you ask, and you know my promises are as good as coined gold." This in some measure seemed to satisfy him. "Why dame, as it is to oblige you, and it won't take above a couple of hours, and perhaps do some good to the lad and his friends, and make some amends to mankind for the many ills they have suffered at my hands, he shall ride with me, so away and get him ready, and I'll prepare to undertake my new office of GUARDIAN," and he laughed again outright as he thought of it.

In the stable-yard of the Inn, Sir William found his new companion. He was a slim genteel youth, and looked not above fourteen; his complexion was beautifully fair, too much so in fact for a boy, and the little bit of silken hair that was allowed to be seen, looked more like that belonging to a lovely girl, than that of the lubberly boy whom he sup-

posed he should have to accompany him. But still there was a firmness displayed in the full blue eye, which told, that resolution was not wanting by its owner. He stood by the side of his little gelding, and after seeing that all his harness was in proper order, he tripped lightly up to the landlady, bestowed a hearty kiss on her rosy lips, and then springing gracefully into his saddle, stood in waiting for his companion. After gazing on him with some interest, Sir William exclaimed "why now you are a sprightly fellow, and one after my own heart; you'll be rather dangerous I trust, my boy, and make a bit of a bustle among the young damsels of the neighbourhood, but you are little fit in my opinion, for night travelling, or hard riding, much as you are likely to have; for my time is too precious to be wasted even on such a sweet juvenile, although my interest with the ladies, will be somewhat injured by my impoliteness." "Oh! oh!" answered the lad, "see you that my simple nag does not put your own gallant steed to his mettle, and your humble servant is not afraid to enter the lists even with so great a personage as yourself." "Say you so, why then let's forward, and if you cry not beat before we reach Staines, I'll bestow a good supper and a hearty bottle for a night-cap to your young sconce." With this they cantered away at a brisk pace from the Inn. All travellers on this road will be aware, that about four miles beyond Brentford, Hounslow-heath used to spread its dreary waste before the eye—Hounslow-heath, the scene of so many desperate doings of the notorious highwaymen of the day. Here the all accomplished Duval, occasionally would take his evening ride, and rob with so much politeness, that many a giddy-pated female, looked upon a meeting with him as one of the pleasantest epochs in the whole course of her life; and was sorry that she had not the power to redeem him from his errors, and introduce him to the fashionable world, to which he would have been such an ornament. Our travellers had just entered on this desolate piece of ground, when their progress was arrested by the elder of the two exclaiming, "My curiosity, young fellow, could never hold out one small half-hour, and here I've ridden beside you for full twice that time, my brain brimful of conjecture as to who or what you are, without asking one question; but patience though a good nag, will sometimes bolt; so out it comes, tell me what brought you to the house from which we but now came, and the pressing business that would not allow you to wait till morning before you took your departure. Believe me, you have not well studied the dangers of the road, or you would have thought of what could prevent me, aye, even me, your champion and protector, from turning on you and demanding my dues, or in case of refusal, tying you with a strong cord to the next oak tree, and helping myself to your superfluous wardrobe and the ungodly gold that is chinking in your purse." The youth started, and appeared overcome with fright, more from the actions than the words of his companion; for, as if to give force to his language, he had seized his bridle rein, and the moonlight glanced on the bright steel barrel of a large pistol which he held in his right hand. "Do not alarm yourself unnecessarily," he continued, on seeing the impression he had made on his more gentle comrade, and lowering his voice again to the sweet persuasive tone in which he usually spoke, (very different from that in which he had delivered his last sentence), "I merely wished to give you some idea of a meeting with one of the men who frequent this heath; but tell me, should I persist in my demand, what would you do?" "Why, what could I do," answered the other, affecting a composure which certainly was not felt, "but throw myself on your mercy, and beg of you as a gentleman and a man of honour to do me no harm."

"Men of my char—that is—highwaymen, will seldom listen to such prayers, even when delivered by a woman, much less when addressed to them by one of their own sex, so I fear even that excuse will not serve you." "But surely you cannot think of acting so," said the youth in evident alarm, "for mercy sake do not, my money is all at your disposal, but do not, if you have one spark of feeling, do not injure a defenceless *female*." "A female," exclaimed the other, and in an instant he had placed his pistol out of view, and was at her side endeavouring to console her for the fright he had just caused her, "a female—aye by the mass and a lovely one too; why, what a dolt I must have been not to have discovered it before—that I should have mistaken a blooming damsel for a gawky boy: by my faith, it will never be credited. But why did you not tell me before?" said he to his companion, who had partly recovered from her alarm, "why did you suffer me so far to forget my good manners? but never mind, 'tis better perhaps as it is, you have found a friend, and a staunch one, and one who can and will serve you more than you may imagine; for I know now the cause of your sudden journey, and your boast of reaching Staines this evening—aye, aye, love, all powerful, all persuasive love! By my faith, 'tis a good jest too, to think that *I* should be employed to carry a run-away lass to the arms of her true-love; and yet 'twas rather dangerous, I take it, rather like trusting the gentle dove to the protection of the ravenous hawk: but for once, I will be good and gentle as the dove's mate; so repeat to me the whole course of your true-love, and I will not only be an attentive listener, but I will fully digest the practicability of bringing you together, and if it is possible for it to be accomplished, it shall be done." She at first hesitated, but 'twas only to conquer the blush of maiden modesty that suffused her lovely cheeks when she answered, "Sir—did I not meet an offer of friendship so freely given with as free an acceptance, I feel I should be guilty both of unkindness to you, and of injury to myself. You have guessed right, sir, love has indeed been the cause; yes, the sole cause of my being in your company this evening." "Indeed," said he, "then may I hope"—'For nothing, Sir, but the simple truth, which I can best relate when uninterrupted."—"Your pardon, I am corrected; but proceed with your story, I beg of you."—"You will perceive in the course of my narrative, that the family from which I sprang is of respectability; my father is a Merchant of London, at present, with every prospect of success; in early life, however, he was, (a frequent case with even the most careful), very unfortunate, he became involved to large amounts, which he has never been enabled entirely to liquidate. One of the largest of these demands is yet unsatisfied, and is held by a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Windsor, a friend of my father's. He refuses to press his claim, stating, that he means to make it my marriage portion; and my father, out of gratitude, has for the money agreed to bestow on him my unworthy hand. Though a good, kind man, I cannot love him—no, never! and to-morrow is settled for the wedding day. I even took the resolution of leaving home, friends, and comfort, to seek for some happiness rather than forfeit the hope of ever enjoying it. A distant relation of my poor mother lives near Staines, and I am about to ask her protection." "Madam, on the word of a man, I honour you for your resolution, and I respect you for your truth, more, aye much more, than I love you for your beauty; and believe me, mine shall be a sleepless pillow till I have found some way to relieve your distress. But tell me the name of this gentleman of Windsor; I know them all, and can guess, methinks, the one you mean; 'tis, let me see, 'tis Sir Stephen Fox, is it not?" "Oh yes, the same, the very same." "Oh,

oh, Sir Stephen, but you have a dainty palate! will none serve you but the prettiest and youngest; but we may mar your sport, sly reynard." Then suddenly facing her, "This is not all," and an arch smile passed over his handsome manly countenance, "what of the lucky young dog who has touched your susceptible heart; we have not heard of him: let me see, what is he," continued he playfully, "not a merchant's clerk; no, not romantic enough—a sailor; no, the sea-saw roll of the quarter-deck could not captivate that bright beaming eye. A soldier; now I have it, one of His Majesty's own body guards: again no—then are my conjectures at an end." As he named the different professions, the good-natured girl laughed at his folly. "You would make a bad one at a Christmas party, not to guess better. But I'll tell you, he is a painter; aye, a poor dauber of canvas, and yet not without some merit, I assure you."—"The preference given to him by you, would insure that; for by Heaven, one smile of that soul-inspiring countenance of thine would raise Raffaelles and Guidos out of the veriest blockheads."—"A truce to your compliments, fair Sir, I beseech you; for they are addressed to one who at no time feels obliged by them, more especially at present; and I beg of you, if it is in your power, to assist me: for indeed I must confess myself almost at my wit's end." "Farewell then folly for a time," was his answer, "and now to business." Taking a hasty glance round the heath, he placed a small whistle to his lips, and a shrill piercing sound echoed over the neighbouring fields. "Now, my lass we must part for a time; you have not yet been missed from your home: you must return there—I will give you an attendant to see you there in safety. I need not tell you to keep up your disguise when with him. To-morrow, to-morrow, the time is but short. I wonder what can detain Lawrence;" said he impatiently, "oh, here he is—now farewell; you can send by Lawrence how you will expect us in the morning. Oh! I had almost forgot the name of your lover, and his address." When she had given him this, and he had whispered his directions to his follower, he stuck spurs into his horse, and galloping over the heath at a fearful rate, was soon lost to her view. And now, with her new companion, she retraced her steps towards town.

Is there one of those to whom I address myself, who has not beheld a November morning in London. Methinks I see the fair reader shrinking into her large morocco easy chair, drawing her table and comforters around her, and almost shivering at the idea. A November morning in London—oh, horrible truly—such dark masses of fog and dingy smoke rolling through the heavy dull streets, the moisture of the drizzling sleet having converted the dust and dirt of the metropolis into a substance much resembling, save in taste, raspberry jam, and making it a matter of doubt whether the pedestrian is in reality proceeding on his way, or merely beating time like soldiers at a drill. Such, indeed, is generally the sort of morning seen in this month, but such was not the morning to which I allude; 'twas cold, certainly, but clear and beautifully bright; the sun had already dispelled the mist that had risen from the surface of the earth, and darting his dazzling rays over the distant hills, and causing the hoar frost on the roofs of the more adjacent buildings to resemble so many glittering brilliants, gave to the scene a cheerful appearance. This was the view that met the gaze of the fair Isabella Heartly, as springing from her downy pillow, and casting her furred wrapper round her delicate limbs she rushed to the window of her dormitory, 'twas on the banks of the Thames, a little below Southwark; (be not shocked kind reader, 'twas in the Reign of Charles the Second, and merchants then kept not their romantic country villas); throwing open the window, she looked hastily and anxiously towards

the opposite shore. The beauties of the scenery were lost on her, some other more engrossing object filled her mind; the cold only caused her to draw the covering closer over her lovely bosom, which in her haste she had left partly exposed. A moment passed, nothing met her gaze; another, and then more anxiously did she strain her bursting eyeballs. "They have not surely deceived me," murmured she, "my letter was so particular, they cannot have mistaken. Oh! no, no, I see them there, their boat even now leaves the shore; just heaven, be merciful and grant us success," and she sank on the floor and offered up a silent prayer. A boat, as she had stated, left the opposite shore, and made a rapid approach towards the house. When she again looked out, it was about two hundred yards from the landing at the end of the garden. Her white scarf she waved in the morning breeze as a token of recognition and welcome, and it appeared to add fresh strength to the sinewy arms of those who guided its course over the silvery stream; for the light skiff, which had previously made great progress, almost flew over the small space that now intervened between them and the landing. Leaving them to make their way to the house in the best manner they could, and Isabel in the hands of her maid, no very enviable situation this morning, for had she two pairs of hands her speed could not have kept up with the impatience of her mistress, we will take a slight glance at the owner of the mansion, her father. Adam Heartly was of Dutch extraction, and possessed much of the dogged indifference of that plodding money-getting set, yet at the bottom was a good easy-tempered soul, and I believe liked nothing in the world better than himself, save his daughter and his money. Report said he was rich, but Adam, without contradicting this, lived in a manner which no one could contemn; he enjoyed comfort without luxury, and all his spare cash he put by to pay off large bonds and mortgages on the property he did possess. He was seated in his snug little parlour, waiting patiently for his daughter to make his breakfast for him, when two gentlemen entered. One of them going up to him, shook him kindly by the hand.—"Welcome, Oliver, my boy, welcome—so you've come to see the last of poor Bell; yes, she marries to-day, and hang me if I can prevent it, though I know 'tis against her will; can't, my boy—indeed I can't," and he pressed the hand which he held hard, and a tear was seen to find its way down his aged cheek. "I know she loves you; oh! that I had but one half the wealth men think I have, and she should be yours; aye, though the old man had to beg for his own bread; but 'twill not do. I have thought of it 'till it has made me almost mad. I have seen her poor mother struggling with poverty, and sinking under it 'till the cold grave has received her, and offered a welcome resting place to her wearied spirit." The old man was almost choked by the power of his feelings; "she's the only relict that is left me, the only jewel to remind me of the worth of her that I have lost, no—I cannot see her oppressed and poor, whatever be the sacrifice. Should I by refusing Sir Stephen, offend him, he has the power to strip us of all—yes all; but come," seeing that he had affected his visitors almost to tears, "come Oliver, we must be men, the God that protects the innocent, will not suffer Isabel to be unhappy—come, be seated, she will be here shortly, and we must not let her see us thus cast down." "Comfort yourself, my dear Sir," said the companion of Oliver, stepping forward, "we may yet find a remedy for these ills—have you bethought yourself of everything? The old man's countenance told but too well that he had. "We may yet arrange this to the satisfaction of the young people." A smile lit up Adam's features, and he sprung from his seat, and seized him by the hand—'twas but momentary; sinking back again he said, "do not

joke, young Sir; but I forgive you; did you know the sorrow you have occasioned you could not have done it." "You wrong me, indeed you wrong me," said the other, "Oliver here will witness for me I do not jest—I am, at present," and he could not suppress a smile, "I am the representative of Sir Stephen Fox, and fully empowered to act on his part.—You seem incredulous; he has your acceptance for ten thousand pounds, has he not—'tis there Sir, read it over and see if it is correct—'tis your writing." "Yes," said the old man, "I know it too well to be reminded of it." "Give it me again," said the stranger, "now Sir, can you settle this demand. No, I see you cannot,—then I will for you"—then crushing it in his sinewy hand, he cast it into the blazing fire, which in an instant reduced it to a cinder. "Would I could always have it in my power thus to relieve the deserving, there," and turning to the Merchant, "now you are free: wed your girl to the man of her choice, and believe me, that more than half the crime and misery of the world arises from unequal marriages." The joy of the old man must be conceived. "That is not all," said the stranger, "I have here a paper from his nephew, giving up all claims to the hand of Isabella Heartly, in favour of Master Oliver, the Painter." This was too much for the old man, tears absolutely streamed from his eyes, but they were tears of joy; Isabel entered with Oliver at this moment, who had slipped out to tell her their good fortune. Happiness and content beamed on every countenance.

We have now but to notice the conduct of the stranger. After he had seen the ceremony performed he prepared to take his departure. As to how he became possessed of the papers, he refused to tell, saying they would hear but too soon; and bidding the old man farewell, he lingered for an instant at the garden gate with the new-married couple. "Take one token from us," said Oliver, "for the kindness you have shewn us—a jewel; I fear to offer my purse, it may offend, but any thing we have, 'tis yours, for to you we owe every thing." "No, not one token," was his answer, as he swung the gate carelessly on its hinges; "think not of me—forget me, we shall never meet more:" and a shade of melancholy passed over his manly countenance; "we follow a different path, but 'hence, babbling dreams.' Yes, Sir," in a cheerful tone, "there is one token, but not from you, one kiss from this blooming bride:" and stepping lightly up to her, with a grace that would have been creditable to a polished gentleman, he kissed her rosy lips; then sinking on one knee, he repeated the same on her delicate hand, and rising gaily he resumed his accustomed ease; "Adieu, my friends, adieu, you cannot befriend my person, but you may my name; bear not so hardly on my many faults, and hereafter when I am mentioned in your presence, say, however much he may have injured others, you at least have experienced some goodness at the hands of CLAUDE DUVAL."

Shortly after this event it was publicly rumoured, that the house of Sir S. Fox had been forcibly entered on the night before named, and some papers taken from it, and he himself carried off and detained for two days; but what amount of property was taken, or by whom the outrage was committed, Sir Stephen never would divulge.

SIGMA.

PASSAGES IN THE DIARY OF A SURGEON.

BY ONE OF THE PROFESSION.

A Scene in the Old Bailey.

CHAPTER I.

"Domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life."—COWPER.

After the usual number of years generally devoted by boys to what *they* consider, a tedious pursuit of learning, it became a question with my parents, as to what profession or trade I should follow. My own choice had been long made—it was to become a "Doctor." There were many (to me at least) most potent reasons, which had induced me to this determination. I had imagined, that a surgeon had little else to do, than to ride about the live long day, either on horseback or in his own carriage, as the case might be—Now I was particularly partial to equestrian pursuits, and I was equally averse to anything which required either attention or industry. In fact, like all boys, I wished to be a "*gentleman*," or in other words, to "*do nothing*."—and I thought this would be the most likely way of obtaining my wish. Even that most unpleasant part of the profession, the dispensing of medicines, I imagined to be a mere recreation—that there would be nothing more to do than to go to one shelf for a mixture for scarlet fever—to another for pills for dropsy.—Alas! how soon was I to be undeceived—in vain did my parents endeavour to dissuade me from entering the profession—in vain did they picture to me in gloomy colours, the troubles and miseries which would not fail to attend me—the sleepless nights and harassing days, which it would but too surely be my lot to encounter—I heeded them not. Equally unavailing were their assurances, that the riding part of the business, was by far less pleasant than I fondly and foolishly anticipated. In vain did they remind me of the old adage, "all is not gold that glitters." I turned a deaf ear to all their warnings, my resolution had been formed, and nothing they advanced could in the slightest degree alter it. Finding that all their admonitions were disregarded, they resolved to let me have my own way; I was therefore articled to a surgeon of the first respectability in London.

As my new abode was situated in the vicinity of Drury Lane and St. Giles's, I could not but expect to witness much of that misery and crime for which these places are so notorious. Often have I beheld the starving mother, depriving herself of her own scanty portion of bread, to satisfy the wants of her yet hungry children, and still relying on the Great Father of Mercies, that he would in his own good time, relieve them; and even when dying for lack of the common necessaries of life, I have heard her exclaim with fervour, "Thy will be done;" so that "albeit not being given to the melting mood," tears have forced themselves from my eyes. I have known the honest labourer, once happy

and contented with his lot, lured by villains from the paths of honor and virtue, and, in spite of the warnings of friends, the entreaties of relations, the bitter anguish of the affectionate partner of his days, the hungry cries of his perishing offspring, to sink step by step into the abyss of guilt, until, at length, he has ended his days on a public scaffold, or in a foreign clime, far from all those ties which endear us to the world, and which alone render life comparatively happy, drag out the remainder of his wretched existence, and look to death as the only release from his sufferings.—I have seen that brute in human shape, the cruel husband—the heartless father, reeling intoxicated from the gin-shop to his home, rendered miserable by his own degrading misconduct; and I have heard the deep and awful curse, launched against his hungry children, because, forsooth, they dared to cry to him for food; nay, I have seen the stunning blow levelled against his unoffending wife, and I have wondered at the patience with which the degrading insult has been borne. Scenes of want and woe, of misery and guilt, have presented themselves to my view, until I have turned with loathing away, and blushed for the depravity of human nature. But let not my readers imagine I would insinuate, that the passions which debase humanity are the only ones to be met with in this class of the community—such an idea is farthest from my thoughts. For amidst the very poorest classes of society, the purest feelings which exalt the human heart, conjugal tenderness, filial love, kindly affection, and disinterested friendship are conspicuous amid the gloomy atmosphere which surrounds them.

One evening I was hastily summoned to attend a case, which was described to me as one of the greatest danger; accordingly I proceeded at once to the house to which I had been directed. It was situated in a narrow and dirty passage (it could not be called street) leading out of Drury Lane. Notwithstanding the haste I was in to reach the case, I could not avoid stopping for a moment to notice the striking contrast which presented itself upon my turning under the low archway which led to the house that contained the patient. In the street I had just left, all was noise and bustle; the glare from the numberless gas lamps, which were not only situated at intervals along the whole street, but which also blazed from every shop window, presented a gay and cheerful aspect, while the many pedestrians who were continually passing to and fro, all apparently intent on the business which called them from their homes, rendered it an animated scene. On the other hand, the narrow entrance under which I proceeded, and the whole lane beyond it, afforded only the melancholy light of one solitary lamp, and was a perfect illustration of "darkness visible." This, combined with the squalid misery observable on every side, presented no very pleasing prospect, but on the contrary, impressed me most forcibly with a sense of the sad inequality and "hapless attitude of things." Upon entering the house to which I had been directed, after stumbling up the dark, narrow, and mutilated stair-case, I beheld a scene which it is utterly impossible to depict in words. Upon a wretched bedstead, with scarcely a particle of clothing, was extended the form of a man, apparently in the very last stage of existence. He was about twenty-eight years of age, but "sharp misery had worn him to the bone," and drunkenness and debauchery had made sad ravage on his once powerful constitution and handsome features, so that he seemed to be at least twenty years older. By the bed-side stood a female of about five-and-twenty, tall in stature, and her countenance rather handsome, but her eyes were wild and glaring, and her features exhibited in their sad and varied expression, the horror and tumult of her inmost thoughts;—from beneath a somewhat ragged and

misshapen cap, a profusion of dark hair hung in matted locks over her face. She was bending over the couch on which her husband was recumbent, and was conjuring him in the most impassioned and endearing terms, to speak to her but one word, even though that word were in anger; then finding all her entreaties, all her heartfelt solicitations vain, and that he was insensible to every thing around, she would give way to the most passionate bursts of grief, beating her breast, tearing her hair, and in loud and unqualified terms upbraiding herself as his murderer. Upon a low stool by the side of a rusty grate, in which a few dying embers of a fire were yet smouldering, and which I could not refrain from contemplating as emblematic of the spark of life that was but faintly and for a while glimmering in the dying object near me, sat a girl apparently about thirteen years of age, endeavouring in vain to still the feeble cries of a wretched little infant whose life had yet scarcely attained a period of two months. Four other children of various ages, all miserably clad, and to all appearance as miserably fed, were standing in different parts of the room, "gazing each other speechless," and mute with fearful wonder at the passing scene. The whole apartment had a most dreary and comfortless appearance; it was totally destitute of furniture, with the exception of the bedstead already described, an old wooden dresser, which answered the two-fold purpose of a table by day and a bedstead for the children by night, a few old chairs, and a stool. So absorbed was the poor heart-stricken woman in her grief, that I had leisure for much observation ere my presence was known to her. At the moment, however, of her recognising me, she absolutely threw herself at my feet, and in a tone expressive of all the hope, and at the same time of all her agony of heart, and which I can never forget, exclaimed, "Oh, save my husband!"—she could not utter more; overpowered by the intensity of her feelings, she sank at the foot of the bed, and burst into a flood of tears, which in some degree relieved the anguish of her tortured breast. I endeavoured, by words of condolence, to console her, but in vain; she would not be comforted, but entreated me to attend immediately to her husband. I accordingly proceeded to the necessary examination of the patient, but soon found that all human skill would be unavailable. The hand of death was upon him—its last agonies were working in dreadful convulsion on his emaciated frame, and ere the lapse of five minutes, the "man had ceased to be;" the great disguiser had wrought the dreadful change, and life had passed unto

> "The sleep that hath no dream,
> The night that hath no morn."

The sad event was communicated to the wretched woman with all possible caution—she could not, would not believe it. She knew there was hope, and in her fond credulity, begged me, for the love of Heaven, to snatch her husband from the grave. Though convinced of the futility of all human efforts, I nevertheless yielded to the unhappy creature's entreaties; and, by way of satisfying her that all had been done within the reach of mortal aid, I proceeded to open a vein in the arm, but, as I anticipated, no blood followed the withdrawal of the lancet. This even, she appeared to be conscious, was the only hope that was left her; she had clung to it as the drowning man would cling to the faithless plank to save him from the ocean's gulph that yawns to receive him; but now that the dreadful reality had come upon her, and she beheld the lifeless form of her husband extended before her, her tears ceased to flow—the very fountain of her grief appeared to have frozen within her, and she stood with her hand on her forehead, motionless as a statue.

"Dead, dead," she at length exclaimed, as if endeavouring to comprehend the full extent of her loss. "Wretch, that I am, I have murdered him." With these words she fell fainting across the dead body of her husband. While the neighbours, who had flocked in to see what was passing, were endeavouring with officious kindness to recover her from her swoon, I took the opportunity to make some enquiries as to the circumstances of the case, and learnt that the deceased husband had formerly been a sober, honest, and industrious mechanic, but had latterly become addicted to the pernicious habit of excessive drink. When intoxicated, which alas, had been too frequently the case, he had been accustomed to return to his home and vent his maddened feeling in cruelty on his unoffending wife, to whom, however, in his reasonable moments it is believed he was fondly and devotedly attached. She had for a long period endeavoured, by kind and gentle remonstrance, to wean him from his intemperate course, but her efforts were vain; want and misery stared him in the face, and disease was making rapid strides on his constitution, but he would not reform; the cries of his helpless children calling on him in heart-thrilling accents for bread, were, alas! unheeded—he continued his career of vice, and the once fond and happy husband, tender and affectionate father, and industrious and respectable man, became the confirmed drunkard, the cruel heartless tyrant, and the debased and degraded wretch. He had, that evening, been indulging to more than ordinary excess, and had become (to use the phrase of my informant) "blind drunk." His wife had obtained the knowledge of his being at a neighbouring public-house, and had proceeded thither for the purpose of endeavouring to prevail on him to return home. Maddened, under the influence of accursed drink, by her importunities, and urged on by his profligate companions, he had gone so far as to strike her. Much as her spirit was broken by the constant insult and misery she had endured, she could not tamely bear this degradation, and she accordingly left him, threatening a dire revenge.—When her husband did return home, a quarrel again arose, and again the degrading blow was inflicted, but now the wanton insult had been fearfully and too fatally avenged; incensed at his brutal conduct, her passion had overcome her reason, and she had hurled at him a large hammer, which he had formerly used in his work; the deadly missile had been too truly aimed, it struck him on the head, a fracture of the skull, and effusion of blood over the brain, were the melancholy consequences.—The truth of this fact I had an opportunity of ascertaining by a post mortem examination.

By this time the officers of justice, who had been made acquainted with the circumstances above related, entered the apartment for the purpose of securing the poor woman until the result of a coroner's inquest should be known. It would be in vain to attempt a description of the heart-rending scene which followed, suffice to say, that all her solicitations, all her entreaties that they would not tear her from the body of her husband till it should be consigned to the grave, were totally disregarded. Prayers and tears availed her not—justice was stern in its duty—and spite of her heart-rending exclamations and agonizing screams she was hurried away, and borne insensible to a place of confinement. On the following evening a coroner's jury pronounced a verdict of *wilful murder* against her, and she was committed to Newgate to take her trial.

So much was I interested in the fate of this unhappy woman, that I raised a trifling subscription amongst my friends, with a view to secure for her all possible legal assistance at her approaching trial. I visited

her frequently in prison, and endeavoured to speak comfort to her afflicted spirit; but it was of no avail—the iron had sunk too deeply into her soul. She was convinced, she said, that she must die; she knew that she had forfeited her life to the outraged laws of her country; she had indeed no wish to live—her only thoughts were for her poor helpless children; and when I assured her that the hand of benevolence had already been extended to assist them, and that there was nothing to be feared for their safety or welfare, she became more resigned to her fate, and exhibited a degree of moral fortitude worthy of the most enlightened and philosophical mind.

The day of trial at length arrived, and at the appointed hour she was led into court. She was neatly attired in deep mourning, which had been provided for her by some charitable ladies. Upon being arraigned, she pleaded in a firm but respectful tone "Not Guilty." The trial proceeded; she listened with intense interest to all that was passing, and wept bitterly and convulsively as in the course of the evidence the witnesses spoke of the deceased. Notwithstanding the humane and talented exertions of Mr. C. the counsel in her behalf, and the evident feeling of commiseration which pervaded the whole court, the circumstance of her having vowed revenge against her husband as she left the public-house weighed strongly against her. The judge in rigid adherence to his duty called the attention of the jury to this fact, leaving it to them to decide whether a threat made at such a time and under the aggravated and degrading circumstance of a blow could be considered the malice aforethought which can alone constitute the crime of murder. The jury, after receiving his lordship's charge, conferred together, and, after the lapse of half-an-hour—to the surprise and mortification of the whole court—the foreman pronounced her "Guilty!!"—A slight tremor came over her as she heard her doom, but no further symptom of fear was apparent—not a word, not a sigh escaped her, as the judge in the most impressive and affecting manner pronounced the awful sentence of the law; and although, throughout the solemn scene, every eye wept, and every heart beat in fearful anxiety for the dreaded fate of the unfortunate woman, she stood calm and resigned, in all that consciousness of innocence which alone could support her at so dreadful a crisis. Indeed, as the sadness of her situation increased, she appeared to rise in moral strength—she curtsied respectfully to the court, and retired from the bar with a slow but by no means faltering step. One convulsive sigh, in which her very soul appeared to burst its limits, alone escaped her as she passed to that cell in which she was to be immured until she should end her wretched existence in ignominy.

Business had prevented me from visiting her immediately after her condemnation; but on the Sunday evening preceding the day of her execution one of the under turnkeys of the prison brought an urgent request that I would not fail to see her. It was a dreary night—the rain fell in torrents—the wind blew at intervals in tremendous gusts down the deserted streets, and all was in unison and keeping with the melancholy business on which I had been summoned. Wrapped in my own sad reflectious, and heedless of the weather, I proceeded on my way until I reached the Old Bailey, and readily obtained admission—the officer of the prison conducted me to the cell in which the unhappy woman was confined. I shuddered with horror as I was ushered along the dark and narrow galleries that led to the particular part of the prison in which these cells are situated, nor could I check my thoughts as they suggested to my reflection how many a bitter sigh of misery and remorse had been echoed along those dreary vaults—how many a wretched

heart-broken fellow-creature had there passed the last sad hours of his existence, and whose early career had probably dawned with life's fairest prospects and all the expectations of wealth and honour. I could not but give a momentary thought to the frightful history of crime and misfortune that might be gathered from within the limited confines of these cells. My reflections, however, were of short duration, for my guide, stopping before a low door, applied a massive key thereto, and having unlocked the same, with main strength opened the way to my admittance. The prisoner was seated at a low wooden table, with her face buried in her hands, and a bible open before her; she raised her head at the noise occasioned by my entrance, and, strange as it may appear, a melancholy smile passed over her pale features as she recognised me. "This is kind," she exclaimed, "very kind of you thus to visit me in my trouble, I feared that you had no longer thought me deserving your benevolent attentions." I explained to her the reason I had not seen her before. "I have sent for you," she said, "to offer the last sad acknowledgments of a grateful heart for the kindness you have shewn me under all the bitter circumstances which have led to my present hopeless situation. When all others, even those bound to me by the ties of kindred, forsook me, you, a perfect stranger, pitied my misfortunes and lent your aid to save me from the awful and ignominious doom which fate has destined. Accept my thanks, my heartfelt thanks, and may the consciousness of your disinterested feeling towards a wretched and forsaken creature be ever present to reward you beyond all human recompense."

Overpowered by the grateful acknowledgements of the unhappy woman, I entreated her not to permit the subject to occupy her mind, but rather to turn her thoughts to preparation for the awful change she must soon experience.—Here a deep drawn sigh again escaped her—she raised her eyes towards Heaven, and clasping her hands together in the firm and solemn attitude of prayer, she uttered in the most emphatic and impressive tone, "Lord, thy will be done"—then resuming her composure, she said "I had resolved to die with the secret of my life locked in my own breast, but I have thought that I owe it to you to acquaint you whom you have befriended—take this paper," she added, "it contains a short sketch of my life, but open it not I beg of you, until after I shall have paid with that life, the forfeit of the crime of which I have been found guilty, by human judgement, but of which an all just and merciful God will acquit me." A slight tremor affected her as she uttered these words, but quickly recovering her fortitude, she in a sad pathetic manner continued, "little did I think, when in girlhood's happy days, I sported the gayest of my companions, that ignominy awaited me, and that uncontrollable destiny had marked out my way to the scaffold—little did I contemplate that in the agonies of death, I should be exposed to the vulgar gaze of the heartless and unfeeling, who delight in such exhibitions, and who can behold with apathy and indifference, the last sad struggles of expiring nature;—but my sentence is just, I have merited my fate—I was gifted with reason, and the omission to exercise that reason in the control of passion was in itself a crime." She was proceeding, but the door of her cell opened, and the ordinary of the prison entered to administer to her the last comforts of religion. I took a last leave of her; she pressed my hand, but her heart was full to breaking; she could not speak—I bowed respectfully to the clergyman, and hastened from the scene of misery.—On the following day she met her end in the most resigned manner, and with a degree of fortitude which, according to report, had been rarely equalled.

I was so much affected by the fate of this unfortunate creature, and so sensibly impressed by the grateful acknowledgements made me, as well as by the general recollection of all the melancholy circumstances before related, that it was some days, ere I could venture on the task of perusing the paper she had entrusted to me, but time

"The comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled,"

brought its restorative aid, and in a leisure hour I gave my mind to its perusal; it was written in a clear and intelligible hand and its contents failed not to excite in me a feeling of commiseration for the unhappy woman who had thus untimely suffered an ignominious fate.—The narrative I propose to present in the next chapter.

G. J. F.

A VOYAGE TO RICHMOND.

"Going to Richmond by water."—OLD SONG.

"Well, old boy," said Mr. Fibbs to Mr. Narcissus Smith, after the usual unmeaning compliments had passed between them—"Well, my boy, what say you to a trip to Richmond."—

"With all my heart," replied Mr. Smith, "but how, when, and with whom."—

"Oh those points are easily settled," rejoined Fibbs—"first, there'll be you and I, Tomkins, Stubbs, Nonsuch, Fusbidos, and Winkins.—Of course, we'll hire a boat all to ourselves, and depend upon it we'll manage capitally."—

"Yes, all that's very true," answered Mr. Smith, with a vacant kind of stare, and a slight blush, as if he were loth to confess his total ignorance of nautical pursuits, "but then my dear fellow, I can't row."—

Why, lor bless you! no more can I; but you'll soon learn, its easy enough, you've got nothing to do, but to drop your oar into the water, and pull it out again—so."—As Mr. Fibbs uttered these remarks, he endeavoured to suit the action to the word, and with his ebony walking stick for an oar, he seated himself cross-legged on an arm-chair, and caused the said stick to execute several extraordinary manœuvres, which he facetiously termed rowing. After he had continued this for some little time, he turned triumphantly to Mr. Smith, and with a flourish of the aforesaid stick which came into very dangerous proximity with that gentleman's white beaver, exclaimed—"There, my boy, that's the way."

"And now," rejoined Smith, whose countenance had brightened during the little bit of pantomime enacted by Mr. Fibbs, for he *now* thought it must be very easy, "about the indispensables, I mean, the ladies."

"Oh, aye, to be sure—why, we'll take your own sisters, Miss Smith and Miss Penelope Smith—that is to say, if they will so far honour us as to accompany us." Here Mr. Fibbs made a most reverend inclina-

tion of his head. "Then there'll be Miss Timms, Miss Wiggins, and Miss Johnstone. That will make our party complete; we'll dine on the grass and walk about the park, and eat *maids of honour*, and——

"Eat what?" exclaimed Smith in the greatest horror.

"Why *maids of honour* to be sure," answered Fibbs, "they are little cheese-cake sort of things."

"Oh, ah," answered Mr. Smith, "I didn't know what you meant before.—Well, so far, so good; and now there is only one thing more to think of, and that is, the place of embarkation."

"Oh, Lyon's, at Westminster," was the reply, "on Thursday next, at nine o'clock precisely."

"Aye, that will do nicely—we shall have *such* a pleasant day," and Mr. Smith rubbed his hands with extacy at the thought.

Upon this they parted mutually pleased with the agreement into which they had entered. It may possibly have already been guessed by our readers that these worthies were natives of the good city of London, or in plain terms they were cockneys. Not that we would insinuate by this that they possessed that blissful ignorance or those peculiarities so generally attributed to the unfortunate Londoners—oh no, they knew the difference between a goose and a gridiron, and they were too wise to mistake a sparrow for a partridge.

The morning of Thursday ushered in one of those bright and glorious days so frequently met with in the month of August; there was not a cloud in the blue arch of heaven to dim the lustre of the sun—in short, every thing promised a pleasant voyage. At nine o'clock precisely, the whole party met with pleasure beaming in their countenances. There were the gentlemen dressed in the very height of nautical dandyism—white trowsers made extremely loose about the legs, and equally tight in another part which it is not necessary for us to mention; striped blue shirts, which from the very broad streaks which they exhibited, presented a very great resemblance to those lines which may frequently be seen exposed in stationers' shops, for the exclusive benefit of such persons as cannot write perfectly straight—black neckerchiefs, tied loosely round the neck, *a la Byron*, and white hats completed their equipments. Then there were the Miss Smiths, in pink pelisses and white satin bonnets, which served to render more conspicuous the ruddy cheeks possessed by these ladies, and to diminish which, was the constant object of their solicitude. There were Miss Timms, Miss Wiggins, and Miss Johnstone, who had adopted the ingenious, though by no means novel, expedient of dressing alike, in very large plum-coloured silk dresses, (which, by the way, they modestly termed frocks), in order that they might be mistaken for sisters. And there lay the little vessel that was to bear this lovely and gallant freight, with all its neat equipments, while the *Jack in the water* was running to and fro, under the laudable pretence of being necessarily very busy, in order that the sixpence which he conjectured would be given him, might appear not to have been easily earned.

With a great deal of trouble, accompanied on the part of the ladies by those indispensable extemporaneous effusions, hysterical shrieks, as the boat tilted on either side, they managed to seat themselves in their right order, and, after a warm debate, carried on in a high tone, to the no small amusement of a party of watermen who were lounging on the shore, they declared themselves ready to start. To effect this very desirable purpose, Mr. Fibbs, who was seated at the bow of the boat, and who considered himself the conductor of the whole affair, gave the order to push off; but the *Jack in the water* the instant he had received

fee had departed to another boat, which was also about to start, and consequently he could not obey Mr. Fibbs's order. In vain did Mr. Fibbs hallo and beckon; with equal chance of success might he have attempted to move St. Paul's, jump in safety from the monument, make a cab-man civil, or perform any other such absurd feat. The *Jack in the water* had too much regard for his interest, to throw away the prospect of remuneration for the mere purpose of assisting any one from whom he had already touched all that he could reasonably expect. Fibbs, therefore, finding that all his efforts to induce so avaricious a wretch to perform his duty, were in vain, was compelled to resort to the means which lay in his own power for effecting the object of his wishes. Accordingly, he seized up the boat-hook, and after sundry pushes, he contrived to launch the little vessel on the mighty bosom of the Thames. This feat was not, however, performed so dexterously as Mr. Fibbs could have wished, for, by the sudden jerk caused by the boat's gliding into the stream, he was unluckily thrown sprawling over the bow of the boat, and had not his foot caught underneath one of the seats, he would certainly have been treated to a cold bath. When this little interruption had been overcome, and Mr. Fibbs had resumed his tranquillity of mind, our voyagers proceeded for some distance in the most gallant style possible, except, that occasionally Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Nonsuch performed the elegant manœuvre generally known to the admirers of aquatic exercises by the title of "*catching a crab*," that is to say, they dipped their oars rather lower into the water than was neccessary, and in endeavouring to right them, they invariably described a species of somerset, in such a manner that their heels took up the position in which their heads should have been placed, while the latter organs might have been discovered either in their neighbours' laps, or, which was yet more unfortunate, at the very bottom of the boat. With these exceptions, they reached Battersea bridge in perfect safety; but here the capricious dame, Fortune, ceased to smile on their efforts. In endeavouring to effect their passage through one of the arches, by some means which have not yet been explained, and which it is feared, will ever remain a profound mystery, the nose of the boat displayed a sudden affection for the starlings of the bridge, and with a velocity truly terrific, rushed to its embrace. All was instantly confusion. Mr. Fibbs shouted and pushed, and pushed and shouted. Mr. Nonsuch uttered oaths the most awful. All the other gentlemen looked pale, and sat still. We have heard that Mr. Tomkins actually began to mutter the Lord's prayer, but we cannot answer for the truth of this statement. The ladies shrieked in the most approved manner, and would in all probability have fainted, had not their fears been too great to allow them to perform so interesting a feat: besides, as Miss Johnstone truly remarked, she had forgotten her smelling bottle, and it is not improbable that the gentlemen with officious zeal for her welfare, would have sprinkled her with water, as being the readiest thing at hand, and thus have completely spoiled her new plum-coloured silk dress, which she had put on that morning for the first time, and which therefore, was not "a consummation devoutly to be wished." To increase, if possible, the unpleasantness of their situation, a monster in human shape, coolly leant over the parapets of the bridge, and shouted with a sardonic grin, "Hallo, you tailors, I'll just fetch the drags, and order your coffins as I go along." This was more than the philosophy of Mr. Fibbs could well endure; frantically, he seized on an oar, and with a super-human effort, set the boat free. In accomplishing this task, however, he broke the oar completely in two; but this was of no material consequence, as

they had provided others in case such an accident should occur. They now again proceeded on their voyage with the greatest rapidity: Putney was soon reached, and as quickly left behind. Hammersmith, Barnes, and Kew flew past them as if endued with the "wings of the wind." Cheered by the beauteous smiles of the ladies, they shewed no symptoms of weariness, but urged the little vessel along in the most gallant style possible. When, however, they had passed under Kew Bridge, Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Nonsuch began to complain most woefully of the soreness of their hands, and consequently, it was proposed by Mr. Fibbs, that, as the tide was in their favour, they should take in their oars, and allow themselves to be wafted gently on by the stream. This was readily agreed to, but, as Mr. Tomkins truly observed, it was easier said than done, for that gentleman, while taking in his oar, unfortunately, and at the same time clumsily, allowed the blade to fall upon Miss Smith's bonnet, which, to the lady's inexpressible mortification, caused a dent in the said bonnet of no trifling dimensions. Though bursting with suppressed rage, Miss Smith contrived to appear as if she treated it with the greatest nonchalance. This may appear somewhat' improbable, but the mystery can be readily solved. The fact was that Mr. Tomkins was very "sweet upon" Miss Smith, or in other words, they were lovers. Miss Smith, therefore, was too wise to let her passion exhibit itself on the present occasion—but she treasured it up till the time when Hymen should have made them one, and it was then her firm resolve to repay it with interest. But to return, no sooner had harmony been restored, when Mr. Fusbidos was called upon to favour the company with a tune on his German flute. No sooner had the request been uttered, than, with laudable promptitude Mr. F. inserted his digits into his coat pocket for the purpose of producing the required instrument; but what was his horror and astonishment, when in its place he dragged out an immense German sausage. A simultaneous roar of laughter on the part of every one followed; and while our voyagers are indulging in their mirth, we will take the liberty of explaining by what means this most unlooked-for occurrence was brought about. The fact was, that Mr. Winkins, who was extremely partial to the savoury compound known by the name of German sausage, and fearing that his favourite article would not be included in the bill of fare, had taken the trouble of putting one in his pocket for his own private eating. Mr. Fusbidos had, unfortunately, an equal aversion to this compound. Now it so happened, that as these two gentlemen were not required to row, they were seated next to each other at the stern of the boat; and Mr. Winkins, who was a bit of a wag, bethought him that this would be an excellent opportunity for playing off a joke. Accordingly, watching a time when Mr. Fusbidos was particularly engaged talking to a lady, he had removed the flute from Mr. F.'s pocket, and inserted in its place the German sausage. Mr. Fusbidos, who also relished a joke, provided it were not at his own expense, had slily withdrawn what he imagined to be the German-sausage, but which was in reality his own eight keyed and eight guinea flute, and quietly consigned it to the deep. Judge then, gentle reader, if you can, of the horror depicted upon Mr. Fusbidos' face, when the mirth was a little subsided, and an explanation from Mr. Winkins ensued, to find that it was his own flute that he had thus irrecoverably lost—To say that he stamped, and raved, and swore, is but feebly to describe his anger—in short, his wrath was of such an immensity, that it is vain for us to attempt to depict it, aud we are consequently constrained to throw up the task in despair. Nor did the remarks of Mr. Winkins, when Mr. Fusbidos upbraided him for his

conduct, that "he should look before he leapt," and that "biters generally got bit," tend in the slightest degree to diminish that gentleman's ire. The quarrel between these two worthies ran so high that at length

"From words they almost came to blows."

The dispute was, however, finally settled by their exchanging cards, a piece of politeness perfectly unnecessary, as the two gentlemen's domiciles were situated next door to each other.

By this time, wafted gently by the silvery tide, they had reached Richmond Bridge, and it of course became a question as to where they should land for the laudable purpose of satisfying the craving of their appetites, which by this time was becoming pretty strong. They rowed gently along 'till they came to a delightful spot, overshadowed by some finely spreading elms; this was declared to be the very thing for their purpose, and the boat's head was accordingly directed towards the place thus agreed on. Mr. Fibbs wishing to shew his activity, as well as his perfect knowledge of the etiquette common among fresh water tars, instantly rose from his seat in the fore part of the boat, took in his oar, (in doing which, however, he splashed Miss Johnstone's new plum-coloured silk dress)—and as the boat's-head ouched the weeds which surrounded the bank, he seized the rope and leaped gallantly ashore.

We have said that he leaped on shore, but in this assertion we have not adhered to our usual strict love of veracity. We ought rather to have stated, that this *was* Mr. Fibbs's intention, but alas! Fate interposed to prevent the success of so laudable an endeavour; for one of his companions who was rowing, did what in this particular part of the voyage would have been far better left undone, that is to say, he "caught a crab," a feat by the way, he had performed about seventy times since he left Westminster Bridge—the consequences were as awful as they were inevitable. The boat obeying the impulse which had thus unfortunately been given it, glided several yards further into the stream, Mr. Fibbs missed his footing, and was precipitated headlong into the river. A shriek of horror simultaneously arose from all the ladies, but this expression of their feelings, was instantly repressed, and the most perfect silence pervaded as they perceived Mr. Fibbs reappear, and with some difficulty gain the shore, bearing in his outward appearance a very great resemblance to a drowned rat. A shout of rapture bursting simultaneously from every throat, hailed him as he stood on the shore, "with all his *dripping* honours thick upon him," and the boat was once more impelled towards the shore, this time, however, with far greater success. Of course some slight altercation ensued between Mr. Fibbs and the gentleman who was the unhappy cause of this disaster, but the breach between these worthies was soon healed and harmony again restored. The process of disembarking the eatables and the ladies was then proceeded in, with an alacrity truly astonishing, but which doubtless was caused by the famine which was raging amongst them all. We will not weary our readers by relating the vast number of mishaps which had (we had almost said, necessarily) occurred to the provisions. The horror which was depicted in Miss Smith's countenance when she discovered that the pigeon pie which she had taken such vast pains in making, was, according to her own phraseology, uttered in the bitterness of her wrath, "completely squashed by the pickle jar."—the weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth which occurred when it was found that the cold boiled beef and ditto plum pudding were perfectly saturated, the one with bottled ale, and the other with a compound of mustard, vinegar, oil, and egg, which, we believe, is generally known by

the title of *salad mixture*—the voracity with which Mr. Winkins devoured, rather than ate, the German sausage so miraculously preserved from a watery grave—at the same time laughing at those who had, in the outset of the voyage, ridiculed his homely provision, and declared their utter abhorrence of it—and how the remainder of the voyagers were compelled to satisfy the cravings of nature with dry bread. We again repeat that we will not relate all these things, but rather leave them to the imaginations of our readers.

The sun was fast sinking to his ocean bed, the little birds were already beginning to perch on their respective twigs or bushes, when our voyagers, thoroughly disgusted with the misfortunes of that which they had fondly, but alas vainly, anticipated would have been a day of pleasure, again embarked on their return. Were we to relate the misfortunes that again befel them we fear that we should weary our readers beyond endurance, and we shall therefore refrain from so doing, particularly as they would be a mere repetition of the mishaps which had occurred in the morning's trip. Suffice it, therefore, to say that, after running against every bridge, and striking on every sand bank in their route—after these and various other mischances, they did contrive to reach Westminster in safety, but so thoroughly worn out with fatigue and hunger as to be perfectly unable either to quarrel with each other or to make the slightest search for the various articles of apparel which were missing. In conclusion, we have only to state, as true chroniclers, that Mr. Fibbs was laid up with a severe attack of rheumatism, brought on no doubt by his accidental immersion in the angry flood;—that Mr. Nonsuch had likewise a severe attack of illness, by him ascribed to the circumstance of having taken a large quantity of brandy in mistake for beer—and that all the other gentlemen were prevented from following their usual employments for some considerable time, on account of the blisters with which their hands were covered.

F. J—R.

SERENADE.

The sun has now sunk
'Neath the western hill;
The twilight has fled,
All nature is still.
The bright glow of day
Has taken its flight,
The ev'ning has closed,
Good night—good night!

The moon sweetly beams
On the woodbine bowers,
And it's sweet light streams
O'er the sleeping flowers.
On the Ceris it shakes
It's kisses so bright;
The day has now closed,
Good night—good night!

G. J. F.

GARDENING,

A SKETCH.

It was in June or July, perhaps later, in the year 181— (the other figure I am in doubt about) that I called on Charles Frankland, at Belvidere cottage—so a former inhabitant had christened it—near St. John's Wood. After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. F. and myself proceeded to a little arbor at the bottom of the garden, where they had arranged we should take our wine. It was a beautiful summer's evening, and the sun had not yet ceased to illumine the bed of flowers which encircled a large and smooth lawn, occupying the centre of the place. In complimenting my friend on the beauty of his flowers, I could not help enquiring the reason he did not lay out his lawn in parterres, similar to those which were at the foot of the peach trees bounding his little domain. I shewed him how he might, by slightly raising some parts and depressing others; here laying down a bed of violets, there spreading a carpet of roses, lilies, tulips, and the most beautiful of Flora's productions—in one part enchanting the sight by a resplendence of colouring—in another making the air redolent with the perfumes of nature; how by planting among them thickly foliaged trees, and tracing winding paths between them, he might convert the flat and unpicturesque lawn into a perfect paradise of beauty and sweetness. I should probabiy have gone on suggesting and planning amendments for a much more considerable space of time, but that a failure of breath compelled me to pause. Frankland took advantage of this to reply to my enthusiastic advice in the slow and gentle manner which distinguished him.

"You are aware, my dear friend, that all plants require air and exercise."

"Exercise?" said I.

"Yes; they must have room to wave their heads and frolic in the breeze, to shoot, to bud, and to expand their blossoms. They must imbibe the fresh air of Heaven freely, or they languish and die—or grow up unhealthy and weak. Now some plants require more air and exercise than others. You may rear the myrtle in a chamber, but the oak requires a free and unshaded atmosphere. Now I have plants, which you have both seen and admired, although you will scarcely guess to what I allude, and to my taste there are none so lovely. The rich bloom on the peach cannot vie with that they exhibit; and the rose, the queen of flowers and the idol of poets, sinks into insignificance by their side. But these plants, more than any others I know of, require air and exercise, and to provide these I have reserved the open grass plot which so offends your sight."

As he spoke the glass doors of the drawing-room, at the end of the lawn, opposite to where we were sitting, flew open, and down the two or three white steps which led therefrom to the garden, ran the children of mine host—the girls with skipping-ropes, the boys with their hoops—and all came bounding with the innocent and happy gaiety of childhood across the lawn to meet us. After receiving a kiss from their mother, they ran off to their play with the merry laugh which betoken the jocund feelings of the heart.

"There," exclaimed Frankland, "there are the plants of which I told you, and that is the exercise they enjoy. I know not what it may seem

to you, but to a father it is the pleasantest sight you can afford him." His wife participated in his pleasure; and as she leant her hand upon his shoulder and breathed a kiss of affection on his cheek, I know not whether it was a fact, or only a mistaken vision caused by the dew which hung on my own eye-lid—but I fancied I saw a tear glistening in her eye, and silently rolling down her cheek.

Since then, I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth—have sailed over the unfathomable ocean—have crossed the parched deserts of Arabia—have roamed over the vast and pathless forests of the New World—and even soared amidst the clouds:—but, returning to England, I determined again to revisit my old friend, and in scenes that were familiar and dear to me to reserve the serenity of mind which had been disturbed by the contemplation of the wonders and glories of the universe. I found the gate a little open, and I accordingly entered the garden,—but I was astonished at the different aspect of the place. Small trees flourished at intervals, over the formerly smooth grass plot, and around them grew evergreens and flowers. By a pear tree, I beheld Frankland standing on the same spot, where but a few short years back, we had watched his romping children. His wife was by his side—and, as I approached, I perceived they were in deep mourning—They did not at first see me, but upon my approaching nearer, they were soon aware of my presence. He took me by the hand without speaking; she burst into tears—too well did I divine the cause.

"I have taken your advice at last—my children are all gone from me—some to marry—and some"—he added with a sigh "some to lie in the cold grave—I have no need for an open lawn now—I have taken to Gardening."

"We buried our youngest child only three months ago," said Mrs. Frankland, "and yesterday, as I emerged from one of the paths which Charles has made here, I fancied I beheld you and the children, as on the day when you last visited—Alas! It was a sorrowful delusion"—and a fresh burst of grief overwhelmed her. As I listened to this recital, I could not help thinking of the words, "Sic transit *felicitas* mundi."—

I have disliked Gardening ever since, and what appeared to me in former days an earthly paradise, is now a frequent and a melancholy resort.

W. F. T.

ON FLORAL EMBLEMS.

WHAT is more beautiful in nature than the various flowers that bespangle the earth, or more grateful to the senses than their delicious fragrance. The feelings that arise in the mind when they are examined with minuteness, and their various forms, their exquisite colours, all combine to stamp their value and usefulness—to throw a gleam of pleasure o'er our pilgrimage, and call forth those feelings that fit us for a better world. And considered as emblems where instruction is blended with amusement, then the various flowers are found to assimilate with the characters of the world. The rose, for instance:—first, the unassuming bud, gradually expanding, shedding around its delicious fragrance, may be considered as the prototype of the female, who lives

only to diffuse happiness, to leave behind her a rich memorial of her virtues, causing an emotion to be felt that she so soon has passed away. What a striking contrast the tulip presents, which, dressed in gaudy drapery, flaunting her head to the breeze, and attracting the summer flies that skim around her; apt emblems of those careless daughters who live at ease, apparently forgetful that they are reasonable beings, accountable for their conduct while in this probationary state, and formed for an endless progression in perfection and felicity. In the night-blowing stock, which emits its perfume only in the gloom of the evening or the darkness of the night, do we not recognise that generous attachment which sheds around us the fragrance of affection when the sun of prosperity is succeeded by the night of adversity. Look at the forget-me-not, with its modest unassuming flower, fit emblem of friendship, peeping forth from its green mantle, seeming to shun the notice of the world, and delighting in retirement. How admirably does the mignonette represent a benevolent and unassuming individual, who, with modest exterior, hides his value from a casual observer. How much there is in a flower corresponding with the nature of man. The root, like his infancy, contains the whole of the future being, the gradual unfolding of the leaves resembles his youth, the flower manhood, and its gradual decay old age and death. Look at the gum-cistus: its blossoms are spread forth with an air of openness, and apparently it stands lastingly and firmly upon its stem. Alas! it is the emblem of fickleness; the first cold breeze dashes it to the ground. The humble violet, with its beautiful flower, hardly raising its head from the ground, and scenting the air with its delicious fragrance, aptly resembles the sensitive female, who, with modest unassuming loveliness, is formed to be a blessing to man; but if one unkind word is uttered, her happiness is gone—she droops and dies. Regard the jasmine, with its small white flower, its delicious odours, wafted by the breeze, climbing o'er some ruined wall, with its graceful foliage, and grateful for the support it receives, adds to its beauty, and conceals the ravages that time has made—is it not the emblem of gratitude? The poppy, with its gaudy flower, may be cited as an emblem of pride, as it hides, with a gay exterior, the baneful passion that it conceals within. The orange flower is an emblem of marriage. It has been customary, from the earliest times, to dedicate certain flowers to the honour of distinguished individuals. They are also frequently affixed, as symbols, to their portraits: thus, to instance a familiar example, the lily is introduced in the oldest paintings of the Madonna, and in pictures of the Annunciation it is placed in the hands of the Archangel, thereby denoting the advent of the Messiah. In the Song of Solomon, it is mentioned with the rose as an emblem of the church:—"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." Hence, illuminated missals are often beautifully decorated with these distinguished flowers; and the scientific botanists of ancient and modern times have preserved the memory of the friends and enemies of their science by associating them with flowers of various descriptions. It is delightful thus to connect persons with shrubs and flowers; they bring to mind that happy land, where the names of the great and virtuous are fabled to be engraven on the blossoms of the trees.

J. B. B.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

" Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

A Sketch of the Life and Character of Joan D'Arc. Churton, Holles-street.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great interest which must, of necessity, be felt by the reader of English and French history, in every particular relating to this extraordinary woman, we are not aware that there exists any sketch of her life beyond the mere brief notice found in most English histories. Such a work as the one now before us was, therefore, a desideratum. The author of this little volume appears to us to have collected, with great care and assiduity, all the information respecting the life and character of Joan D'Arc which the barren histories of the period afford, and we are confident that all our readers will feel gratified by its perusal. The work is embellished with a good and accurate map of the seat of war in the time of Joan D'Arc, and which, we think, will render the work doubly interesting.

Aphorisms of Junius. By G. J. FISHER. Hookham, Old Bond-street.

THIS little volume consists of " Constitutional Maxims, Civil and Political Precepts, and Moral Axioms and Propositions," selected with great judgment and impartiality from the Letters of Junius, and we recommend it cordially to all our readers.

Meetings for Amusing Knowledge. By Miss H. J. WOOD. *Second Edition.* Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

THE easiest, and consequently the best, method of imparting knowledge to children, is by combining instruction with amusement. The truth of this has long been acknowledged by all who have paid the slightest attention to the subject, and it has given rise to the appearance of a vast number of works, which have been issued avowedly with such an intention. Of this class of books is the volume of Miss H. Wood now before us; and, we have no hesitation in saying that, from its intrinsic worth and elegant appearance, it deserves, and will obtain, an extensive circulation. Amongst the articles contained in it which merit more particular notice, is that entitled, " A Lecture on Shells," which explains in a clear and familiar manner as much as is required to be known of the interesting science of Conchology. We must not omit to notice the accurate coloured drawings of many of the most important shells, which certainly adds to the value and the interest of the work.

Historical Recollections of Hyde Park. By T. SMITH. Hogg, 25, Edgware-road.

LITTLE does the idle lounger in this fashionable place of resort imagine it to have been the scene of such a multiplicity of events as Mr. Smith's little work enumerates. It contains a full history of the Park, and of the numerous public buildings, &c., which are contained in it; an account of the various keepers; the ancient and modern amusements; military spectacles; executions, &c. We think that every one who has visited this spot should not fail to make himself acquainted with its history, which may be readily done by consulting Mr. Smith's work.

The Parterre; a Journal of Fiction, Poetry, History, and General Literature. Effingham Wilson, jun., 16, King William-street, London Bridge.

THIS elegant periodical has just completed its fifth volume. Numerous as are the publications, which the rage for cheap reading has ushered into existence, we think that there is not one which presents more powerful claims to patronage than "The Parterre," and the extensive circulation which it has obtained fully bears us out in our opinion. The tales, essays, &c., of which it consists are of the first order, and would shine in works of far higher pretensions. The wood-cuts (one of which illustrates every weekly number) are extremely well executed, and display an accurate knowledge of costume. This may, perhaps, be thought an unnecessary remark, but we can assure our readers that it is not so. Thus, for instance, we remember to have seen, some short time since, an embellishment of the siege of Acre by the Crusaders, in which a column of troops, clothed in the uniform of the present Coldstream Guards, are driving a host of Saracens before them. "The Parterre" is issued in weekly numbers, or monthly parts.

Russia, in Answer to a Manchester Manufacturer. Ridgway, Piccadilly.

THIS is a very ably-written pamphlet.

Small Streams from the Ocean of Truth. By the Author of "Dying Hours." Darton and Sons.

THE contents of the little production before us are evidently the flowings of a sincere Christian's heart, warmed by the pure flame of devotion. It consists of detached pieces, both in prose and verse, paraphrases on some of the most important texts of Scripture, all of which are treated in a manner so elegant and pleasing, as cannot fail to be productive of delightful interest to all who despise not the language of truth, which here presents itself, decked in simplicity's sweetest garb. The verse is sweet and flowing, and the rhymes are never forced. We regret that our limits will not allow us to make an extract; and we are reluctantly compelled to take leave of this unassuming little volume, with a sincere wish that it may meet with the success which it so richly merits.

The Golden Almanack for 1837.—*The Victoria Almanack for* 1837. London: Howlett and Son, 10, Frith Street.

OF the numerous Almanacks which are now in existence, we may, without the fear of contradiction, affirm, that there are none present greater claims to admiration and to public patronage than those now before us. The former, as its name implies, is printed in Golden, the latter in Silver Letters; and altogether they present a very unique and elegant appearance. No drawing-room table should be without them.

MUSIC.

Lament on the Death of Amy Claude, Written, Composed, and Inscribed to her Memory, by her Friend and Instructor, EDWARD CRUSE. D'Almaine and Co.

THIS is a simple and unpretending composition, to the memory of an interesting child of extraordinary musical genius, a pupil of Mr. Cruse. The sombre and lamenting key of F minor is judiciously selected to express the deep feeling which the subject conveys. A pleasing contrast is afforded in that portion which modulates into its relative major of A flat, the tonic and dominant notes being simultaneously employed through eight consecutive bars, imitative of the funeral knell, which is ingenious, as it is happily and impressively conceived. The diatonic progression of the base from the fifth to the sixth bar, has a good effect, and is in strict keeping with the dirge-like character of its simple strains.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Sheridan Knowles' play of the Wrecker's Daughter, and Mr. Forrest's impersonations of some of the finest characters of our immortal bard, have been alternated here during the past month. In speaking of the former, we can only echo the opinion of our contemporaries, who have all written so much and so ably in its praise. With one exception alone, Mr. Knowles may be considered as the only living dramatist who can at all be compared with those of bygone days. It is such plays as the one now under consideration, that tend to fulfil the noblest purposes of the drama, by shewing that, however the virtuous may be cast down, and the wicked flourish, yet, that eventually, the one must triumph, and the other received the punishment which sooner or later, never fails to wait on crime. The principal character, Marian, (which, by the bye, was excellently played by Miss Huddart)—is placed in a series of the most trying and desperate situations, and from which, throughout the drama, she has numerous opportunities of escape, if she will only consent to do wrong, and in the end as a reward for her refusal to quit the paths of virtue and of truth, Mr. Knowles has shewn that there is a protecting Providence above her, through which alone she escapes from the dangers which surround her. The dialogue throughout is interspersed with passages of the greatest beauty—and the drama itself will add much to the reputation of its talented author—Our space forbids our making any lengthy remarks on the performance; suffice it to say, that the whole of the characters were most ably sustained, and the drama itself has met with that unequivocal success it so justly merits. Of Mr. Forrest's performances, we regret that we cannot speak in terms of praise. In our opinion he is but little calculated for the arduous characters he has undertaken—His impersonation of Macbeth, is, 'tis true, in some parts excellent; but in those characters where the finer passions of human nature require to be pourtrayed, such for instance, as Othello, King Lear, &c.—his performance is a complete and most lamentable failure.—On Monday, the 19th of December, he played the character of Virginius in Mr. Sheridan Knowles' beautiful drama of that name, and in this he was more successful.—A new grand ballet, entitled the Devil on Two Sticks, has been likewise produced with tolerable success—We do not however think, that it is a piece at all fitted for either of our *national* theatres.

COVENT GARDEN.—The performances at this theatre, have, during the past month, been distinguished for their classical character—King John, Julius Cæsar, Othello, Hamlet, The Stranger, Romeo and Juliet, &c. have been brought out in succession, and with a cast of characters, and an attention to scenery and costume, which these noble productions so justly merit.—The house has, every evening, been literally crammed to the ceiling, at this, however, we are not in the least surprised, for the lovers of the legitimate drama, will never, perhaps, have such an opportunity of witnessing such performances as those which have of late graced these classic boards. This is certainly the best answer that can be given to those who would affirm that all taste for legitimate drama has passed away from among us—and that spectacle *alone will* produce overflowing audiences.

On the 23rd ultimo, Mr. Charles Kemble took his final leave of the stage, in the character of Benedict in Shakspeare's Comedy of "Much ado about nothing."— It is with feelings of the greatest regret, that we have thus witnessed the departure of the last of the Kembles from those boards which they have so long graced; and that too in the possession of all his vigour and faculties—It is true that we have many who shine in the higher walks of the drama still among us—but where in future, shall we look for a *Charles Surface*, a *Cassio*, a *Felix*, or a *Benedict*.

THE ST. JAMES'—The spirited Manager of this splendid Theatre, appears determined to deserve the support of the public, by the production of a succession of novelties, which are in the highest degree, creditable to his taste. The best, and consequently the first of which we thall speak, is the operatic burletta of the "Village Coquettes," which was performed for the first time, on the 8th of December. The drama is written by Mr. Charles Dickens, more

generally known by the title of "Boz"—and is certainly one of the most agreeable pieces that we have witnessed for a very long time. The comic portions of the dialogue, possess that degree of sprightliness and vivacity, for which this gentleman has become so celebrated; the serious scenes are likewise written with a simple and forcible pathos that cannot fail to please.—Mr. Dickens has been long favourably known to the public, as one of the best comic writers, and if we may be allowed to augur from his success in the "Village Coquettes," we should say, that he is destined likewise to shine as a dramatist.

The music of the "Village Coquettes," is by Mr. John Hullah, a gentleman hitherto unknown in the musical world. Judging by the sweet and graceful music in this exquisite little opera, we venture to assert, that Mr. Hullah will rise to eminence in his profession. The melodies throughout are in true keeping with the subject, and the accompaniments are uniformly judicious. One of the most striking songs in the whole piece, is the one beginning. "There's a charm in spring," sung by Mr. Braham, in his very best style, which nightly produces a rapturous encore. "Autumn Leaves," sung by Mr. Bennett, is also a most charming melody. Mr. Parry Jun. sings, "My fair home is no longer mine"—in the very purest taste, and correct intonation. But were we to name all the beauties in this Opera, we should be compelled to give a list of the music. We will therefore, for the present content ourselves with saying, that we have derived the greatest gratification in listening to the music of the "Village Coquettes"—and to all our readers we would say, "Go and do likewise."

We have written so much on the Opera, that in our limited space, we have but little left to notice the other pieces. Mr. Barnett continues to delight the frequenters of this Theatre, in the character of M. Jacques. There is a truth and force in his acting, which never fails to draw tears from the female portion of his auditory. Mr. Strickland's performance in the farce of "Delicate Attentions"—in a manner so excellent, as at once to place him in a high rank in our estimation.

ADELPHI.—Mr. Rice has been performing here during the past month, and he continues as attractive as at the Surrey. We recommend our readers to witness the drama of Paulina, in which Mr. Gomersal performs the part of Napoleon.

MEETING OF SOCIETIES DURING THE MONTH.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

December 6th. The ordinary meeting of the HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY was held this evening, H. M. Dyer, Esq., V.P, in the chair.—Several presents were announced, and amongst them the Flora Batava from the King of Holland. The secretary read a report of some experiments on the culture of the potato, by planting it so as to leave space for the free action of light. The month of March was found the most beneficial for planting, and it was also ascertained that the greatest quantity of potatoes was produced, when the tubes were planted at a depth of six inches, and the least when at three inches.

December 7th. The ordinary meeting of the LINNEAN SOCIETY, was held this evening, A. B. Lambert, Esq. M. P. in the chair' A communication was read from the chairman on the culture of the Peruvian grain, called *quirrod*, which is grown to a considerable extent in Upper Peru, as a substitute for corn, there being at an elevation of thirteen thousand feet, very extensive fields of this plant. Two species were exhibited from the gardens of the chairman, the stems of which exceeded twelve feet in height. A paper was also read from Professor Don on two species of the natural orde *conifera*, one of them, the *pinus frutia*, from Calabria, was nearly related to the maritime pine of Greece, attaining a considerable size, and yielding timber, of a very superior quality.—The other was a native of New Holland, and was discovered by Banks and Sollander in the first voyage of Captain Cook.

December 8th. The ordinary meeting of the Society of Antiquaries was held this evening, W. R. Hamilton, Esq. V. P. in the chair. A communication was read from A. J. Kempe, Esq. on the Roman remains found in London, accounting for their paucity, by the materials being used in other buildings, of which he instanced ecclesiastical buildings, and this opinion was supported, by the excavations recently made in Christ's Hospital. A paper was also read from W. W. Diamond, Esq. instancing an early mezzotinto engraving, (which he exhibited) as tending to confirm some previous remarks of his, that the credit of the invention was due not to Prince Rupert—who is generally considered to have discovered this art by accident—but to Count Siegen.*

A lecture was this evening delivered at the Islington Literary and Scientific Society, by Dr. Matthew Frewman, on the comparative physiology of respiration. Smoking was much deprecated, as impeding the formation of venous blood, as was also tight lacing. The library of this institution has been greatly enriched, by the publications of the record commission, for which, the society is indebted to the liberality of government.

December 10th. It being the 68th anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts, a general assembly of the Academicians was held at Somerset House, when the following distribution of premiums took place, viz:—

To Mr. Douglas Cowper, for the best copy made in the painting-school—the silver-medal, and the lectures of Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr. Ebenezer Butler Morris, for the next best copy made in the painting school—the silver medal.

To Mr. John Waller, for the best drawing from the life—the silver medal.

To Mr. John Garring, for the best drawing of the principal front of Goldsmiths' Hall—the silver medal.

To Mr. Conway Weston Hart, for the best drawing from the antique—the silver medal.

To Mr. George Mitchels, for the best model from the antique—the silver medal.

The general assembly then proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year, which was as follows:—

SIR M. SHEE, *President.*

Council.—*New List*—C. R. Cockerell, J. Mallord, W. Mallord, W. Turner, W. Hilton, W. Etty, Esquires. *Old List*—C. Stanfield, C. R. Leslie, H. W. Pickersgill, Esquires, and Sir J. Chantry.

Visitors in the Life Academy.—*New List*—Abraham Cooper, J. Constable, C. L. Eastlake, G. Jones, J. M. W. Turner, Esquires.—*Old List*—E. H. Bailey, H. P. Briggs, W. Collins, and W. Mulready, Esquires.

Visitors to The School of Painting.—*New List*—C. L. Easlette, H. Howard, J. Philips, C. Stanfield, Esquires. *Old List*—H. P. Briggs, W. Collins, E. Landseer, and C. R. Leslie, Esquires.

Auditors re-elected.—W. Mulready, J. M. W. Turner, and R. Westmacott, Esquires.

* We do not know when Mr. Diamond made his "previous remarks," but if he thinks himself entitled to the merit of the discovery, he must either have made it many years ago, or know very little of the history of Calcography. Baron Heinehen, in his "Idee Generale d'une Collection complete d'Estampes," published at Leipsic, so far back as 1771, remarks that "he had seen a portrait in mezzotinto of the Landgravine Amelia Elizabeth, by Lieutenant-Colonel Ludivig Von Siegen (an officer in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, born in 1620), which bore the date of 1643." There is another print by this artist of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, which bears the same date; of this, only two impressions, we believe, exist, one of which is in the Royal Library at Paris. The print, by Prince Rupert, of the Executioner bearing the head of John the Baptist, is now before us; and we perceive that the date, occurring twice in the plate, is not 1630—as has been given by more than one writer, who have considered a slight scratch at the back of the 5 in the date, of the lower portion of the plate, as part of the figure—but 1658, as plainly appears on the sword of the executioner. Thus Siegen, if not the ONLY inventor, must be the FIRST by at least 15 years. We were astonished to hear that such a paper as Mr. Diamond's was read before the Learned Society of Antiquaries, FOR WE HAD supposed that all the members had been acquainted with the circumstance he relates.—Ed. N. L. M.

THE SOUTHWARK LITERARY INSTITUTION, held a converzatione at their Rooms in Bridge-house place, Southwark, on Monday 12th; which was respectably attended—Mr. Strathem read a paper on spontaneous combustion, and Mr. Merrion lectured on the statues of the Laocoon and Dying Gladiator. The evening was also enlivened by some excellent music.

December 13*th*—SOCIETY OF ARTS—The second "illustration" for the season, was held on Tuesday evening—Earl Stanhope, in the chair—when Mr. Ross concluded his lecture on the principles of Optics, as applicable to the construction of optical and astronomicainstruments.

A Society has been formed for the purpose of introducing into the waters of St. James' Park, some specimens of rare and beautiful aquatic birds. This Society under the title of the "ST. JAMES' ORNITHOLOGICAL;" held their first Meeting, on Tuesday 13th, at Stafford Row, Pimlico—when several members were elected, and many presents were reported.

December 14*th*—The LITERARY FUND CLUB, had their 2nd dinner for the season, this day, at the Freemason's Tavern—Amongst the company, we noticed Sir William Bentham, Mr. Crofton Croker, Mr. Bulton, Mr. Lover, "Father Prout," and Mr. Barrow—Several new Members were balloted for, amongst whom were Mr. Macready, and Mr. Harrisson Ainsworth.

A society has been formed at Paris, on the plan of the LONDON MECHANICS INSTITUTION. It was first suggested by the celebrated geometrician Monge—and the labour of teaching, is chiefly confined to the students of the Polytechnic school. Classes are organized to teach the principles of Mechanics, Optics, and all the branches of Natural Philosophy—as also, the Fine Arts, Grammar and Languages. The plan has been so far successful, that the Institution musters at the present time, upwards of 1500 Members.

A lecture was delivered this evening, at the ISLINGTON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, by Dr. Truman, on the physiology of the voice, illustrated by numerous diagrams, which elicited the unanimous approbation of a full audience.

December 18*th*—The ordinary meeting of the ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, was held on the afternoon of this day, Earl Munster, V. P. in the chair. A paper was read from Mr. Bruce, on the antiquity of the Armenian language; the object of the writer being to prove that it was spoken by Noah, and subsequently, by all the inhabitants of the earth, prior to the confusion of tongues. Amongst other circumstances in favour of this opinion, the writer stated, that a native of Armenia, has less difficulty in learning any other language, than one of any other nation.

WESTERN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION. The lectures at this Society, during the month, have been well attended. Mr. Cowper gave three on Engraving and Paper making, illustrated with many models and apparatus: in the course of which, he explained the process by which Mr. A. Collas, is enabled to produce his wonderfully deceptive fac-similes of coins and medals. The working of this beautiful machine, and the lecturer's lucid description of it, elicited the warmest applause. We cannot bestow the same praise on the egotistical manner in which Mr. Pemberton informed the Members, that Shakespeare, was a good poet, and an excellent playwright. His animadversions of C. Kemble's personation of Hamlet, and the effect of strutting about in a short cloak, to show his conception of the time-feeling and pathos of this character, were perfectly ludicrous. After tittle-tattling on trifles until the evening was far advanced, he requested permission of his audience to recite the comic tale of the "Snuff-box—which he actually perpetrated.

J. FELLOWES, PRINTER, 36, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

THE

New London Magazine.

THE GAMING HOUSES OF LONDON.

LETTER II.

"Sed mihi, fas visa loqui."
"What I have seen, permit me to relate."

My Dear W.

In my last, I gave you an account of the accidental circumstance which led to my introduction to Pandemonium. From trifling causes sometimes spring important events;—the mere occurrence of a shower which in ordinary result is productive only of slight inconvenience to the man of business, or of disappointment to the ennuied dandy, proved to me a matter of beneficial import, for it offered to my reading, a most interesting and instructive page in the great volume of character, that is rarely to be met with in the common walk of mundane intercourse. It has been sagely and eloquently laid down by a most talented and distinguished author of the day, that "experience is the only investment which never fails to repay us tenfold what it costs;—the maxim, beautiful as it is in expression, is not less remarkable for its truth—and is most applicable to the present subject—no man should trust himself within the doors of a gaming-house, who is not of the stoic school of philosophy—possessing sense and resolution to resist and controul all baneful excitement, or to confine his speculations to the mere barter for experience, thereby investing his capital in that most solid and profitable of all securities—under such determination and restraint, he would gain wisdom from the errors and vices of mankind, and prove the truth of the author's conception—but where is the man who shall affirm, and act up to the affirmation—"*mea virtute me involvo*"—the weakness of human nature too often betrays the most virtuous into error—good resolutions are made when temptations are absent—trial alone proves their strength; and if there be one excitement more powerful than another in its influence on the human mind, it is that of gaming: from the earliest ages to the present hour, it has controlled the mightiest as well as the weakest intellects—it has bound the philosopher, the statesman, nay, even the divine, in its baneful infatuation; and what the Roman satirist has written of his

age, may with equal if not greater truth, be spoken of modern times—We give it from Dryden's beautiful translation :

> "What age so large a crop of vices bore,
> Or when was avarice extended more?
> When were the dice with more profusion thrown?
> The well fill'd fob not emptied now alone,
> But Gamesters for whole patrimonies play;
> The Steward brings the deed which must convey
> The lost estate: what more than madness reigns,
> When one short sitting many hundreds drains,
> And not enough is left him to supply
> Board wages, or a footman's livery!"

But I find myself digressing, and hasten to resume the narrative of my visit. I have already acquainted you that we passed the Cerberus, and ascending one pair of stairs, we entered the apartment of business, or play-room, where were seated round a large table of oval form, which extended nearly the whole frontage of the room, and was covered with green cloth, bearing thereon detached pieces of red and black, (indicative of the game of rouge et noir), divers persons, before many of whom I observed certain bone and metallic pieces or counters, (the local currency) which they placed from time to time on one or other of the colours, red or black as fancy prompted—cards also of the description I had before seen, were used by many of the players, and I observed such persons to mark, by pricking the said cards with a pin, the respective events of loss or gain on each colour, as they from time to time occurred.—Some one or two individuals had pencils also, and, like the unfortunate gentleman spoken of in my last, appeared to be indulging in the same vain spirit of calculation;—my friend pointed out to me in particular, one person, apparently approaching the age of sixty, who, he informed me, was an officer of high standing in the navy, and a member of the senior United Service Club. This gentleman had no less than four or five of the cards described, placed in order before him, on each of which pin and pencil were at work (as each coup or event took place), in all the cabalistic and mysterious workings of his own peculiar system, which, whatever it might be, appeared to my humble comprehension, to embrace hieroglyphics sufficient to adorn an Egyptian pyramid, and embody problems that it would have puzzled a Cambridge professor to solve. It is but fair to presume that this gentleman, having been duly qualified for the distinguished and honourable profession of which he was a member, was a proficient in the most perfect of sciences, mathematics—but alas, for the weakness of the human mind, "The wisest clerks are not the wisest men," and I may here venture an assertion, without much fear of confutation, that spite of all his toil and ingenuity, he must ever remain far as the poles asunder from any correct demonstration of the possibility of gain from a speculation the very elements of which are positive and certain loss to the adventurer. At the table, in the centre thereof, and opposite to each other, were seated, on elevated stools or chairs, two persons, fashionably attired,

and who appeared, by the profuse display of chains and rings, to have half exhausted some jeweller's store. One of these individuals was more immediately engaged in dealing or turning up the cards, and the other, (the croupier), from time to time assisted in paying and drawing the different stakes, as chance decided in their favour or otherwise. Previously to my entrance to this extraordinary scene, I had received a hint from my friend, that it would be necessary to sport a trifle, by way of avoiding suspicion, that our visit was one of mere curiosity or design—I therefore took a seat at the party-coloured table, beside my mentor companion; the general invitation of "*Make your game, gentlemen*" was given, which was shortly followed by the announcement of "*The game is made*," signifying that the time for making all bets or deposits on the then coming event had expired. This ceremony at an end, the dealer proceeded to turn the cards decisive of the coup, which done, the stakes were drawn or paid as good or ill fortune decreed. The like ceremony and process were repeated throughout the whole six packs of cards, which being exhausted, were thrown out on the table to be shuffled, and again made up for another deal.—Three deals having been perfected, a new hand was substituted for this operation.—The whole scene was to me one of great novelty and interest, the countenances of many fully exhibited the success or failure of their expectations. Some were beaming with delight and satisfaction; others wore the sullen gloom of disappointment and vexation—all were more or less excited—some unable to bear up against a succession of ill fortune, gave vent to their mortifications in curses both loud and deep, and by divers thumpings inflicted on the table; others in equal wrath, snapped asunder the rakes, (formed of wood, and used by the players for drawing their money, when out of convenient reach of the arm), and threw the fragments with great violence to a distant part of the room without much apparent regard or concern for heads, lamps, or looking-glasses that might come within their line of direction. Strange and extraordinary as such conduct appeared to me, it did not work any movement amongst the company present, a circumstance I was unable to ascribe to any other cause, than that the frequency of such events had rendered them too familiar to be matter of wonder. After several coups had been decided, and money had fluctuated in most mercurial manner, the dealer called the number "31" and subsequently, "31 apres" upon which announcement, he and the croupier proceeded, with a degree of adroitness that would have put a bank-clerk *hors de combat*, to rake the whole of the money that was on the table into certain limits or prisons, formed by parrallel lines drawn across the upper end of each respective colour. On enquiry, I was informed that every event decisive of the game, depended on the cards turned, forming the nearest number to 31—the first line or row of cards as they are dealt, being always applicable to the black colour, and the under or bottom line to the red, but that this particular event of 31 being turned up for both colours, constituted the advantage of the banker, who, on such occasions, took the half of all the money risked on that event—this, I learnt, is calculated

to occur, on an average, twice in three deals, or in the course of 80 coups, which is equal to about 1¼ per cent—this per centage, be it observed, is not *per annum*, nor *per diem*, but (would you credit it?) *per horam!* for three, four, and five deals have been completed within the hour. Who, in the possession of his senses, can feel surprise at the fatal consequences that result from the infatuation, that leaves men to contend with such fearful odds?

With the coolness and indifference of a stoic, I remained wholly unmoved by the events of the game—totally regardless of the favourable or other result to my own trifling speculations, which, by the way, were left to the management and controul of my more experienced friend, my whole attention was given to the group around me. Some I observed to double their stakes from time to time as they lost, thinking by one successful coup, to retrieve all previous misfortunes—an error, which, I was informed, was most destructive in its consequences, and had ruined the most opulent; others adopted an opposite system, and increased their stakes only when they had been successful in their previous venture, thus augmenting their speculations and consequent chance of gain from the resources gained from the bank, a plan which appeared to me to afford greater probability (as far as probability can exist in such a case), of leaning to a more favorable issue, but requiring much more patience and temper in its accomplishment, than players (more particularly the more needy portion), are ordinarily gifted with, and hence I arrived at one unalterable conclusion, viz. that the enormous per centage of the game, and the rashness and irritability of the players, were odds so incalculable in favour of the bank, that the capital of a Rothschild must, opposed thereto, dwindle into nothing. Amidst all these varieties, fluctuations, fancies and workings of the game, my crown or two occasionally found place with those of my companion, on one or other of the colours—the speculation was usually made in opposition to the colour which *really* exhibited the larger amount of risk—I say *really*, for my friend gave me to understand that appearances were much at variance with the true state of things in this respect, and that very frequently, the amount of money on a colour was fictitious, and occasioned by confederacy, with a view to create or stimulate play or other beneficial result to the bank—whether from chance or some other cause, I know not, but after an occupation of above two hours, we found ourselves a trifle richer than we were on our entrance, and with this, we very prudently retired.

In accordance with the instructions given me, I had, during my sojourn at the table, been a close observer of the different individuals forming the party, that I might subsequently recognise each in the anticipated description to be given of them by my intelligent friend—whose interesting communication, I must of necessity postpone until my next.

EXPOSITOR.

LIFE AND DEATH.

WHO has not put to himself the question—What is life? Who would not listen with interest to a clear solution of that enquiry? We know—we can see the mechanism by which life acts—we feel its results. We perceive that that mechanism is so slight—so easily set wrong; while, when it is disordered, we ourselves acutely feel that we possess a deep interest that it should be right. This knowledge makes us, if possible, more earnest in our endeavours to see beyond the mechanism alone, and know the real principle which constitutes life. But, great as have been the exertions of the wisest of philosophers to discover this principle, and numerous as have been the theories to explain it, still every attempt to draw aside the veil which hides it from our eyes has, hitherto, been unsuccessful—and we are still in complete ignorance as to what the vivifying principle really is. To mortify the pride of man, philosophy leaves many things unexplained; the really ignorant are those who think they can penetrate into every secret of nature, whereas the truly wise will see that there is much placed out of the reach of human comprehension, and many things yet left to be discovered by the industry and the patience of man.

But although we do not comprehend what the vivifying principle really is, still we know that there are certain signs, in the absence of which life cannot exist—or in other words, that there are five properties which are peculiar to living beings, and by which therefore they are distinguished—and it will be our endeavour in this paper to lay before our readers a brief account of these properties.

Life then, or in other words, the vivifying principle, is an emanation from the Deity, and is the common source of all that respires. Obscure and feeble in plants and the most imperfect animals: it developes itself as it animates the most perfect creatures. It animates all beings that respire. It is a subtle fire, pervading all creatures, penetrating the vessels of plants, and all tremble at the presence of this divine essence, the primitive agent of reproductions, the meteor of all living beings. "In Deo vivimus, movemus, et sumus." The hand of God holds the thread of our lives—all possess a part of the Divinity, it is expanded through all the universe; but organized bodies are habitations where this divine power is concentrated, whilst brute matter is dependent on the general qualities of mechanical and chemical power. Nevertheless we observe the germ of life elevate itself from the crude earth to the mushroom, from the mushroom to the oak, from the worm of the earth to the human species. It exists in some minerals—it perfects itself more in vegetables, and it exalts itself in all the genera of animals to man, the lord of the creation, in whom it is most elaborated. The signs of life when carefully considered may be reduced to five, as follow:—

First, the power which living beings possess of resisting, within certain limits, the operations of the ordinary laws of matter. Physical agents exert over inorganic bodies a constant and irresistible influence.

Air, moisture, heat, produce in all such bodies incessant changes, subverting the closest union between their integral particles, and forming them into combinations entirely new. If, however, a living being be brought under the influence of these agents, it is found capable of resisting such changes within a very considerable range, and it retains this power as long as it continues to exist. Thus the living body is not decomposed under degrees of temperature and moisture, which begin to resolve it into its primitive elements the moment the principle of vitality has fled. The power of the supreme animals, and especially of man, to resist high degrees of temperature, at first discovered by accident, and afterwards made the subject of many experiments both in France and England, is very extraordinary. In the year 1760, two French philosophers having occasion to use a public oven on the same day on which bread had been baked in it, wished to ascertain with precision its degree of temperature. This they endeavoured to accomplish by introducing a thermometer into the oven at the end of a shovel. On being withdrawn, the thermometer indicated a degree of heat considerably above that of boiling water; but although they were convinced that the thermometer had fallen several degrees on approaching the mouth of the oven, yet they appeared to be at a loss how to rectify the error; while they were occupied in endeavouring to discover the degree of heat at the back of the oven, a girl, one of its attendants, offered to enter and mark with a pencil the height at which the thermometer stood within the oven. The girl smiled at their appearing to hesitate at this strange proposition, and, entering the oven, marked with a pencil the thermometer as standing at 260° of Fahrenheit's scale. One of these philosophers began to express his anxiety for the welfare of his assistant, and to press her return. This female salamander, however, assuring him that she felt no inconvenience from her situation, remained there ten minutes longer, when at length, the thermometer at that time standing at 288° or 76° above that of boiling water, she came out of the oven, her complexion indeed considerably heightened, but her respiration by no means quick or laborious. The publication of this transaction exciting a great degree of interest, several philosophers repeated similar experiments, and it is now universally acknowledged that the human frame can support a heat of even 315°; and M. Chabert, the well known fire king, says he could bear 400°. But in a scientific view, the most curious and important point to be noticed is that in all these experiments, while the body was exposed to a high degree of temperature considerably above that of boiling water, the heat of the body itself never rose above 102°. In one experiment, while the heat to which the body was subjected was 202°, the heat of the body itself was only 99½°, its natural temperature in the state of health being 98°. But animals are capable of living in temperatures of extraordinary elevation even in the dense medium of water. Some fishes are said to be found in hot springs at 180°; and others were thrown out alive from a volcano, the water of which raised the thermometer to 210°. Some plants are likewise found to possess a power of this kind, being discovered

in boiling springs. In this case also the plant is found to possess only its natural temperature. The heat of a tree examined by Mr. Hunter was found to be always several degrees *above* that of the atmosphere when the atmospheric temperature was below 56° Fahrenheit; but it was also several degrees *below* it when the weather was warmer. All these examples clearly prove that living bodies do possess the power of resisting, within certain limits, the operations of the ordinary laws of matter.

The second power possessed by the living body, is that of assimilating foreign matter to its own substance. The particles of which inorganic bodies consist, are held together by mutual attraction, and they can only be increased by the addition of new particles to the pre-existing mass. The living body, however, is endowed with the far higher power of converting materials of different natures into one homogeneous substance, from which it elaborates the various fluid and solid parts of which it is composed. The plant puts forth its roots into the ground, and from the surrounding soil abstracts the nutrient particles it finds for the purpose of converting them into its own proper substance. The animal receives into the interior of its body the different substances from which it derives its nourishment, dissolves them, decomposes them, recombines their elements in new proportions and in different modes, and thus forms all the tissues and all the organs of which anatomy teaches us that it is composed.

The third character by which the living body is distinguished is derived from the peculiar disposition of the materials of which it consists. That disposition is always regular and determinate, and is denominated structure.

The fourth characteristic by which all living bodies are distinguished is the power they possess of forming a being similar to themselves by a peculiar process termed generation.

The last characteristic of the living body is that of terminating its existence by the process of death. Inorganic bodies preserve their existence unalterably and for ever, unless some mechanical force or some chemical agent separate their particles, or alter their composition. But in every living body, its vital motions inevitably cease sooner or later from the operation of causes that are internal and inherent. This is termed death. And when at length death does take place, how instantaneous and how entire is the change which the body undergoes. That body, which, perhaps, but a few days, nay, perhaps but a few hours before was rejoicing in the possession of full health and vigor, now lies cold and pale—the spark of life has fled from its habitation, and left it but motionless clay. That eye which once beamed with love and tenderness, which brightened with joy, or was clouded with grief—which flushed with anger or revenge—which lowered with jealousy—which was, as it were, the index of the mind within, has now lost all its lustre and is closed for ever. That tongue whose eloquence drew down the applause of listening thousands, or the brilliancy of whose wit was wont "to set the table in a roar" is now silent as the grave

that claims it. Those lips which but a few fleeting days back echoed melody, now wear the pallid hue of death, and are closed never to move again. That hand which once wielded a kingdom's sceptre or brandished the deadly sword—which, perhaps hurled a tyrant from his throne, or raised a nation from its bondage, now lies stiff, straight, and indifferent to what is done to it. That heart which once glowed with all the finer feelings which exalt humanity, or which was racked with all those passions which are its bane and its disgrace, has for ever ceased to beat.

Death is the excrementitious function of nature, and by an indefinite wisdom, all these same excrements return to life.

"Circulus eternus motus."

says Becher. All is organization and successive destruction. Animated nature passes into new transformations—death is only a species of hidden life, a sleep of matter of which the organization is awakened. The ox changeth the grass which he eats into his flesh—this is transformed into human flesh when we live on this animal; the earth which conceals the tombs of men, furnishes to plants and worms an abundant nourishment; plants and worms in their turn become the food of other species—so that all circulate without ceasing; from individual to individual all change to change again. They die but to live under other forms. The brilliant flower enriches itself with nutritive molecules from the dead carcass concealed at its roots. Organ is composed of other organ—nothing dies for ever.

For the present, our limits compel us to take leave of this interesting subject, but we shall certainly recur to it in our next.

G. T. F.

STANZAS.

Though the sunlight of Friendship which illumines our sphere
By black Calumny's cloud be obscured—
And the smiles which were wont with fond welcome to cheer,
In the chill of reserve be immured;
Though Ignorance, Malice, or Envy decry,
And Friendship awhile lend an ear—
The heart truly conscious may malice defy,
And calm 'midst its workings appear.

How transient, alas! are the vapours that skim
O'er the bright face of Heaven's blue way;
How vapid the pestilent breath that would dim
Honest Truth, that shines out like the day—
Thus light o'er the ear should those whisperings play,
Which Malignity's venom hath breathed;
Thus should fleet the pestiferous gales that would stray
O'er the flowers which Friendship hath wreathed.

G. T. F.

WOMAN'S EYES;

A Fragment.

THERE was a time when did that soft blue eye
Each finer feeling of my soul excite
To admiration; for it seem'd, the light
Of heaven was there infused from the sky,
And lent a holy brightness to each glance,
With power to bless—or to destroy, perchance.

I loved you then; nor deem'd that on my head
The fatal lightning of that glance should fall;—
Ah! happy then! in woman's looks unread,
The cup of sweetness yet unmix'd with gall!
Now dear experience teaches me to know
The perfect cunning of each artful look—
To trace the demon ever hid below
The heavenly aspect of that placid brook
Whence oft I've tasted draughts of deepest joy,
And deem'd them pure—unmingled with alloy.

Thine eyes are like the current of a bright
And graceful stream—not pure, but seeming pure,
Fair wandering, and refreshing to the sight
Of panting travellers whom its waves allure.
Sweetly it seems its smiling course to hold
In gentle windings through the peaceful vale,
Touching in kindness, not abrupt or bold,
The flowery banks that joy to bid it hail!
Suspicion bows his head, nor dares to think
The waters of that gelid stream contain
One drop unblest that, should the pilgrim drink,
Can turn his once delicious draught to pain.—
He drinks, alas!—and, ah, too late detects
The bubbling demon at the fountain's head:
There sits he, grimly smiling, and directs
The streamlet's course—too faithfully obeyed;
Slow-working poison mingles from his hands,
Pollutes the stream, and stains the yellow sands.

If, too, at eve, the exhausted pilgrim stays
And slowly lifts his weary eyes along
The margin where that fairy current strays,
And seeks those flowers so blooming and so young—
Those blossoms that, like early hopes, looked gay—
Whither, ah! whither did they fade away?
Yes—they are faded ne'er to bloom again,
So wither hopes, nor with so little pain!

'Tis not the chill of evening that has so
Descended on these blossoms, and destroyed
Their noontide freshness sadly at a blow,
And killed the promise of this morning's pride:—

The dew of night had fostered them and given
Fresh strength and vigour for to-morrow's fire
(So earthly hopes receive support from heaven,
When virtuous thoughts the mortal breast inspire,)
The *demon's* work is this; whose fickle heart
Requires new food for his diurnal joy,
Fresh flowers, as fair, to-morrow will impart,
As sweet in fragrance, and in hopes as high;
But to decline, as these have lately done,
So each fair crop its short bright course must run,
Till cold Satiety shall wake that spirit's dream,
And Time disturb the clearness of the stream.

Ah! may no secret, unsuspected fiend
Ere then disturb its smooth and placid course;
For there's an airy figure I have ween'd—
(How much unlike the demon at the source!)
That flits across my wandering fancy still,
Whom it were heavenly to shield from ill!—
Her influence gives whate'er there is of joy,
Whate'er of beauty to those glassy waves;—
Can she be conscious that those waves destroy?
A *devil* tortures, but an *angel* saves:
Oh! were she mortal, and the sister whom
I loved but with a brother's pure regard,
'Twere sweet to cherish still that rose's bloom,
And fatal cankers from its heart discard!
* * * * * * *
This airy form still to the pilgrim's eye
Seem'd in the twilight tempting him to stay;
But fate forbids, wide fields before him lie,
Sadly he turns upon his lonely way;
And when that stream had faded from his sight,
Thus he resigned him to the shades of night:—

Now Philomela, tender bird of eve,
Let me be sad, and listen to thy song;
With thee in resignation let me grieve
For one unlike thee, as I stroll along.
And as thy story pours upon my ear
Its accents of sincerity and woe,
Teach me with thee to make the night less drear,
And soothe my heart with music while I go.
Thy mate will come ere long to thee, and join
His notes of touching melody to thine;
I wander still a solitary bard,
No friend to cheer, or make my lot less hard.

ROSENKRANZ.

EGYPTIAN SUPERSTITION.—Among the singular superstitions of the Egyptians is one which renders yawning particularly obnoxious, they believing that the devil is apt to leap into a gaping mouth.

THE THREATENED CURSE;

A Tale of Real Life.

"I NEVER will forgive thee, Harry," said old Farmer Stancome to his only son, as they were sitting by a cheerful fire on a cold and frosty night in the winter of 17—. "No, I *never* will forgive thee if thee'st marry Mary Bradley—what! the daughter of thy father's old shepherd!" "Well, well, father," exclaimed the young man, after a few minutes of deep thought, "I would not anger you, but consider——" "Consider thy father's curse, Harry, which thy foolish marriage will bring down on thee." Saying these words, the old man left the apartment; and as he slowly ascended the stairs which led from the common sitting-room to his chamber, poor Harry heard him at every pause, mutter curses on his devoted head, if he dared to disobey him. A thousand painful thoughts rushed in rapid succession through his brain. Love for his victim—for alas! her fondness for him, and his solemn promises of marriage had led to her ruin. Yet fulfill his plighted vows, and marry her he would; but then the horror of a father's curse—that father, harsh though he was whom he had never disobeyed—could he bear his eternal curse? Then would cold prudence whisper the difference of their stations—which in the height of his passion he had overlooked—and he remembered that while he was the only son of a wealthy farmer, she was the orphan of a moorland cotter, poor and friendless. When he aroused himself from his sad contemplations, the fire was out and the lamp on the table, the flame of which was low and quivering, threw a faint and sickly light through the large and wainscotted hall. Starting from his chair, he hastened to his room, in the vain hope of finding there a temporary forgetfulness of his sorrows; or perchance, to plan some wild and visionary remedy for his unfortunate situation. In the morning when the family assembled to their early breakfast. he was not in his accustomed place. His sister was sent to seek him, but he was not in his chamber, and none of the servants had seen him. "Well, well," said the old man, "Harry and I had some words last night, and no doubt he is gone to his uncle's at the Ford for a few days; poor fellow, I was rather harsh to him, but he'll be back to us soon, no doubt." Saying which the farmer got him to his usual occupations; and although he might have remembered his truant son, yet he never for a moment entertained a fear for his safety; but as he watched his busy labourers, sometimes a feeling of anger would cross his mind that his Harry was not there to bear his part, and when the toil of the day was over, doubly did he regret that he was not beside him at their blazing fire, by his merry jest and joyous laugh to cheat the lagging hours of the winter night. Several days thus passed on, and the old man felt no alarm at his son's absence; but on the following market-day, meeting his brother at the neighbouring town, he learnt with dismay that he had never been at his uncle's house. Then did they seek the young man in all his favourite haunts—'mid the fastnesses of many a giant Tor, and in the deep and rocky glens of the desolate moor; but vainly did they wander through its wild solitudes—its woody and rocky dells and tangled brakes—no trace of him was to be found; and though no hut for miles on that barren and enormous waste, but was visited on the charitable errand by the sympathizing in compassion for the heart-broken parent—

yet fruitless was their search—none had seen him, and they returned in despair to the wretched man, who, feeling assured that his threat had driven his only son to destroy himself, lost all interest in his usual occupations, and though for a time he wandered about the village, or followed his men to their daily labour in the field, yet was his vacant eye unconscious of the scene before him; and if from time to time faint murmurs escaped his pallid lips, it was but the whispered name of his beloved son. A few short months after the loss of his boy the once hale and upright man, bent more by sorrow than by years, sunk to the grave, and slept in peace in the little church-yard of his native place.

Years past on, and the Manor Farm still continued in the family, being rented after his death by his son-in-law. The fate of poor Harry Stancome had almost faded from the mind of men, or was remembered but as a tale of wonder, to lighten the heavy hours of a gloomy evening, as the simple dwellers on the moor gathered round some neighbour's fire. Soon, however, it gave place to other tales. War had been busy; the usurper of the throne of France was in his glory; battle after battle had been gained by his victorious troops, when Wellington, the "hero of a thousand fights," with his immortal followers, checked his mad career, and became the theme of every tongue; and not alone in the court of his admiring sovereign, amid the noble and high-born, or in the cities of his native land, was his name heard among the multitude, but even on the sterile moor it was breathed amid the depths of its "stream-fed vales," and echoed from clift and crag—now startling the plover from his reedy nest, in the wild shelter of some dark morass, then scaring the falcon from the rugged brow of some enormous rock; then too, within the solitude of the once silent wilderness,

> "Harp on harp was heard
> Of sweetest melody, and some pursued
> Severest lore, and followed with firm step
> Thee Science—thee Philosophy—and gave
> The hours to Wisdom,"

though pent within the gloomy pile—that living tomb of hapless thousands, whom the chances of disastrous war had placed within our power. In the summer of 18— when not only the prison of Dartmoor was full, but several of the little towns in the neighbourhood had French officers residing at them, on their parole; the Manor Farm was often visited in the warm summer evenings by a fine manly-looking general officer, with his young and beautiful wife, who had got their parole extended, to enable them to wander o'er the heath-covered hills which skirt its sheltered fields, and through the delightful woods which clothe the banks of the rock-strewed Dart—where

> "Loud and hoarse his cataracts uplift
> Their roarings to the woods; but, oh! how sweet,
> The music of its gentler tones, for he
> Has tones of touching sweetness."

Often it the course of their evening rambles did they call at the farm, where they would sometimes rest, and even partake of the humble fare of the honest couple; until by degrees they became so familiar, that he would relate many scenes of his eventful life. Would tell them of the warm Isles of the Tropics—of their gaudy flowers and luscious fruits—or charm them with a recital of his adventures by land, or by sea; of the battle field, or the changing ocean, and they were never tired of listening to his tales—related in the purest English. The scene at the farm would often at the close of a sultry day in summer, have been a study worthy the pencil of a Wilkie. The ancient hall, wainscotted with the dark shining oak, in which the party was assembled; the

general seated in the arm chair, carved with antique devices, and lined with crimson damask; his slight and beautiful wife on a low stool beside him, with her clear blue eyes eagerly fixed on his eloquent features, shewed how well she understood every word of our harsh language, although she spoke it not: while her bright and glossy ringlets, brown as the last rich tints of autumn, hung in full clusters over a neck white as the Alpine snow; the farmer himself, leaning against the massive stone frame of the old-fashioned bay window, with his faithful dog crouched at his feet, his good dame, in her quiet mob cap, coloured gown, and clean white apron, seated knitting on the window bench, more intent on the wonderous tale of the foreigner, than observant of her little hand-maiden, who at the wide fire-place, was leaning forward with lips apart, endeavouring to catch every syllable which fell from the lips of the strangers—while the thin wheaten cakes for the evening meal, which she was set to watch, were burning on the hearth beside her: many were the hours thus passed after the labour of the day was over; and often too he would ask about the dwellers on the moor, listen with pleasure to their homely joys, or lighten by his bounty their humble sorrows—and of the moor itself,

> "The Tor,
> The hallow'd cairn, the everlasting rocks,
> Moulded by time into a thousand shapes
> Of beauty and of grandeur,"

he was never weary of hearing. One evening, when no one but the farmer and his wife was present, he asked the good dame if she had a brother. "Oh! no, Sir, I had one—poor Harry, he was the darling of every one; even of his father, whose cruelty drove him to an untimely end." "Indeed! how so," said the general. "Ah! your honour, it is a short, but a melancholy story; but if you have any curiosity to hear it, and will stay and partake of our humble supper, I will tell you all we know of his unhappy fate." He expressed his anxiety to hear it, and was soon made acquainted with Harry Stancome's unfortunate love, and mysterious disappearance. That he had destroyed himself, every one living in that remote country, who had not altogether forgotten him, believed, and none more strongly than his brother-in-law and sister. Vainly, therefore, did the Frenchman combat the idea, first by shewing the possibility, then the probability, that he was still alive; and lastly, to the astonishment of his hearers, declaring himself to be the very Harry Stancome of the Manor Farm. But in vain were all his assertions to convince the honest couple of his identity. "What! his honour—a grand French officer—he, Harry Stancome, the son of a moorland farmer; he, the possessor of estates in the Indies, vineyards in France; horses, carriages, and servants! *he*, poor Harry Stancome, who had left his home, broken-hearted and pennyless; no, no, she never would believe it—he must be joking with her. What! the husband of the beautiful lady by his side, a countess in her own country—as his servants had told her—*he* to have been the lover of a cotter's orphan, no, no, she never would believe it." "But" said her guest, "had your brother no mark, by which you would have known him if he *were* here." "Yes," she exclaimed, "he had a scar on his right arm, just below the shoulder, which he got by falling on a stone from a tree in Hazlegrove Coppice, that he had climbed after a jay's nest, and the mark of which the doctor said he would carry with him to his grave." On hearing this, the general bared his arm, and there, to the amazement of his brother-in-law and sister, (for such they really were), was the scar in the very spot she had described it to be; all doubts now vanished, and

the many stories he told of his early life, fully convinced them that he must have been present at the scenes he related. The poor dame was almost beside herself with joy at the discovery; and great was the wonder of the villagers, when they learnt that the fine French officer who came so often to the farm, should turn out to be the old play-mate of many among them. Little now remains to be told. On the night his father threatened him with his curse if he married Mary Bradley, Harry Stancome left the house, to cool his throbbing head in the night air; and as he wandered through the fields which surrounded his father's house, suddenly a thought struck him, that he would never again enter it—where the sole blessing he desired, was only to be obtained at the expense of a parent's curse. Turning his steps through the most unfrequented parts of the country, he sought the sea coast; reached Plymouth, from whence he crossed to France, entered its army, distinguished himself, rapidly rose to command, and was ordered to one of the islands in the West Indies, where he married the only daughter of the governor, and on his death succeeded to his possessions on the island, and large estates in the South of France. Having obtained leave of absence, he was taken on his return to Europe by an English man-of-war, and by one of those extraordinary chances, which far exceed the bounds of fiction, was sent on his parole within two miles of his native place.

The first thing he did after making himself known to his sister, was to purchase for her a small estate in the neighbourhood; shortly after which, he was included in an exchange of prisoners, and returned to his adopted country: happy in the feeling that he had never drawn his sword against his conntrymen, and by his early flight had escaped his father's "THREATENED CURSE."

A VISIT TO A MUTUAL INSTRUCTION SOCIETY.

"The more we learn, the less we seem to know."

It is a true, although perhaps a trite remark, that "one half the world has no knowledge of what the other half are doing."—This I not only hold to be true of the world in general, but also of London in particular.—For although I have passed the greater portion of my life in the "metropolis of the world," and although I had heard many and various accounts of Mutual Instruction Societies, still I had never had an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings of any of these Institutions. At length, however, such an opportunity being thrown in my way, I gladly availed myself of it; and as I do not doubt that many of the readers of the New London Magazine are in the same predicament as I was, I shall make no apology for enlightening the barbarous state of ignorance in which they have hitherto been living, by introducing them at once to a Mutual Instruction Society.

In the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane, some twenty or thirty young philosophers, principally *limbs* of the law, (as those studious individuals who modestly hide their scientific or theatrical employments, behind the

huge folios of "abridged statutes" are generally designated), have combined to form themselves into a literary and scientific body, bearing the magnificent title of "The Society for promoting Moral, Useful and Enteraitning Knowledge!" They have officers, committees, and sub-committees, rules, bye-laws, and standing orders—pains, penalties and prizes, and glory in the awe-inspiring motto—

"De omnibus scientiis et artibus et quibusdam aliis".

All this I learnt from my friend Mr. Theodore Woddle, jun. M. S. P. M. U. E. K. (!!) clerk, or (as he styles himself in familiar converse), confidential adviser to my father's solicitor. I had been often requested by him to be allowed to be proposed as a member, and at last—for I am very desirous of seeing a little of the world—I consented.—But it appeared that an introductory essay was expected from every person wishing to join the association, on the merits of which, rested his claim for admission. Now, it is a fact, which I am heartily ashamed to avow, that writing never was my forte—that—in short, I am excessively lazy, and to sit down to write a regular Addison paper, is far beyond my patience, to say nothing of absence of talent and want of genius—so I proposed—if the honorable society should consider it sufficient—to appear at their next meeting, and *speak* an essay on any subject they might think proper to command. I believe a tremendous debate ensued on this novel application, but Woddle having much influence, carried it triumphantly.

Accordingly I proceeded to the society's rooms, so called by courtesy, though were I to be exceedingly veracious, I ought to speak in the singular number. The room into which I was conducted, I found to be one occupied on other evenings by a dancing-master. It measured about twenty feet by fifteen. Adown the centre, was stretched a long table covered with green baize, at the upper end of which, sat the president on a chair mounted on a large stool, and the vice and secretary supported him on either side. About eighteen or twenty members were disposed down the sides, and a vacant chair was placed at the lower end. Above the head of the president were two candles stuck in brass supporters, with a profusion of glass drops depending therefrom, and between these hung a picture representing some view on the castellated Rhine, conspicuous for a tall tower remarkably black at the top, where it met the white sky, and beautifully white at the bottom, where it appeared to grow out of the black rock. At the opposite end of the room, a bust—originally intended for Byron, but which, having become dirty, had been rubbed over with black-lead, and now stood for Kean, as Othello—was fixed; beneath this a large card in a gilt frame announced, that Signor Corrielio gave lessons in the art of jumping to music, at the rate of fifteen shillings per quarter, and below was appended another little frame, containing the notification that "Music" was "provided for Ball's;" which was adorned by way of flourish, with an immense number of flutes, harps, lyres, kits, violins, tenors, violoncellos, double basses, and other musical instruments. To complete the picture, it will be necessary to say, that a dozen backboards and as many stocks stood in one corner, and in another, an immense pile of hats, which had gradually accumulated as the gentlemen dropped in one after another. Over the mantel-piece, a profile of Signor Corrielio might have been observed, smiling and looking as amiable out of his one eye, as it was possible for any young danseuse to wish. Under the mantel-piece, something like a fire, surrounded by three large bricks, was observable in the grate, but shevel, tongs, and poker did not obtrude

themselves, being perhaps considered (if used as they generally are), fatal to the spark that flickered there. I hope this long description will be excused, as it is necessary to convey an idea of the apartment in which I found myself.

As I entered, Mr. Woddle came forward and introduced me to the president, who politely requested me to be seated, and expressed himself proud of the great honour of my attendance. I forthwith—having bowed my acknowledgements—took possession of the chair at the bottom of the table, whereupon Mr. Woddle rose, and with much solemnity spoke as follows:—

"Mr. President and gentlemen! hum—It will be in your recollection, that at the last meeting it was—er—decided that a gentleman would be admitted—er—that is, would be allowed to substitute a—er—speech, for an—er—essay, which if considered worthy, would secure him a place in this society, equally with a—er—written communication—(hear! hear!) gentlemen! that gentleman for whom this rule was brought into operation, can—that gentleman now stands—is now sitting before you, and I have only to request, that some gentleman will rise to give a theme for that gentleman to speak upon. Before I sit down, I shall merely beg to add, that this gentleman—hem—that my honorable friend is perfectly a gentleman, being a particular acquaintance of my own."

Mr. Woddle here sat down, as the newspapers say, "amid the most deafening cheers," and to continue the extract, "when the applause had partially subsided," the "worthy president" stood up, and giving one or two raps on the table with an enormous silver pencil-case, in lieu of a hammer, proceeded to say:—

"That if the members generally should think it a subject on which an extemporaneous effusion could be effused, he should beg to have the happiness—the felicity—he would say—the *pleasure* of proposing—that is, if it would meet with the approbation of the gentleman who would have to exert his oratorical powers—as the question—or rather subject—or rather theme—Woman!"—(hear! hear! bravo! huzza! &c.) When two minutes had elapsed, the president had recourse to his pencil-case, and after the noise had thus been increased for another minute or so, order was restored. As Woddle kept coughing, screwing up his nose, and alternately opening and shutting one eye with great velocity, I at last took the hint that he expected me to rise, and as I had by this time become pretty well acquainted with the tastes of my audience, I made sure of my election, providing I did *not* speak in accordance with the fundamental rules of elocution.

I rose—half the members seemed to have acquired all at once a great wish that the other half should not lose any part of what I was about to say, and called out to them with the greatest vehemence, to hear! hear! whilst the moiety to whom this advice was addressed, kept punching the table with their fists, and vociferating brave-o! brave-o! apparently as much pleased with their combat and their valour, as little children are at the tricks of punch.

"Mr. President," said I, "Deeply feeling the honour of the reception which has been given me by the enlightened members of this noble and ever-to-be-supported society—(hear! hear!) I cannot but feel the humility and the insignificance of my station—standing, as I do, before so many of the most illustrious members of the society for promoting moral, useful, and entertaining knowledge."—(here a murmur of pity circulated among the members, and one was heard at the upper end to whisper, "ah! poor fellow! tell him to keep his spirits up!") "Never-

theless, gentlemen," I continued—"I shall endeavour"—but I will not detain my readers with a repetition of the bombastic nonsense which I poured into the ears of these would-be-wise literati—suffice it to say, that I talked of pretty women, without mentioning the ugly; of young ladies, without the existence of aged dames; of sweet tempers, without the juxtaposition of sour ones; of white teeth without thinking of the black; of love, without hatred; of virtue, without vice; of perfection, without a blemish; all which, would be designated by a reflective mind, as rather a too partial view of the case; however, this magnificent oration was received with the most enthusiastic cheers, (pardon my vanity, gentle readers!) and conceiving it to be rather indecorous to be present whilst the merits of the speech were under discussion, I bowed, and backed out of the room. Mr. Theodore Woddle followed, and perceiving my eye to be inquisitively fixed on the lacquered handle of a door on the landing-place, he told me that it led to the "Museum" of the society—and further offered to procure the key from the president, and indulge me with a view of the rarities therein preserved.

He therefore returned for that purpose, leaving me to anticipate in my imagination a splendid collection of stuffed birds, dried fish, spiked beetles, stiff butterflies, curious coins, antique vases, precious stones—with mummies, crocodiles, skeletons—in fact, every thing I could think of in geology, osteology, zoology, entomology, numismatology, and all the other ologies which came crowding like waves upon me; the which I fancied arranged in the most exact order around a spacious apartment, with books of reference, catalogues raisonnée, &c. &c. I had completed a most beautiful ideal picture in which all the best arrangements of the best collections were adopted in one gallery, when my conductor approached with the important talisman in his hand which was to disperse in a moment all my enthusiastic anticipations. The door flew open on the application of the instrument, and I found the "museum" to consist of a heap of unarranged lumber deposited in—a cupboard! I could not conceal my chagrin, and my companion observing it, asked me if I really expected to find the experience of an old collector in the young secretary of a young society? I apologised for my fanciful enthusiasm, and Mr. W. being restored to good humour, remarked that although the museum (!) was not yet fitted up there were still several very curious articles among the various contributions which lay around. "Here, for instance," said he, taking up what I considered to be a piece of an old chimney-pot with some of the mortar used in attaching it to the gable-end of an old house still adhering to it, "Here," said he, "is a very remarkable relic of ancient times and manners. It would occupy too much of your time at present to give you an account of all the important facts which may be deduced from a careful examination of this interesting antique—"

"Antique!" exclaimed poor I, forgetting myself, but instantly checking any further ebullition of incredulous astonishment.

"Yes, my dear sir, an undoubted antique—which I can incontestibly prove by the testimony of a young friend of mine who is a midshipman in His Majesty's service, and of course, therefore, incapable of acting disingenuously. I have bestowed much attention on the article, and have brought what little knowledge I am possessed of, to bear me out in the deductions I have made from a close investigation of its several parts. The result of these labours is a memoir which I have presented to the society, and the reading of which will, I believe, be finished at the next meeting, as it has already occupied the attention of the members, three evenings. When the society has come to a conclusion, I hope you will do me the honour to peruse it, and I think you will say—that is I

flatter myself you will think—that much extensive and patient research, if not positive talent, is displayed in the production."

"But, Woddle," said I, beginning really to think there might be something in the affair after all, though I could not easily relinquish the idea of its being a piece of a chimney-pot, "cannot you give me some slight indication of the original use, or wonderful virtues of this—this—what d'ye call it?"

"Sir," said Theodore solemnly, "I am afraid you will jeer at the account, however plausible it may appear to unprejudiced hearers; but I care not—the unflinching ardour with which I have maintained a conscientious opinion hitherto, shall support me now. But you will be convinced—you *must* be convinced of the great truths which I shall reveal to you. The friend whom I mentioned to you as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, having in the course of his travels visited Naples, contrived to bribe an old fisherman, to procure an article from Pompeii or Herculaneum. "You know," said Mr. Woddle in a parenthesis, "that the Neapolitan government will not allow any thing to be extracted from the ruins of these ancient cities, and that guards are posted to prevent the embezzlement of Pompeiian relics by strangers. However, this fisherman contrived—my friend furnished me with these particulars himself, verbo et epistola—the fisherman contrived to elude the vigilance of the guards, and the result of his success is this identical—

"What!" said I, interjectionally, as required.—

"What think you—What *do* you think," asked Woddle, chuckling with intense delight.

"Can't possibly say—a tile from the house of Pliny?"

"No." "A brick from the oven of a Pompeiian baker?" "Something nearer, but not quite the thing."

"You must really inform me, I shall never guess it."

"Then I *will* tell you—It is," said Mr. Theodore Woddle, and his eye gleamed with the genuine flame of a delighted antiquary as he spoke—"It is, sir, a piece of *petrified dripping* preserved in this fragment of an earthen utensil for eighteen hundred years at *Herculaneum!*

On receiving this wonderful intelligence, I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which only became lessened by exhaustion, and was ever and anon renewed with greater vehemence, as I occasionally caught a glimpse of the astonished countenance of Mr. Woddle, through the tears which coursed each other down my cheeks. I was at length reduced to a degree of calmness, by the arrival of the secretary, who came to inform us, that I had been unanimously elected a member of the Society for promoting moral, useful, and entertaining knowledge, and that the president and members "hoped I would favour them with my company for the remainder of that evening." Back accordingly we went, and I subscribed to the laws, and took my seat. After thanks and compliments had been bandied about, a Mr. Niffit (such I was informed was the gentleman's name), rose and delivered himself of the following attempt at a speech.

"Gentlemen," said he, pausing at every word, "you are aware that by our 5th Rule, a prize is to be given for the best poem to be written on a subject which we ought this evening to bring under consideration; and I believe it is usual for each member to propose a theme, and for the president to select the best. I shall therefore beg with all humility" (and he made himself three inches taller as he spoke) "to bring forward the following proposition, viz. 'The contemplations of a traveller supposed to be standing on the apex of the grand pyramid of Egypt, looking down on the waters of the Nile and the home of the pa-

triarchs of old.'" Here he paused for the cheers with which he was *not* assailed. "I see a smile on the lips of my honourable friend Mr. Remraed" (continued he, while Woddle whispered me that they were most implacable enemies), "but" (rising with his warmth, and laying a greater stress on each succeeding adjective) "when he considers the sublime—the magnificent—the grand—the beautiful—the fine feelings which would take possession of the mind of an individual in such a situation capable of appreciating the natural scenes around him, and the stupendous monument of art on which he stands;—when he remembers the glory of Egypt's former days—her insignificance now;—when he contemplates the past, compares it with the present, and imagines, in the fervid zeal of his soul, the future! Lord bless me! why it's a splendid theme!" and Mr. Niffit sat down completely overcome with his sublime conceptions.

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Remraed, starting up from his seat, "why all these reflections are nothing to the overwhelming feelings which would be engendered if *my* proposition were to be carried. I propose, sir, 'The contemplations of a person supposed to be standing on the apex of the steeple of St. Giles's, looking down on the famous 'Rookery,' and on the scenes of many of the crimes detailed in the Newgate Calendar.' I see the fire already beaming in the eyes of my very honourable friend Mr. Niffit; but when he considers the gin-shops, the rag-shops, the old-iron-shops, the pawn-shops, the old-clothes-shops, and the undertakers'-shops—when he thinks of the annals of imposture, beggary, filth, misery, and crimes in that neighbourhood—when he contemplates the past delightful rurality of the scene (in the days of Elizabeth, or even later), compares it with its present infamy, and cherishes the thought of the innovations of future improvement—why, Lord bless us! it's an excellent subject!" Mr. Remraed resumed his seat, and Mr. Niffit again rose, but he was assailed by cries of Spoke! spoke! However he essayed to speak again.

"Gentlemen! it is with the greatest surprise I have—" (spoke! spoke!) "Mr. President, I merely wish to ask this—" (question! question!) "I—I really—you put me out of—" (order! order!)

The president got up: "I hope, gentlemen," he said, "that, as members of the Society for Promoting, &c., you will conduct yourselves as men of honour, (hear! hear!) and accord a patient hearing to every member. It is true the honourable gentleman has already spoken on this subject (hear! hear!! hear!!!) but perhaps he wishes to explain, which you must be aware is allowable in debate." Down he popt, and up jumped Mr. Niffit again. "Mr. President, you are right in considering that I wish to *explain*—I *do* wish to *explain*. I consider the conduct of Mr. Remraed in bringing forward such an absurd proposal, highly reprehensible. A more unwarrantable—a more uncalled-for—a more unjustifiable—a more ungentlemanly—a more atrocious—a more—(order! order! spoke!). Up started Mr. Remraed, fixing himself like a Rhodian colossus: "Sir, my honourable friend wished to *explain* something, but instead of so doing, he indulges in a most furious attack on me, sir—and on my character, sir, which I can only designate as—as—I will not say *base*" (I could not learn whether he meant the attack or his character)—I will not say *dishonourable*—I will not say *cowardly*—but I will say most—

Order! order! chair! spoke! question! and a multitude of other cries here arose. The president bawled and hammered with his pencil-case on the table; the members divided into parties, and harangued each other with the greatest vehemence; the secretary put on his hat, but had it immediately smashed with a Johnson's dictionary (certainly,

except in size, anything but a *Walker!*) which came—no one knew whence. The chairman unable to restore order, although his brow evidenced his exertions, threw himself back in his seat with such violence that, as there happened to be no support behind, he rolled off, and the only tokens of his presence were his two legs, which, occupying the place where his elbows were wont to be, that is to say, on the edge of the table, were flourishing about with great violence, as the worthy gentleman endeavoured to extricate himself. The vice who had judged it prudent to commence a retreat, had just contrived to pluck his hat from among the many in the corner of the room, when he was unfortunately upset by Mr. Niffit who was making a very low ironical bow to Mr. Remraed, by which accident the whole pile of "ventilating gossamers" was literally squashed. As the backboards appeared to be getting into requisition, I thought it high time to make my escape, which, amid the most discordant din and confusion, I luckily effected And thus terminated my visit to a Mutual Instruction Society—the first, and if all others are conducted in a similar manner (which I sincerely trust, however, is not the case), the last which will be honoured with my presence.

W. F. T.

THE MOURNER.

Her raven hair neglected streaming
Dishevell'd o'er her shoulders bare,
Her wasted form so deathlike seeming,
Her faded cheek and listless air,
Her downcast eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Which trickle slowly down her cheek—
Her pallid brow the blue veins showing,
The anguish of her heart bespeak—
Her breast with wild emotion swelling,
In vain would hide the bursting sigh
That rends her heart, too truly telling,
Her more than mortal agony.
But silently she bears the sorrow
That no relief on earth can know;
Her pride would scorn from man to borrow
One pitying glance to soothe her woe.
Ah! no—each joy that once delighted
Lies buried in the silent grave
Of him to whom her troth was plighted—
Of him she loved but could not save:
And soon that form so early blighted
Shall share his lowly place of rest,
And their pure souls, once more united,
Shall reign in heav'n amid the blest.

H—y H—h.

ACCOUNT OF THE RAISING OF A SPIRIT,

TRANSLATED FROM PROFESSOR FUNK'S "NATURLICHE MAGIE."

PROFESSOR FUNK, of Leipzig, published in 1783, at Berlin, a work (now very scarce) intituled "*Natürliche Magie*," the substance of lectures delivered to eager and crowded audiences, at a period when the extraordinary and yet unexplained delusions of *Schröpfer* had turned the heads of the people of Germany, and bewildered half civilized Europe. Crusius, a professor of theology at Leipzig, and a man of much talent, had advocated the possibility of raising Spirits, and of an intercourse with celestial beings. The professor, therefore, in his work endeavoured to explain by natural causes every thing extraordinary to which an idea of the supernatural had attached. His work is very curious and amusing.

At the close of the volume is a story relating to the pretended raising of a spirit, which the professor received as he was on the eve of giving his book to the public. It will, we have no doubt, be both interesting and amusing to our readers.

"While the last sheet of the foregoing work (says Professor Funk) was in the press, I received the following account of the pretended raising of a spirit, with a wish expressed, that it should be appended to my book. I have no objection to this, as the narrator has added a very probable explanation of the whole process, which may be of use to many of my readers."

X., a man of consequence, with whom I had a considerable intimacy, was a believer in the possibility of raising spirits; on which head I was decidedly incredulous. He had often tried to make a convert of me, and his arguments were chiefly to this effect: that there is much in our experience which is altogether incomprehensible, and to which we cannot refuse our testimony merely because we are unable to explain it, or because the relation of it appears to us incredible.

He quoted instances of Swedenborg, Schröpfer, and many others, which I denied or laughed at; till at length, induced, he was pleased to say, by my general good sense and tried integrity, he exclaimed with Petronius: "Adolescens! quoniam sermonem habes non publici saporis et quod rarissimum est, amas bonam mentem; non fraudabo te arte secretâ."

"I intend," added my friend, "to take you to the Rabbi just arrived from England, who has intercourse with celestial beings, (nothing to do with the devil), and has several times brought me into the company of these inhabitants of heaven."

X. had seen these spirits. They had appeared apparently through the wall of the room, and had disappeared in the same supernatural manner. He had conversed with them, too; but as only Hebrew was spoken in heaven, the ghost-seer was also interpreter.

X. took me to the rabbi, in whom even Lavater would have acknowledged the physiognomy of a patriarch; and from his honest open countenance, his dry indifference, and his quiet retiring manner, I should have judged him either an enthusiast or a mystic.

Thus much I observed, that I did not particularly please the ghost-seer; but I presumed he had certain obligations to my conductor, for

he suffered himself to be persuaded to shew me the book of his art. It was a bulky folio volume, neatly and laboriously written on vellum, with painted representations of spirits to be invoked by the processes written underneath them. I was not to read much, as it troubled the spirits; but I remarked, that, besides a variety of characters, mostly written in Roman letter, whole leaves contained nothing but double columns of names; that the spirits represented were partly men with beards, partly children; that they all wore white robes or shirts, and almost all were red in the faces, arms and feet; exclusive of this, there was nothing particular in the book, except a metal-ring on each upper part of the binding.

The ghost-seer was now to name a day for the experiment, and I was to be at liberty to choose which spirit I would see. As I delayed making a choice, the rabbi gave me the book to open, and the spirit on the leaf I pointed out, should appear. All this seemed to be done without constraint or artifice, and to have its reasons. Seven days were to be passed in preparation by prayer, abstinence, and other mortifications, and on the seventh, we were to fast entirely.

During this period, X. watched me narrowly, whenever I was in his sight, and I had all the trouble in the world to preserve my gravity at this buffoonery, for we visited the rabbi every day, and it would certainly have been much better for my projected discovery, if I had shewn more credulity and ready compliance.

The whole day before the operation, I passed at X.'s house; fasted as prescribed and pledged my word to remain quiet during the process; not to touch anything, or to speak—in fact to do nothing but what the ghost-seer should desire.

All representations on these matters were useless, though I told my friend that by close and severe scrutiny, either his belief would be confirmed, or the imposition be discovered:—in both cases the gain would be his. By this, however, I had nearly spoiled the game. He was immoveable, and I can only attribute his conduct, to the fear of some threatened evil.

In the evening at seven, we repaired to a remote house, which I had never seen before, X. told me with great seriousness, that much depended on the situation of the apartment, and that therefore, a room in this house had been hired. All the preparations were made with the greatest possible silence and solemnity. No other person was present besides ourselves. The ghost-seer drest in a robe of black damask, with a coarse white cloth over his shoulder, received us at the door with the manner of a person who is ushering a friend to the room of a sick and sleeping patient; very softly, with a significant countenance, and a low murmur, as if he prayed inwardly. In the anti-room, we were directed to throw aside any metal we might have about us, and again enjoined to be obedient and still, as the least improper conduct, might cause the destruction of the whole house.

Before the farce began, however, I was allowed a full survey of the whole chamber. I examined every thing minutely, and certainly found nothing which gave rise to the smallest suspicion of any concealed door or other deception. I inspected the conjuring book, and saw a silken cord, of which I shall presently speak, fastened in the two rings. The local circumstances of the room being the grand plot of the piece, I shall beg to give my readers a slight sketch of it.

It was an apartment without a fire-place, from twenty-eight to thirty feet long, and scarcely half as wide, with a single door, and but one window, the wall was white-washed, with merely a painted skirting

extending round the room little more than three feet high; as there was no carpet, we could see that the boarded floor was so close, that no opening whatever of any kind appeared in it: close to the wall there was a four-footed table uncovered, and on this table stood a little open desk, on which the book was deposited.—On the floor was a circle of parchment, covered with various painted characters, and near this was another strip of parchment also covered with characters, on which the ghost-seer passed to and fro. There was also another circle similar to the first, and on which, we, the spectators stood. By the side of the wall was a row of nine chairs, of which the conjuror removed the middle one in going, and replaced it in returning. A blue silk cord, fastened with small hooks to the two rings of the book, was extended over several pillars in two parallel lines along the ceiling of the room, to the circle on which we stood, and from it hung a chain, about five feet from the ground, and seven candlesticks, with burning wax-tapers, were ranged on the floor.

The ghost-seer having desired us to enter the circle, we did not quit it 'till all was over. He himself knelt before the book, and began the invocation with a Hebrew recitative; he often rose, and turning the leaves of the book rapidly, occasionally caught hold of the chain, and turned his face to us as often as he did so, with an expression of wildness, and made other grimaces unnecessary to particularize.

After this bustle of about half an hour, he entered the other circle, and remained there equally long, praying and chanting as before: he then turned to us, opened the partition between us by removing a chair, and came into our circle. He then made us kneel with our faces to the window, seized the chain with a strong pull, and giving it into our hands, desired us to hold it fast, which he also did. Having prayed again for some minutes, he laid his hands on our heads, knelt with his face to ours, and during a long prayer, kept his left hand on my right ear, and his right on my companion's left ear, pressing our heads together, but not so as to obstruct the free use of my right eye, with which I could see both door and window distinctly. After a short pause, he took the chain from our hands, and ordered us to rise; we now distinctly heard a soft rustling noise behind us, smelt an agreeable odour, and heard a few clear bell-like sounds, similar to those of a repeater. I confess that at this moment I was a little surprised. I had observed the door and window attentively; no other possible opening did there seem to be, and this tedious trick had just given rise to the fancy in my mind, that nothing would come of the whole matter, but that the conjuror would excuse himself by the ill-humour or occupation of the spirit intended to be summoned. I now however perceived some evidence of a fourth living being in the room with us, and I started.

The ghost-seer noticed me earnestly, and that I might not recover my surprise, addressed the spirit from our circle, and it answered. The answer soon restored my self-possession, for I could clearly distinguish that the spirit spoke a mixture of bad Hebrew, and indifferent German. I regained my confidence, and should certainly have taken the ghost by the collar, had not my previous promise, and my curiosity to see the end, withheld me.

We now looked round; the ghost-seer went into his own circle, and the spirit stood before him, between that circle and the table. The figure was perfectly that which I had chosen from the book, a boy, namely, about thirteen, with a long white, (and as I fancied), *perfumed, shirt or robe*, his hands and face red, perhaps coloured with some powder. The conversation of the spirit and the conjuror, as far as I can judge,

was a Jewish chant, sung by them alternately, in which no doubt, the ghost-seer gave the ghost instructions for its behaviour, since the discourse grew earnest, and the spirit began to stamp with its feet, as if intending to pass the circle.

The ghost-seer at this moment, rushed frightened into our circle, and entreated us to go out for a moment; that we should then be permitted to re-enter, and ask questions of the spirit. My colleague, although he had been present at several of these appearances, perspired most grievously, and dragged me out at the door, which the ghost-seer closed after us.

I broke from the hold of X., and re-entered the chamber; but all was in perfect order, the spirit gone, and the ghost-seer in the act of extinguishing the tapers. He said that the spirit had vanished in anger with me, and refused to re-appear, because I had neglected to keep the seven days observances, and had harboured evil thoughts towards him.

My patron X., who most unquestionably was no party to any connivance with the ghost-seer, was very angry with me on the occasion, and to this hour, my explanation of the whole plan, will not at all convince him. He still meets me with coolness, and will not follow my advice, to examine this matter as a reasonable man ought to do.

I made many enquiries after the ghost-seer.—He was not known as a rabbi, but as a private gentleman of good character, just arrived from England, and living on his fortune.

I afterwards saw, in another quarter, a boy, who appeared to me the same lad who personated the spirit. I could not however find an opportunity of speaking to him alone, and my further enquiries were put a stop to, by my departure from the place in question. The whole affair, I consider, may be easily explained.

The quiet, melancholy deportment of the impostor served his cause more effectually than any boasting would have done, for it led to the notion of enthusiasm rather than deceit. A man who can pass for an enthusiast, less frequently fails of his end than the real enthusiast who works heart and soul.

The conjuror's book may have been so contrived as to open only where the owner chooses. It is not to be supposed that the ghost-seer had in readiness all the spirits painted in the book; but he seemed to permit an indiscriminate selection. This indifference may have been assumed, for, perhaps, no other spirit than that which he chooses can be fixed upon; in the same manner as many tricks with cards. Such only are shewn as the artist wishes to be seen.

The seven days abstinence, preparation, and so forth, was a juggle to give the matter a solemn effect, and it would serve to afford time for the conjuror to study his dupe. The fast of the seventh day is not without a particular view, that the spectator may not be heated by wine to make rude enquiries, and by fasting may be inclined more to credulity, and towards the tragical and supernatural.

The solemn promise to be quite still is not always exacted. My conductor was never called upon to make it. I, therefore, must have appeared so suspicious to the conjuror, that he thought it necessary. Had X. not been convined of the truth of the thing, he would not have urged this to me; but he wished to convince me, and only the dreadful consequences prophecied by the ghost-seer induced him to require this promise.

The statement, that the apartment in question was hired for the experiment on account of its particular situation, begets a suspicion as if a prepared room were undoubtedly necessary, or that the work required

particular facilities, otherwise the ghost-seer might have used his own dwelling, especially as, according to his account, every room would do equally well, the aspect of which is the proper one as regards the heavenly bodies.

The solemn preparation, the book, the circles, the tapers, the long prayers, the pressing together of our faces, &c. are all well known artifices to excite terror and expectation; and the requisition to lay aside all metal is a wise provision to disarm the spectator.

The ghost-seer might readily permit me to examine the apartment, as I did not then know what situation we ourselves should occupy in the scene, and I could not therefore readily scrutinize where most needful.

That the room had only one door and one window, and these always in view of the spectator, made it appear more certain that the spirit could not enter secretly, and also fixed the attention to the only opening, quite distant from the real scene of action. The row of chairs would serve to impede a rash enquirer just sufficiently to bring all again into proper order.

Perhaps behind the table there might have been in the wall a sliding pannel, or door of wood or pasteboard, similar in height to the skirting, and painted like it; and behind this pannel, no doubt was a recess in which a man could creep. The two hinder feet of the table were probably placed exactly against the two grooves in which the pannel slid. At the upper part of the pannel perhaps were two little rings, behind the desk, and not visible. During the incantation, the ghost-seer might easily have taken the two hooks, unobserved, out of the rings on the book and hitched them on the rings attached to the pannel. Thus, the pannel being connected to the silken chords, when the ghost-seer stood with the spectators in their circle, and these turned their faces to the window, he then first pulled the chain strongly, and by that means raised the pannel, which was doubtless made to run very smoothly and softly in its grooves that nothing might be heard. He then ordered them to kneel and grasp the chain, which he also held, so that the ghost might readily enter from the recess. When the conjuror saw that his visitors had firm hold of the chain, that the hole was open, and all in order, which he could easily distinguish over the heads of the kneeling parties, he left the chain in their hands, knelt beside them and pressed their ears. This pressure of the ears and the loud prayers, may have been intended to prevent the hearing of any noise when the ghost crept in, while they at the same induced the suspicious to direct their attention to the door, fancying that the ghost-seer was desirous to hide that when he pressed their heads. The distance of the conjuror from the spot where the spirit appeared, not only made the matter seem more wonderful but hindered the spectators from looking round till the proper moment, and the row of chairs contributed to the security by impeding too accurate a view.

The explanation which I have attempted is exceedingly simple, and although others might be started perhaps more satisfactory, the one I have given will be sufficient to shew how easily a person of too great credulity may be imposed upon.

On this occasion, the conjuror made us quit the room, because I had excited his suspicion, and he was apprehensive of scrutiny or violence at the close of the experiment.

My companion told me, that at other times the spirit had appeared and vanished with the same ceremonies. The rabbi, no doubt, informed the ghost during the chaunt that he must retire the moment we were led out.

The spirit's anger was well contrived. The impostor might easily conceive that I had not complied with his injunctions during the seven days' preparation for this juggling trick. That I should have laid hands on the spirit, I think my countenance might have probably shewn.

I may finally observe, that this ghost-seer was not the most adroit; that he had neither the requisite knowledge of the mysteries and ritual used by impostors in similar cases, which have so worked upon the credulous, nor the circumspection or contrivance to conceal many things which must excite suspicion. My merit in this discovery is very small; I shall, however, be grateful if many worthy and talented persons, who have in the present day laid such matters too seriously to heart, be induced by it to bring less credulity with them to such an experiment, and not readily to surrender their good sense in a matter apparently incomprehensible.

A. R.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

Reader, have you never laughed at a friend for disliking your own homely Cheshire cheese? have you never seen such an one turn pale at the sight of your white cat—or shiver at the merry chirping of the cricket in your chimney corner? If you have not such a whimsical friend, you must at any rate have heard of people who take such fancies into their heads. There are some who have an unaccountable dislike to toads, others have an unconquerable antipathy to spiders, and many (especially the fair sex) almost swoon when a mouse ventures to steal across the room. In the words of the poet.—"Some men there are love not a gaping pig; Some that are mad if they behold a cat." But why do they evince these dislikes and antipathies. Do these animals deserve such *reproaches?* Are they so hateful or offensive that we should attempt their annihilation? Or, are they not, on the contrary, perfectly innoxious, and devoid of evil? "But, oh! they are so ugly!" Yes! this is the wise reason that is urged by these qualmish individuals in defending themselves. "The creatures are so horribly ugly!" If what Hogarth says of beauty be correct, viz. that those objects are most pleasing to the sight which present a gradually varied surface, as, for instance, in a spiral line; (which it is well known he called the "line of beauty," surely these creatures may then be called beautiful, for where shall we find such lines more fully developed than in the animals considered so ugly! We should like to know upon what principle their ugliness can be discussed. There is nothing in the form of the spider which can convey anything disagreeable to the spectator. Its different limbs have all been beautifully constructed by an unerring architect with a view to its particular mode of life; and the manner in which it forms its habitation and gains its food, the unwearied industry with which it continues its labours, and above all the beautiful and wonderful apparatus which it brings into operation when constructing its labyrinth of silken threads, are, to a contemplative and unprejudiced observer, sources of the purest delight and admiration. Yet are we sometimes called upon to sympathize with persons who, in their affected

horror of these harmless and—for such we will maintain them to be—*beautiful* creatures, crush them beneath their feet as they are inoffensively crawling on the ground.

Were any good reason to be assigned for these prejudices, they might be excusable; but as this is not the case—and it is seldom even attempted—no person of a liberal mind will, we are sure, even entertain them. But, generally speaking, people who have become thus prejudiced take a pleasure in informing others of the state of their feelings, and even exaggerating them to a degree perfectly ridiculous. Addison (we think) mentions a gentleman who had a great antipathy to cats, and, detailing his feelings on this account to a company of friends, he said, that passing through the Strand one day, a sensation of sickness suddenly oppressed him, apparently without a cause, but, upon accidently raising his head, the mystery was solved, for the sign of a large black cat was hanging over him!

But of all prejudices, the most important, as they affect a greater class, are what are termed national—by which we mean those general and unfounded ideas preconceived of a nation. Thus, in England, the common notion of a Frenchman may be represented by a lean, half-starved, suspicious-looking wretch, just managing to subsist by the aid of frogs and soup-maigre, and yet withal very foppishly dressed, and possessed of the manners and gait of a dancing master; while, as an emblem of his own nation, the Englishman fondly pictures to himself the figure of a stout, hale, hearty-looking fellow, with a countenance open as his hand, and an eye deep as his coat pockets. Such are the ideas commonly entertained, by Englishmen, of the two kingdoms. For the honour of our native country we will not dispute the justness of the latter picture, (though we are much afraid we of the present day have sadly degenerated from our forefathers, *if they were such men*,) but the former is decidedly too exaggerated. Persons are often disappointed when they visit France, as they expect to meet such figures as I have described. But the French, though they sometimes eat frogs, subsist chiefly upon more substantial food; and their soup-maigre, as it is called, is not as may be supposed, mere pepper-and-water, but generally a rich dish of which an Englishman equally likes to partake. While upon this subject, we cannot avoid mentioning one thing in which the English would do well to imitate them. When the French soldiers receive their rations of meat, &c. instead of each man cooking his own dinner, as in our army, they form small parties among themselves, and each man of the party throws his share into a large cauldron, (tended by one who acts as cook), where, with the addition of spices, &c. it is converted into a rich and strong soup, which the men then partake of equally. By this means, much that would be wasted were each individual to cook for himself, is added to the general meal, much expense is saved, less trouble is occasioned, and a more savoury dish is thus served up to the men than it would have been possible for them to have prepared singly. Besides the prejudice which we have imbibed to the Frenchman's outward form, and the occasion of it, we have most unwarrantably taxed them with cowardice. A reference to the many songs of the last war will evince this; they all tell us that one Englishman is stronger and more courageous than a dozen Frenchmen. And the print by Hogarth of Beer-street, where a butcher is seen carrying a French traveller at arm's length with one hand, while he balances a quart pot in the other, shews the contempt in which the English hold the rival nation. Perhaps, however, it is to this contempt for our enemies and esteem for ourselves that we may refer much of the success

which has so distinguished our arms abroad, and we believe it was on this consideration that a pension was granted to Dibden, whose songs teem with such prejudices; although, if the aphorism be true, that "knowledge is power," we should be inclined to consider the dispersion of an erroneous opinion, as tending the rather to our success—but in this case, as in many others, *facts* appear to exert less influence than *fiction*. If, however, we regard truth, we must confess that that the French deserve to be ranked as one of the bravest nations in the world. No history, ancient or modern, can display more deeds of heroism or more acts of bravery than are shewn in the campaigns of Napoleon, witness the Russian campaign—the passing the Alps—the Battle of the Pyramids.

If we now turn our attention to other countries, we shall find that many of the prejudices entertained towards them have no firmer foundation in truth than those just noticed.

Ireland first claims our attention, for there is no other country whose sons have been so much and so wrongfully abused. We verily believe there have been more "bulls" stated to have been imported from that country, than have ever issued from all the other parts of the world—the Vatican not excepted! And yet, we dare wager our veracity, that very few of them made their first appearance there! It is a very usual thing when a man makes a joke, to preface it with something to the effect, that "A native of the 'Emerald Isle,' said the other day, &c." although, perhaps, not an Irishman from the year 1 to the present ever heard of the thing. We happen to know a gentleman (a determined joke hunter), who, entertaining a thorough conviction that Ireland was, *par excellence*, the land of "bulls," made a visit to the sister kingdom for the express purpose of noting down every "bull" he heard, not doubting to make a very luminous collection. But it was only after waiting for some weeks, that he at last had the good fortune to catch one; this he immediately transferred to his pocket-book with greedy avidity; but on his making enquiry respecting the author, it proved to be the production of a London-bred Englishman! Owing, in a great measure, to this overflow of ficticious Irish "bulls" we have been brought to consider Ireland as a very ignorant country, and we should be very likely to be laughed at, were we to say that many men who have eminently distinguished themselves in various branches of learning were born there. Yet this is a truth easily maintained; Swift, Burke, Curran, Sheridan, Grattan, Doyle, Moore, are all Irish names, and to them may be added (besides a host of others, which, like pearls among diamonds, only escape our attention from being mixed with those which are of greater importance) that of Wellesley! Who then, can say Ireland was never visited by Minerva? Other countries, as Russia, Holland, Spain, Italy, America, are looked upon through a fog, darkened by like prejudices, which knowledge, and that liberal feeling which knowledge generates, will alone dispel.

But we cannot close this paper without noticing a prejudice which prevails with respect to England. This kingdom has been declared by both foreigners and natives to be extremely unhealthy, in consequence of its variable climate; and London, having its dense population added to this cause of complaint, is said to be a place unfit for a human being to live in. Now if we compare the returns made of the number of the number of deaths which have taken place in a certain time, at particular towns, &c., with the populations of those towns known by similar means, we shall be enabled to judge of the superior healthiness of

some places over others, and we shall find that England on this point, stands unequalled. The annual deaths on the average throughout

England and Wales	are nearly	1 in 60
France		1 — 40
London		1 — 40
Paris		1 — 32
Berlin		1 — 34
Madrid		1 — 29
Naples		1 — 28
Rome		1 — 25
Amsterdam		1 — 24
Vienna		1 — 22½

By this statement it will be seen, that England is the healthiest place (by many degrees) of any in the list, and that London not only bears away the palm from all the principal cities in Europe, but even from the open country of France, which is generally reckoned the most beautiful and healthy in the world.

There is another injurious prejudice entertained by Englishmen with respect to themselves, viz. that they are more disposed to suicide than any other nation, and this more particularly in the month of November. Now both these are very common notions, and yet (we had almost said, "and therefore") they are both erroneous. There are statistical tables published, by which it will appear, that so far from being the most suicidal country in the world—there are few so free from this melancholy crime. It will be found, that in London, the annual average number of suicides (of late years) has been 10 in every 100,000 inhabitants; whereas at Paris, the annual average has been 49—in Berlin, 34—and at Copenhagen, 100! in the same number of inhabitants, and, for the thirteen years, the suicides of *November*, have been invariably exceeded by those of *June!*

The above are a few national prejudices, of which many like them, might be shewn to be equally unsupported by facts. Were we to attempt to account for them, we should extend our paper beyond reasonable limits, but it would seem that these opinions were originally hastily formed from a few isolated occurrences, instead of consulting more extensive details, and drawing conclusions from the average. Most of these prejudices will be found to exist only in common narrow minds, from which, after they have once obtained possession, no reasoning, however plain, can expel them; and this may account for their remaining the general opinions of the vulgar, even when more extensive and accurate knowledge of the facts, has dispersed them.

"Bone colligitur hæc pueris et mulierculis et servis et servorum simillimis liberis esse grata: gravi vero homini et ea quæ fiunt judicio certo ponderanti, probari posse nullo modo."—TULL.

MEMORY.

MEMORY's the magic mirror of the mind,
Reflecting joys for ever past and fled;
The mournful tablet on whose leaf we find
The faithful record of our pleasures dead.

DE MORVILLE;

OR THE

MANOR HOUSE OF WOODSLEIGH.

A Tale of the Last Century.

" Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,
Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit."
BYRON.

" SOME eighty years ago, perhaps more, the little village, the scene of the following narrative, was but very thinly inhabited—the Manor House and the Parsonage were the only residences of any importance in the neighbourhood. The Manor House which stood on a hill to the right of the single street of Woodsleigh, and of which a good view might be obtained from the turnpike road, was a large, handsome, old-fashioned building; like most of the houses of the period it consisted of a centre and two wings, and it abounded in a profusion of red brick ornaments, relieved and occasionally lightened by the introduction of rudely carved figures of white freestone—a relict of days gone by; and we cannot look upon such a building, but it brings forcibly to our recollection the bustling times of our ancestors. It had been many years in the possession of the family of De Morville, who were descended from an ancient Norman house, and almost from the first time the estates were purchased by them there had not been any dispute as to the heirship, but they had been held in the direct line successively. The present baron, when young, married a lady of high birth and possessed of every accomplishment, but of a delicate constitution, She had presented him with one daughter, and in consequence of the great exertions which she made in rearing her child, ere Marian (for so was the infant called) had reached her fifth year, De Morville was a widower. The loss of his affectionate partner was a heavy blow to him, and he for some years left the country, taking with him his lovely little daughter. A short time previously to the commencement of my story he had returned, bringing her with him—

" In flower of youth and beauty's pride;"

but you will hear more of her presently.

Of the vicar we have not to say much: he was one of those few men who live, not for themselves, but for mankind. To say that he did not enjoy life were idle—he did enjoy it, and that too in the strongest sense of the word, in promoting the happiness of others. He was a constant guest at the Manor House, and to him was entrusted the finishing of Marian's education.

Every little village has its own snug little public-house, whither the labouring part of the community stroll after their daily toil, and amuse themselves, in the summer, either with a game of bowls, skittles, quoits, or other rustic sports; or, in the winter, with a comfortable pipe, round the cheerfully-blazing wood fire, listening to the news, if perchance any there be, or, if not, to some story related by one of the party.

Woodsleigh, of course, had such a public-house: it was situated in a corner of the common, and was a most romantic place. From the sign which swung between two trees facing the door, it was called "The Crows," and it informed the traveller also that Stephen Tunbell was the owner thereof. The next house to it in size and importance was that of the blacksmith, Frog, as they used to call him—Ben Frog, (though that was not his right name); he was a kind soul and welcome everywhere—so you may naturally suppose he was not unlooked for at the Crows. One evening he had taken his seat there, the jovial ale had gone well round—stories had been told, and all were comfortable, when Peggy entered (she is now married and an old woman, but in her younger days she was well worthy of the name of the flower of Woodsleigh, which she was usually called). "Please you, Master Frog," said she, "there is a youth in the kitchen wishes to know if you will admit him to your good company." (I had forgot to mention that there was a club held at the Crows, of which Ben was a sort of chairman). "A stranger, Peggy," burst almost from every mouth—"a stranger, why, what sort of a youth?"—in fact, for some time, the answer of Benny could scarcely be heard: "Tell him, we shall be glad to see him," said the chairman, for he was naturally a polite old man, "tell him to come up. And Tun," said he, turning to the host, "fill the glasses, and we will give him a reception, worthy of ourselves." Whilst this order was being fulfilled, a chair was placed by the fire close to Ben's, who even rose from his seat, a great honour, truly; but then, a stranger in Woodsleigh was such a rarity that the curiosity of every one was awakened. As soon as Peggy had delivered the message, the young fellow she had mentioned, was introduced by her; he was, indeed, a noble looking lad, though so young that no beard had yet appeared on his chin. He had already reached the height of six feet, and was stout in proportion; his countenance was open and manly; eyes large and prominent, from which occasionally bright flashes shone, almost as fire. His dress was a plain suit of green, cut quite close to his figure, which set off the symmetry of his form to the best advantage. Advancing to the top of the room, he seized the extended hand of the chairman, and gave it a hearty shake. I don't know how, but it appeared to me, as if in that single meeting and token of friendship, a lasting union would be formed between these two. The veteran smith, as he stood by his large chair of temporary office, his gray hair hanging on his shoulders, and his little brown twinkling eyes seemed to contemplate with pleasure the noble figure of the stalwarth youth, who held his yet strong and sinewy hand in his firm grasp; he seemed to feel and consider all the ills and misfortunes he would have to endure; how many times the lustre of that bright eye would be dimmed by the desertion of false friends and the other evils attendant upon this transitory state of existence—he did feel this. Old Ben was childless: who knows, but the enviable pleasure found by a fond and doting father on surveying the son of his affections, swelled as it were, into all the pride of manhood; who shall dare say these feelings did not break in upon his old heart in all their force—his after conduct will prove that they did. But to return: the youth was speedily seated, and contributed not a little to the jollity of the evening, both by his songs and the hearty laughs he bestowed upon the jokes and tales of the rest of the small company; he appeared to have the knack of making himself on easy terms with everybody. And so much did he gain upon the good opinion of all present, that a hearty wish and invitation was given for his presence as long as he stayed in the village. But time will pass away; and after the pleasant night was

far advanced, all had retired, and the young man, whom we shall call Walter, was conducted by the pretty Peggy to the chamber allotted to him. I know not why, but after the departure of the merry group, all appearance of joy had vanished from his countenance; that jocund humour, which had been the delight and satisfaction of all who heard him, seemed entirely to have fled, and an air of settled gloom and despondency to have taken possession of the place they had so lately held; to such an extent was this, that he followed the steps of the lovely girl (I had almost said chambermaid) in perfect silence; nay, even to her twice repeated good night he made no reply, and she left the room as much offended by his sullenness as she had been previously pleased with his good looks. As she stept into her uncle's room, just to see that all was ready for the old fellow, her train of thought naturally led her to the looking-glass, where she stood for a moment and gazed on the reflection of her lovely face. "Now, really," said she, "I cannot see any thing so much amiss in myself either, that I should frighten away all his good humour. With old Frog and the others in the front room he was quite kind and cheerful, but he no sooner looses them and is left alone with me, than he sulks, and seems as if some great affair occupies his attention. Yes, forsooth," she continued, as she placed the light on the table, in order to adjust a stray lock of bright auburn hair that had escaped from its confinement, "but I'll make him suffer for it yet. Instead of paying me some pretty compliment, or even stealing a k—. Oh! dear, now, for shame; how you frightened me, you good-for-nothing fellow"—for her soliloquy had been suddenly interrupted by the very person she had been thinking of, and who, of course, made up for his late remissness on her rosy lips.—"Forgive me, this once, Peggy, but I was so busy with scenes far away, that I forgot where I was; but, tell me, can I see you before your uncle rises in the morning; and before I go to the Manor House I want to question you particularly: will you see me then, by yourself." "Why, I don't know," she archly answered, "perhaps it is not right to be seen alone talking to a young fellow like you; but if you'll promise on your word that you mean me no harm, I will see you. There, you need not swear," said she, interrupting him, "but be quick, to your room, for I hear steps on the stairs. There, now, go—do.

The morning after his arrival broke forth in all the rich cheerfulness of an English summer; and as he had promised to breakfast with old Ben, he was, of course

"Stirring with the lark;"

and when he had received directions as to where he should find the dwelling of his new acquaintance, he started on his journey—don't imagine, by his journey, that I mean any great distance, no—to reach the forge: from the Crows about three quarters of a mile on the highway had to be passed, and then, on turning an angle of the road (or rather lane, for the said highway was nothing but a wide lane, indented with two wheel-ruts of some inches in depth, from the constant passing of the heavy laden waggons in the plenteous time of harvest), the forge came in view.

The appearance of the glorious orb of day as he rose, majestically darting his fierce and brilliant rays through the thin hazy mist which rises from the dew-clad surface of the earth, and which is diffused in bright and shining vapours by his mighty power; the cheerful notes of all the feathered tribe, as they carrolled forth their grateful thanks and praises for his fostering beams; the rustling of the innumerable green leaves, as the fresh breeze of the morning sighed almost musically

through the numberless branches on which they glittered, all tended to enliven and cheer the spirits, especially of one in whose veins the blood of hopeful youth flowed so vigorously, as those of the young stranger; and as he felt the whole joy of nature thus in unison with him, he burst forth in a beautiful strain suited to the occasion. His voice, which was naturally powerful, fine, and commanding, had received the best cultivation, and he sung with taste and feeling, far from common in the days in which he lived. He had scarcely finished his lay, when he found himself at the door of the smithy. A description of a village forge would not interest any one, 'tis an object so well known to all, both from the pen of the author and the pencil of the artist; yet some small space may be occupied in describing this situation. On the right, as you enter the single street, nearly all shrouded in trees, save the narrow path that led to the door of the outer shed, there were arranged, even at the early hour of his arrival, four goodly horses, waiting for the attendance of the smiths, the sound of whose hammers rang merrily from the interior part of the building. Stepping over the two stones which answered as stairs, by which you ascended to that place where the most important part of their vocation was pursued, he paused, and directed his eyes to the upper end, where the master himself was too busily engaged to notice his first appearance. We will take the liberty of being there before him, and seeing upon what the aged practitioner was employed; he had taken his situation early this morning: his sinewy arms bared to the shoulder, his long slender figure, braced up as if nought but bone and muscle held a place there; his own hammer larger and heavier by far than any of those used by his younger journeymen, he had taken to form some shoes expressly for the hunter of Marian L'Haville; she was his favourite, and none but himself ever attended to her cattle; he was finishing one of these when Walter entered: the perspiration stood in drops on his wrinkled brow, his hammer, which required an exertion even on his part to get it into play, swung rapidly round his head, descending ever and anon on the heated mettle with such force that it was soon formed into the required shape, though to give it the finish that he did, occupied some time; still the blows were given with unabated vigour. His job finished, he raised his eyes, and caught the youth gazing on him intently; laying aside his implements, and giving some directions to his men, he walked up to him with open hand. "Welcome, my lad, welcome! why, we have kept Deborah waiting this half-hour. But, come, this way, follow me through here; rather dark, I dare say, to you: but keep by the wall to the right. There, now," said he, "there you are." After they had passed by a small door from the smithy through a narrow passage which led into a nice neat sitting room, where they found a good substantial breakfast awaiting their arrival; 'twas, indeed, a breakfast—a meal, such as we read of among the ancients:

"No hissing cup of chocolate, to tempt the palate of a sated epicure,"

but ham, bacon, cold steak pie, rabbit pudding, sweet home-made bread, washed down with a tankard or two of foaming ale. True, Mrs. Deborah took her tea at a little table by herself; but this beverage, besides being too great a luxury, was reckoned fit only for old women and children.

"And now, my lad," said the old smith, after they had been seated and made some havoc in the provender set before them, "now, my lad, I am a plain simple fellow, and so will ask a plain homely question; what is your business in Woodsleigh? You will perhaps say, keep

your advice till it is asked. Well—so you need it not; no harm done, and if yon seek any thing, you cannot find one here so well able to direct you to it as myself."

"I do, indeed, seek some information, father; but I fear me, 'tis not in your power to give me what I require," answered the youth.

"Nay, nay, young fellow, scorn not the aged; though the limbs, perhaps, are less fleet, the head is stronger by experience."

"I will tell you, then," said Walter, "as we are alone. I am myself of foreign birth, though educated and brought up as English, and with English people; therefore know I nought of England's ground, much less of such a retired spot as this, your native village. Tell me, father, does your recollection serve you to remember one of this place, named Gaylove? Yes, Fanny Gaylove was she in her native home." "Gaylove!" said the old man, starting. "Yes, what of her? You are not, you cannot be, her son?" "No," was the answer, "I am not."

"You knew her then abroad?" said the smith, much agitated.

"No, I knew her not; but still 'tis the same. She had a son, father; he was my constant friend and protector."

"Tell me, boy, lives that son now?

"No, he sleeps beside his injured mother;" and the young man covered his eyes: 'twas but for an instant; dashing his hand hastily over his brow:—"father, I laid him by her side. Yes, I watched his latest breath; his end was much accelerated by his not being able to reach this place before the death of his parent. One wish alone reigned uppermost in his mind, and that was to see his mother's name restored to its place in society; and by his death-bed he made me swear to see it done: and, father, I am here, if possible, to redeem my pledge; can you assist me? L'Haville was the name of the youth who so falsely betrayed her. She often assured him they were married, but that the certificate had been taken from her by force when she was hurried from the country. Could we recover that—"

"Walter," said the old man, as he took his hand, and with his own wiped the scalding tear from his furrowed cheeks, "you have caused that fountain to flow which for years has been dried up; and I thank you for it. I knew that mother, alas, too well. Oh, my poor deluded girl, how has your old broken-hearted father wept in secret for thee; how often has the bitter bursting of his soul been concealed under the firmness he has displayed, sooner than betray his weakness to the world. Tell me, my boy, how ended her life; was it in misery? In wretchedness, perhaps; and when I was blest with every thing in plenty, my poor sister perished for want. Was it so?"

"Comfort yourself, my father; 'twas not, I assure you. When she was sent out of England, her betrayer had settled on her a yearly sum quite sufficient for her support; on this she lived." "Thanks, thanks for that at least;" gasped the old man; "though you have afflicted me, I still have consolation in your tidings. She was, you say, married." "Yes," she said so often. To find that certificate shall be my duty. But we will to the manor."

"Yes, father; could I but once get to stay there for a short time, among some of the old papers in the ruined rooms, I may find that we seek."

(To be continued).

MEN AND BOOKS.

In Books a close affinity we find
To Men in outward garb and inward mind:
Some like the tinsell'd lordlings of the day,
A splendid covering and name display—
Attract attention with the passing hour,
Then die forgotten like the fading flower;
Others of modest guise and humble name
Live in the annals of recorded fame,
Possess the sterling worth of wit and sense,
And outlive pomp and splendid impotence.

SCIENTIFIC VARIÆ.

Great excitement has been caused in the scientific world for the last month by the publication in almost all the journals of the following extract from the Somerset County Gazette: "We feel much pleasure in according the following singular experiment of Mr. Andrew Crosse of Broomfield. Some weeks ago he prepared a silicious fluid for the purpose of crystallization by means of the galvanic battery. He heated a flint to a white heat, and then plunged it into water to pulverize it. The silex thus reduced was saturated to excess in muriatic acid, and the mixture being placed in a jar, a piece of flannel was employed to filter the liquor which fell through a funnel on to a piece of iron-stone from Mount Vesuvius, upon which were laid the two wires of the battery. The iron-stone had been previously heated to a white heat. In fourteen days he saw some white specks on the stone, and four days after they had elongated and assumed an oval form. He concluded these were incipient crystals, but great was his surprise when, on the 22nd day he found eight legs projecting from each of these white bodies, and on the 26th day they moved, fed, [on what?] and were perfect insects. Eighteen or twenty more have since appeared, exactly resembling the former; they are of a pulpy substance of a grey colour, and the movements are perfectly visible to the naked eye. [This, it will be observed, is the only part of the account by which we may form any idea of the size of the animal]. The above experiment was afterwards repeated but without using the muriatic acid, and a perfectly similar result was again the consequence. A German naturalist has recently discovered that silicious rocks are principally formed of the remains of insects, and the germs of some of these [after having passed through an intense heat and most destructive acid] may perhaps have thus been endowed with vitality after a sleep of thousands of years."

Any person perusing this statement cannot fail to observe the total want of anything like a philosophic regard for important minutiæ, without which it would be impossible to form any idea of the cause of this extraordinary appearance. Nevertheless the tale obtained such implicit credence, that the poor experimentalist was almost killed by the storm

of letters which arrived every post from every part of the empire—until at last he was compelled in his own defence to write to the editor of the Taunton Courier, stating "That the above account was published without his knowledge, and that, although the main fact is as there represented; yet the mode of conducting the experiments is extremely inaccurate." While Mr. Crosse had the pen in his hand, he might have contrived to have been a little more explicit, for as the affair rests at present we are very little wiser than at first. As a learned friend of ours observed on reading the letter—"it is impossible to say what the 'main fact' is: whether it be that the galvanic battery was merely used on that occasion—whether the crystals only were produced—or whether Mr. Crosse really has created these insects."—E. N. L. M.

Analysis of Wood.—Two German chemists, Petersen and Schodler, have been occupied for some time in making some elaborate experiments in order to ascertain the relative quantities of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon, contained in different species of wood. They have analysed twenty-four different kinds. After having dried them and reduced them to powder, they took 100 parts in weight of each, and have found that the qnantity of carbon does not vary more than 2 per cent. The quantity of hydrogen contained in each is from 5.3 to 6 per cent, and the oxygen only varies from 43.3 to 45.4 per cent. The different proportions with regard to volume are, of course, very dissimilar, as a piece of oak weighing 479 lbs. is no lagrer than a piece of poplar which weighs 221 lbs.

Meteorologigal.—In December last, Patrick Murphy, Esq. presented to the Meteorological Society the "anticipated state of the weather during the whole month of January, 1837." "The tendency of the weather throughout the month will be to *drought*," says he. "*Frost* may be expected to set in about the 5th, and the period of the greatest cold may be expected to occur on the night of the 13th, after which a thaw will take place; squally weather with rain thence to the 22nd; after which a return to *frost* and dry harsh weather to the close of the month." What a prophet Mr. Murphy has proved himself!

Arcs of Ellipses and Circles.—Professor Müller, of Berlin, (according to the Athenæum), has in a late course of lectures offered a simple and mechanical explanation of the universal admiration bestowed on these curves. The eye, he observes, is moved in its socket by six muscles, of which four are respectively employed to raise it, depress it, and turn it to the right and left. The other two have an action contrary to one another, and roll the eye on its axis, or from the outside downward and from the inside upward. On an object being presented to the eye for inspection, the first act is that of circumcision, or going round the boundary lines so as to bring consecutively every portion of the circumference, upon the most delicate and sensitive portion of the retina. Now if figures bounded by straight lines be viewed, it is obvious that but two of the muscles can be brought into action, and it is equally evident that in curves of a circle or ellipse, all must be alternately exercised. The effect then is, that if only two be employed, as in rectilinear figures, those two have an undue share of labour; and by repeating the experiment frequently, as we do in childhood, a notion of tedium is instilled, and we form gradually a distaste for straight lines, and are led to prefer those curves which supply a more general and equable share of work to the muscles.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

"Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

Sketches by "Boz," second series. Macrone, St. James's Square.

While the "Sketches" and the "Pickwick Papers" by Mr. Charles Dickens (writing under the soubriquet of "Boz") are praised by every one for the amusing fidelity with which they describe English manners and customs, in all the various grades of society, it would be an useless and unprofitable task in us to echo the delight with which every thing from the pen of this humorous writer is received. The present volume is a continuation of the "Sketches of every-day Life and every-day People," which first brought Mr. Dickens' name before the public. Like its predecessors, it is illustrated by the pencil of G. Cruickshank, and no artist can better delineate the narratives of the author. The etchings are all excellent, but there is one in particular (we allude to "Streets by Morning") which is really superb. The coolness of the air, and the peculiar freshness produced by the rising sun are inimitably expressed.

As a specimen of the happy manner in which "Boz" hits off the "patois" of the "lower orders," we extract the following from his sketch of the 1st of May:—

"These were signs of the times—portentous omens of a coming change, and what was the result which they shadowed forth? Why, the master-sweeps, influenced by a restless spirit of innovation, actually interposed their authority in opposition to the dancing, and substituted a dinner—an anniversary dinner at White Conduit House—where clean faces appeared in lieu of black ones, smeared with rose-pink; and knee-cords and top-boots superseded nankeen drawers and shoes.

"Gentlemen who were in the habit of riding shy horses; and steady going people who have no vagrancy in their souls, lauded the alteration to the skies, and the conduct of the master-sweeps was described as beyond the reach of praise. But how stands the real fact? Let any man deny, if he can, that, when the cloth had been removed, fresh pots and pipes laid upon the table, and the usual loyal toasts proposed, the celebrated Mr. Sluffen, of Adam and Eve Court, whose authority not the most malignant of our opponents can call in question, expressed himself in manner following:—

"That now he'd cotch'd the cheerman's hi, he vished he might be jolly vell blessed, if he vorn't a going to have his innins, in vich he vou'd say these here obserwashuns—that how some mischeveous coves, as know'd nuffin about the con-sarn, had tried to sit people agin the mas'r swips, and take the shine out o' their bis'ness, and the bread out o' the traps o' their preshus kids, by a making o' this here remark, as chimblies could be as vell svept by 'cheenery as by boys and that the making use of boys for that there purpuss was barbareous—vereas, he'ad been a chummy—he begged the cheerman's pardon for usin sich a wulgar hexpression—more nor thirty years; he might say he'd been born in a chimbly, and he knowed uncommon well, as 'cheenery vos vus nor o'no use; and as to ker-hewelty to the boys, every body in the chimbly line know'd as well as he did, that they liked the climbing better nor nuffin as vos." From this day we date the total fall of the last remnant of May-day dancing among the elité of the profession: and from this period we commence a new era in that portion of our spring associations which relates to the 1st of May."

Although the sketches in this volume are mostly humorous, there are some tales of sorrow or of crime told with such a degree of pathos and feeling as cannot fail to force their way to the heart. Amongst these we would particularize "Meditations in Monmouth Street," "The Drunkard's Death," and the "Hospital Patient." We had marked out several passages for extract, but we regret that our limits will not allow it. We, therefore, reluctantly take leave of the volume, sincerely advising our readers to procure it as soon as possible, for we are convinced they will derive the same gratification from its perusal that we ourselves have done.

Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator. A Tragedy, in five acts. **By** JACOB JONES, ESQ. Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly.

It is but a few fleeting months back when every paper and every periodical teemed with the cry that the stage was on the decline, that all taste for legitimate drama was passing away from amongst us, and that spectacle and melodrama were alone calculated to fill the benches of a theatre, and the pockets of the manager. To prove the incorrectness of this statement, we need only call to the recollection of our readers the enthusiastic reception with which the beautiful dramas of Talfourd, Bulwer, and Sheridan Knowles have been received; and now we have another to add to this list, for we are convinced that if produced upon the stage, the tragedy before us would meet with that success which from its intrinsic worth it so justly deserves. Mr. Jones has been long favourably known in the literary world by a volume of poems entitled "The Anglo-Polish Harp," and we are glad to find that he has devoted his superior talents to the noble purpose of rescuing the drama from the degraded state into which we are compelled to confess that it has in some measure fallen. The tragedy of Spartacus will tend to augment Mr. Jones's fame—the dialogue is powerfully written and contains many passages of great poetical beauty. But it is not in the closet that we think its merits can be fully appreciated. To the stage it would prove a most valuable acquisition, and we sincerely hope that we shall one day have the pleasure of witnessing its production.

The Walk; or the Pleasures of Literary Associations. **By** W. ROBSON. Smallfield and Son, 69, Newgate Street.

This is a little volume intended for the amusement and the instruction of young persons, by means of the conversation of a father and son during a walk. We must certainly agree with the author in the opinion—that were teachers to seize those opportunities which are constantly occurring, unconnected with the ordinary routine of a school, as, for instance, the accidental contemplation of a picture, to afford instruction in a familiar manner; a wish for improvement, and an enjoyment of knowledge would be gradually instilled into the scholar's mind; and that which is considered an irksome task would be rendered agreeable both to master and pupil. We have the pleasure of being acquainted with a gentleman, the proprietor of a large academy, who fre-

quently invites his pupils to accompany him to Highgate, Hendon, or Battersea Fields; and he has often represented to us the eagerness and delight with which they receive his remarks on anything which they happen to meet in their walk.—The work before us is certainly calculated not only to impart instruction to the young, but also to propagate among their elders, the system of instruction of which we have spoken at some length, but on which we should never be tired of dilating.

The Spelling Book of Utility. By RICHARD CHAMBERS, F. S. S. Sherwood & Co.

We are happy to observe that this gentleman, already so well known by his various works on elementary education, has directed his attention to the amelioration of the first manual of instruction—the child's spelling book. The author very justly observes in his preface that an unmeaning collection of sounds, not possessing any interest to the learner, such as are found in even the most popular spelling books, tends only to repress the curiosity of young minds, and to retard their advancement in the knowledge of language.

He has, therefore, endeavoured (and we think with great success) to blend interesting and useful information with the very earliest orthographical lessons. The developement of this plan, is materially assisted by a number of very beautiful and extremely accurate wood-cuts of many of the most important animals in the creation. Besides these illustrations, we were agreeably surprised to behold, as a frontispiece, a well executed engraving from the graceful pencil of the departed Stothard. The circulation of this little volume will add greatly to the reputation of the talented author.

A New English Grammar. By the REVEREND GEORGE KING. Darton and Son, Holborn Hill.

This little work is, as it professes to be, an Elementary Treatise on the Grammar of the English Language. We think we may, without fear of contradiction, affirm, that we have never met with a work, which in so small a space, contains such extensive information; and it is, moreover, written in a manner so simple and familiar as will be readily understood by every child. In the school-room it will be found of the greatest utility; and to those mothers of families who prefer themselves to teach their children the first rudiments of knowledge, it must prove a most valuable acquisition.

Loudon's Magazine of Natural History. New Series, No. I. Longman and Co.

The First Number of the New Series of this interesting periodical made its appearance with the new year. It is neatly printed, and the the articles deserve the attention of the Naturalist. Those on the "Psychological Distinctions between Man and Brutes," on the "Lemar Hornet Sphinx,' and on the "Longevity of the Yew," appear to be the most interesting. But the most amusing paper, is that in which the "Naturalist" (a rival magazine) is reviewed. We think the Magazine of Natural History would prove more acceptable to the generality of readers, if the papers were on more extensive branches of the science than those which appear in the present Number.

MUSIC.

Cruse's Psalms. Prepared under the immediate Sanction and Protection of THE QUEEN. *By* EDWARD CRUSE. D'Almaine & Co., Soho Square.

This splendid work is evidently the offspring of unwearied industry and an intelligent and reflecting mind; and in thus dedicating his extensive musical knowledge to the production of so valuable an addition of our church music, Mr. Cruse has gained for himself that good and lasting reputation which he so richly merits. The work opens with a simple yet ingenious essay on the rudiments of music, which will prove useful to those who are ignorant of the first principles of the science, to whom it is more particularly addressed. This is introductory to a very ably and concisely written treatise on singing, an attentive perusal of which, and a close inspection of its many illustrative examples, cannot fail to be rewarded with success. Next follow some lengthy remarks on congregational singing, and the duties of an organist. Not the most uninteresting portions exist in the biographical sketches of the composers, and in the numerous notes which are interspersed throughout the work. The musical portion of the volume consists not only of new music to each of the 150 psalms, but is enriched with choice specimens of the compositions of all the church writers since the reformation.

One of the most pleasing, yet unique, features of the work, will be found in the Melodies from every Musical Nation. These aboriginal melodies, though some few of them would defy the skill of the theorist, are here ably and appropriately harmonized, and made subservient to their peculiar purpose. While some lovers of harmony might object to their introduction in the church, on the ground that they are not strictly "orthodox," we should value them rather for their peculiar characteristics, than as particularly fitted for devotional purposes; though, at the same time, we are convinced that if these melodies were introduced in the service of the sanctuary they would not be found allied with any counteracting associations. The whole of the compositions (with the exception of an appendix containing the range of popular church melodies, and a collection of One Hundred Original Chants from the pen of the author) are adapted for four voices; and the organ condensation is the most perfect we have seen.

Our limited space, forbids any lengthy remarks; but, for the satisfaction of our musical readers, and for the sake of acquitting ourselves as honourable reviewers upon a work of such intrinsic merit as the one now before us, we shall not refrain from offering at some future period, a few remarks on the peculiarities of the excellent compositions with which Mr. Cruse's work abounds.

Cruse's Original Cathedral Services, Part I. Chiefly in Imitation of the Olden Style; to which are added Sanctuses, Responses, Doxologies, and other parts of the Service, as used in many Churches. The whole arranged for Four Voices, with a Compressed Instrumental Accompaniment; complete in Twelve Parts, each containing either a Morning or Evening Service. D'Almaine and Co.

This first part of an extensive and elaborate work, is an honourable specimen of ecclesiastical writing. Mr. Cruse has here afforded us an additional proof of his superior talent as a composer, and of his perfect

knowledge of the orthodox school. As chord succeeds chord, and bar succeeds bar, in classical and rhythmical proportion our admiration increases, and we regard Mr. Cruse's compositions as the result of careful study and a highly cultivated mind.

In the *Te Deum* (the music of which is, throughout, most admirably adapted to its sublime and poetical language, and the character of each portion carefully preserved) we would allude more particularly to some excellent examples of harmony and modulation. In page 7, the unexpected transition from the key of C to that of A flat, without the interposition of the dominant chord; and in the succeeding page, a similar passage to the key of 7 flats, an escape from which formidable array of flats is effected by an enharmonic change upon the tonic note, through which we are almost imperceptibly led back to our original key of E major. In the *Jubilate*, the music to "O, go your way into His gates," &c. is a beautiful specimen of ancient harmony, the diatonic progressions of the base and other peculiar characteristics of "the olden time," standing out in fine relief, all which the scientific musician well knows how to appreciate.

We cannot too strongly recommend these Services to the notice of all Amateurs of Sacred Music.

MEETING OF SOCIETIES DURING THE MONTH.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—On the 2nd instant, a meeting of this society took place at their new apartments in Newman Street. After the minutes of the last meeting were read, and some other trifling business disposed of it was stated that the society had been refused permission to take a cast of the cranium of Tom Paine, for which they had made application to the gentleman who possessed the skull and other relics of that individual. A cast of the skull of Dr. Hogan, was presented by a member, after which, the report of a committee which had been appointed to examine some skulls lately presented, was read. After some further business had been transacted, the meeting adjourned.

Another meeting was held on the 16th, when Mr. Hawkins took the chair in the absence of the president. On our entry, the secretary, Mr. Syms, was reading the phrenological development of certain skulls presented to the Society on a previous evening; as far as could be ascertained, their several brains had been, in a phrenological point of view, compatible with their real character. After some remarks on a cast of Hogan, Mr. Herrin presented the society with a bust of the president, which was acknowledged by every one to be a most excellent production. Mr. Herrin stated that the artist, Mr. Butler, had acknowledged to him the great benefit which was likely to accrue to sculptors, from an acquaintance with the science of phrenology. A cast of the face and forehead of Blumenbach, the eminent physiologist, was then presented by the same gentleman. This wonderful man is now upwards of ninety years of age, retains every faculty, and is at the present time engaged in delivering lectures—the cast displayed the organs of causality and comparison very fully developed—Mr. Hawkins measured the distance between the pupil of each eye, and found it 2¾ inches. A cast of a South American child was then placed on the table, and the beneficial effects of education in the configuration of the brain demonstrated, but we regret that our limits will not admit of further notice. The meeting then adjourned.

London Mechanics' Institution.—The originator of the many useful societies of this class, now contributing to the moral welfare of the youth of the metropolis, continues with unabated excellence to minister to that effect.

The lectures delivered twice a week, are generally those tending more to practical utility, than to mere intellectual gratification. The educational classes are more numerous and better attended than those at any other institution, and the committee deserve the greatest praise for the attention they display for the comfort of the members. The lectures which have been delivered during the past month, have been chiefly by Mr. Cowper on Engraving, Serle on the Drama, and Haydon on the Fine Arts. Our space will not allow us to give a sketch of each lecture, we shall therefore only notice those which contain any novelty.

On the 11th, Mr. Cowper delivered a lecture on the subject of Engraving by Machinery. He commenced by defining the connection between Turning, Carving, and Sculpture, those arts being but certain modifications of the principle of Engraving. The simplest form of engraving by machinery, was that presented by the ordinary turning-lathe, an instrument too well known to require description. The next mode was effected by the Rose Engine, a machine which had been much improved by Messrs. Holtzapfel and Co., who having kindly offered Mr. Cowper the loan of one, would thus enable him to explain its construction and uses. The appearance of the Rose Engine was very similar to that of the common lathe, from which however it differed in the following particulars. An iron bar or spindle crossed the top of the machine and was called the Mandril. This was sustained at its ends by two uprights, one of which was stationary, while the other, situated at the right or working side of the engine, had a free motion upon an axis at its foot. An instrument called a "Chuck," having a moveable centre, was then fixed upon the right end of the Mandril. To the Chuck was attached a piece of wood, or other material required to be turned. The machine was then put in motion in the usual manner by the foot of the operator, and the result was a rotation of the Mandril simultaneous with a backward and forward motion of its free upright. The wood of course obeyed this compound movement, and upon the application of the slide-rest, or cutting-stool, a corresponding figure was described consisting of a waved circle, very much resembling the outline of a rose. This being the most common pattern, had given rise to the name of the machine. By shifting the centre of the "Chuck," patterns of ovals and intersecting circles in every variety might be obtained. The best specimens of the working of the Rose Engine, might be seen on the cases of watches, &c.—Mr. Cowper then directed attention to some fine specimens of engine turning, as well in high as in low relief. He then explained the process of fac-simile Medal Engraving, and exhibited a first-rate specimen of that style in some plates recently published with the Athenæum. He also introduced to the notice of his audience, a hand-machine invented by M. Coulace, for the use of engravers in drawing parallel lines. This instrument, which applied to wood as well as to copper engravings, was used chiefly for shading spherical figures, in preference to the old mode of doing so by concentric circles. Mr. Cowper also described the common machine for ruling account books, &c., and deferred the completion of his subject until the following Wednesday.

On the 13th, on account of the indisposition of Dr. Birbeck, Mr. Bond delivered a lecture on tides and currents.

On the 20th Mr. B. R. Haydon delivered a lecture on Painting, which he illustrated by various figures and sketches. He argued that a previous knowledge of Anatomy was essentially necessary to Historical Painters, and instanced in favour of this opinion, two Anatomical Drawings which he had made; the one of a human skeleton, and the other, the skeleton of a lioness, placed in upright positions, from these he showed, that where the quadruped was weak, the man possessed strength, and vice versa. He afterwards addressed many clever remaks to his audience on composition, and directed their attention to some of the best of the cartoons of Raffaelle—the death of Ananias—Paul preaching at Athens, &c. He spoke in terms of the highest praise of the ancient Greek schools of art, and descanted at some length on the beauties of the Elgin Marbles.

MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION. The lectures which have been delivered in the elegant theatre of this institution during the past month, have been of a superior character. Mr. Serle displayed great research in the early history of the Drama, and eloquently descanted on the beauties of some of the most eminent dramatic writers; while his remarks on the foolishly strict observance of the three unities which some authors advocate, but which he considered only as clogs on the genius of the poet—were characterised by the most cultivated taste and judgement.

On the 19th, a lecture was given by Mr. De la Rue, Jun., on the history and manufacture of playing cards, which he rendered very interesting, although if we remember rightly, his account of the history of these articles, is but a repetition of what has already appeared in Singer's learned work on this subject.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES. Ordinary meeting, December 22, W. R. Hamilton, V. P. in the chair. Several gentlemen were elected Fellows. A letter was received from Mr. Amyott, accompanying a design of a monumental stone belonging to a mausoleum at Thugga, near Tunis, sent over by Sir T. Reade, British Consul at Tunis, under whose inspection it was taken by a young German artist—also a copy of the inscriptions of two others at Carthage.—This part of Africa was described as being very rich in these remains. The paper by J. Bruce, Esq. explanatory of the life and character of Sir T. More, was then concluded, after which, the meeting adjourned to January 12.

On the 12th of January, a meeting of this society took place, Mr. Hamilton in the chair. Mr. Akerman exhibited a small bronze bottle, found at Autun, in France; it was curiously ornamented, and apparently belonged to the best period of Roman art, and Mr. Ellercomb communicated a paper written by Mr. Pearsall, on an ancient instrument of death called the Virgin, by which persons were privately despatched, after being condemned by the old irresponsible tribunals of Germany.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. The only meeting of much general interest, was that of the 5th of January. J. E. Gray, Esq. F. R. S. president in the chair, when—after a present had been received from Dr. Macreight, F. R. S.—V. P. of many hundred specimens of British flowering plants, for the purpose of distributing to the members for their herbaria—a communication was read from Mr. Daniel Cooper on the distribution of the localities of wild plants found in Battersea fields, accompanied by a map or plan of that locality on a scale of two feet to a mile, on which the names of the plants have been written in the situations where they have been found. Of the profusion of wild plants which may be procured there, Mr. Cooper observed, that of the 104 natural orders of British flowering plants, mentioned in Dr. Lindley's 1st edition of the Synopsis of the British Flora, 51 are indigenous to Battersea fields—of the 503 Genera, 214 are there distributed—and of the 1500 estimated species, 406 may there be seen.

A paper was also read from Mr. Hancock, descriptive of the plants found in the neighbourhood of Bristol.

On the 19th, a paper was read from Mr. Freeman on describing and arranging British plants, and Dr. Mc. Intyre's paper on the plants found about Wurley Common, Essex, was concluded.

MUSICAL.

A concert was given at the MARYLEBONE INSTITUTION, on the 20th of January, which went off very well. The audience was numerous—more so than we anticipated from the prevalence of the influenza, and although the orchestra was not so large as on some former occasions, the pieces were played with much spirit and precision.

The Western Literary Institution, gave their third concert for the season, on the thirteenth. The music class of this society, is certainly the best of any other institution, and we seldom hear amateur concerts, given with such effect as these. Owing to the absence of many gentlemen from illness, some confusion was caused in the arrangements, but the director acting with decision, rather improved the original plan. The applause throughout was unanimous.

Wednesday, January 4th. The Paddington Amateur Musical Society, began the year with considerable éclat, at least we should say so, and we are sure the numerous and respectable audience were of the same opinion. This society although yet in its infancy, gives promise of future excellence, and as we are ardent in the cause of amateur performances, they have our earnest wishes for their success. The orchestra performed several overtures with great precision, of which, Bishop's Slave, and Auber's Cheval de Bronze, were particularly effective. Amongst the vocal music, Tom Starboard was given in a touching manner, by the possessor of a rich and flexible voice, although the effect of the song was marred by a slight lapsis lingua of the singer, occasioned by hoarseness, and therefore excusable: we like his singing much, and hope on a future occasion to hear him with greater advantage. A fantasia of Romberg's for the violoncello, was decidedly the gem of the evening, and was loudly applauded. We intend renewing our visit to this society, and shall be rejoiced in their prosperity.

Society of British Musicians, held their first concert of the season, on Wednesday, January 11, at the Hanover Square Rooms, which was well and notwithstanding the early period of the season fashionably attended. The pieces selected for the occasion were nearly all good, and some of them beautiful. We may notice the following as having merited and obtained the warmest applause. A symphony, G minor (composed for the Philharmonic Society) by Cipriani Potter. Cavatina "Come with me," in which Miss Birch was enthusiastically encored. A quartet by Messrs. Westrop, Willy, Musgrave, and Hatton for the piano-forte, violin, tenor, violoncello, and a solo on the violin, by Mr. H. G. Blagrove, all of which were beautiful compositions, remarkably well executed. Miss E. Howard made her debut in a recitative and air, which (making allowances for the great trepidation under which she laboured) gave promise of great future success.—She has a very sweet voice, and, when more accustomed to a large audience, will we think make great use of it. Messrs. Wilson, Leffler, Leoni Lee, Bradbury, &c. were among the vocalists. Mrs. Geesin was prevented from attending, by indisposition.

The Euterpeon Gothic Hall, Haymarket. Of the numerous ways of spending an hour which London affords, we do not know of one, more pleasant than a visit to witness the performance of this instrument, which comprises the effect of a full orchestra of choice performers, it has not, however, the volume of tone, and consequently is not so effective as the Apollonicon, but its comprehensive variety of sounds renders it an object of general admiration.

The Vocal Society gave their first concert for the season on Monday, the 9th. There were two or three madrigals charmingly executed; the best was Wilbye's "Sweet honey-sucking bees," which was loudly applauded. Among the songs, Purcell's "I attempt from love's sickness to fly," which was delightfully sung by Mr. Hobbs, and Horn's "Come, mariner down in the deep with me," tastefully sung by Miss Hawes—were rapturously encored. Mr. Eliason performed some variations on the violin in a very beautiful manner—and Mr. Bellamy sang with undiminished energy and effect.—Nearly every piece was encored.

J. FELLOWES, PRINTER, 36, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

THE

New London Magazine.

THE GAMING HOUSES OF LONDON.

LETTER III.

"Sed mihi, fas audita loqui."
"What I have heard, permit me to relate."

DEAR W.

IN imagination I have been present at your perusal of my last, and in my mind's eye I have witnessed the intense interest, and watched the varied emotions that have passed in succession over your expressive countenance. In conjecture, too, I have heard the friendly and heart-felt ejaculation of delight on my deliverance, as it were, from evil—in having escaped with a whole skin from the jaws of Pandemonium. I have absolutely revelled in the luxury of contemplating this exercise of your generous and friendly anxiety on my account, and my heart has responded thereto in feelings of grateful emotion. The distinguished author whom I have before referred to, and whose extensive works abound in aphorisms of the most moral and valuable tendency has in his usual eloquent and impressive style laid down that "reflection is a soil which soon repays us for whatever trouble we bestow on its culture;" and I may with confidence assert that the material for this necessary culture has been amply supplied from the hot bed or dung-heap of vice and profligacy which I have attempted to describe; to enrich the soil with the means obtained, must be my task, as it is my determination, and I doubt not of the fruitful result.

I proceed now to the interesting explanations of my friend L. in respect to the persons whom I had encountered at the play table, and in reference to whom, soon as we again inhaled the open atmosphere of the street, he thus commenced. We have been somewhat fortunate, said he, in our visit of this morning, for the table presented none of the light and shade or variety of character that is usually to be met with on one visit. With about eight or ten exceptions, the party consisted of attachees or confederates of the house. These persons are considered essentially component parts of a Gaming House Establishment, and are consequently included in the general arrangements and expenditure. The soi-disant GENTLEMEN, for instance, whom you observed seated on each side of the dealer are of this description—the one a proprietor and partner in the bank *incog.*, the other an employée at a weekly stipend, and both acting as caps or make-plays for the table; and so placed, by

judicious arrangement, as to prevent any collusion between him and the player. By like arrangement two others of the same stamp and avocation were similarly located near to the croupier, for the same vigilant and preventive purposes. The dealers and others employed in the routine of the game require but little mention—generally they are or should be, mere servants of the establishment, and, appearing as they do in real character and under no disguise, are the least objectionable members of a rouge et noir table—that is to say, so long as they refrain from vulgar insolence and confine themselves to their mechanical duty of turning the cards, &c. in a fair and honest manner; but at many of the hells (and the observation is particularly applicable to the one we have just quitted) the bankers themselves are dealers, and their avarice being continually on the work by the excitement of large sums staked, in which their individual interest is immediately concerned, resort is too frequently had to fraudulent means to expedite the work of destruction to the player. To slip or drop a card or secure a coup or event against the known system of any player, and other slight-of-hand tricks is quite within the practicability of many of these professors, whose dexterity rates at a higher per centage in the devil's market. These artists, however, know the time when, and the persons on whom, to practise their nefarious tricks, and the fellow whom we left dealing, and who is proprietor and occupant of the house, is said to have realized some thousands by his aptitude in packing coups, and other *honest* and *honourable* means. It is but just, however, to express a belief that such malpractices are not of very frequent occurrence, less so, perhaps, for want of opportunity, than for lack of inclination. No matter—the game itself is sufficiently destructive to complete the ruin of any man.

The person on whom you appeared to bestow some portion of your attention, seated on your right, "wearing on his lip the beard of Hercules, and frowning Mars," and punting or playing with all the apparent interest and anxiety of the most determined and inveterate gamester, is also an attacheé of the house; in other words, a bonnet, or make-play. Such persons are employed for the purpose of giving an appearance of play, for many visitors are loth to commence their speculation, unless they observe, on their entrance, that others are already so engaged; hence the utility of these caps or bonnets, for the terms are synonimous. These worthies are usually in attendance at the earliest opening of the house, and at the sound of a bell, announcing the advent of a bona-fide player, are ready as soldiers at beat of drum to duty—they drop mechanically into their allotted seats at the table, and stake their money with all due system, and under as much pretended excitement, and irritability under loss, as the man who is really smarting under the mortification. These fellows are made up of counterfeit, "can weep at will, feign agony, and conceal delight, and act to all around." The persons thus *honourably* employed are usually men of reduced means, occasioned by previous habits of dissipation and vice. Many are engaged in such service through policy, by way of quitting them from legal proceedings, for recovery of their losses, or other mischievous intentions against the proprietors. Such outcasts (all pity for whose misfortunes is lost in contempt for their debased and degrading occupation) usually assume the cognomen of captain, doctor, or some appellation of service or profession to which consequence and respectability attach; when adopting the former they put on as much of the military exterior as their various tastes and forms will admit.

The persons, so described as forming part of the general arrangement of a gaming house, are of infinite service to those who employ them, for

in cases of dispute, (which are frequent), respecting the accuracy of the dealer in his disposal of the cards, or on any question as to the correct drawing or payment of money, the point in contention is generally left to the table, as it is termed, that is, to the general opinions of the individuals who may, at the time, be engaged in play, or occupying a seat at the table, and the certain consequence of such an appeal is a decision in favour of the bank; and how should it be otherwise?—those who could give a correct, honest, and unbiassed opinion, decline so to do from motives of policy, fearing to be made a party to disputes that might lead to publicity, and exposure of their own imprudent propensity to play—hence it is left to the voice of the less scrupulous confederacy—who, like Irish members in a certain great house, never fail to constitute a decisive majority. These results alone must more than compensate the bankers for the expence they may be at in retaining such auxiliaries, for sums of considerable amount are frequently disputed in this way, and depend upon such *just and honourable opinion*. Now and then, however, a rough customer is met with, who, awake to the characters of the tribunal appealed to, dissents from their adjudication, and in the event of his right being withheld, resorts to the summary revenge of smashing lamps, looking glasses, windows, &c. to the discomfiture of the whole circle. Disturbances of this kind have been frequent of late years, and have supplied much matter for police report.

You must have observed one or two persons at the table unoccupied by play, mere lookers on, but occasionally indulging in passing observation on the events of the game. Of such persons there are two distinct classes; the one consisting of men broken in fortune, but still rich in their early impressions of becoming pride and correct and honourable feeling; men, whom the infatuation of play has brought to misery and distress, and who still linger about the scene of their ruin in all the fondness and fatuity of error, looking for some miracle in the fluctuations and chances of fate or fortune to redeem them from their half state of starvation. With these gentlemen (for such, intrinsically speaking, they are) may be classed many half-pay officers, and others of limited income, who frequently make away with the resources of a quarter ere a week has elapsed since its receipt, and are thus reduced to inactivity in their speculations, and to the more melancholy state of sad and bitter reflection created by their folly and imprudence. The other class referred to, is composed of the idle and unprincipled; vagabonds that have no earthly recognition, but, being of most officious capacity, address themselves, in terms of the most impertinent familiarity, to persons of whom they had not the slightest previous acquaintance; and by such assurance, too frequently succeed in levying contributions from the generous and unsuspecting, for whose ear they have always ready some plausible tale calculated to excite a kind and considerate feeling. Such fellows are usually employed as touts, or spies—newsmongers and reporters of all that is going on at the different gaming houses to which they have admission—they fetch and carry like water dogs, and fail not to give to the establishment that best pays, the earliest possible intelligence of a new man in the market with money to lose. These wretches add to their other qualites, a certain blood-hound kind of sagacity—once put on the scent, they will track their prey to the most remote corner of the kingdom to secure him as a victim. Supplied with means, they prowl about the theatres, and thence to the most notorious saloons, and houses of nocturnal revelry and debauch, where they too often succeed in picking up men under the excitement of liquor, fit subjects for their knavish designs. These demireps turn every move to account;

they will frequently ingratiate themselves with a novice at the play table, point out to him what they term the advantages of the game; and from any profits that chance may give, they fail not to draw largely on their dupe, impressing on him that their judgment alone led to the beneficial result: on the other hand, if loss ensue, they coolly attribute it to the common course of events, argue that the most unlooked-for circumstances will occur, and excite a hope that a further speculation will redeem all with interest. These harpies are also at the beck and call of the bank, and are ready on all occasions to swear to any falsehood, however gross and palpable, that holds out a prospect of reward for their perjury. To name such worthless vagabonds in the same page with men, whose only disqualification is poverty arising from imprudence, and who more than redeem their error by preserving honourable minds, and by "daring to be honest" though steeped in misfortune, demands apology to the latter. Such apology cannot be better conveyed, than in applying to their sad condition the beautiful sentiment of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, as eloquently expressed by him:—

> "For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,
> And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
> So honour peereth in the meanest habit."

The garb of poverty cannot obscure the light that shines from within, and which must ever distinguish the intrinsic man from the impostor.

I have now, said my friend, given you an outline of the fictitious characters that are usually to be met with in the gaming houses of London. With shame be it said, the illustration serves as well to convey an idea of the higher as of the lower description of hells; for even at the great aristocratic pandemonium (Crockford's) are to be found men, titled and honourable by courtesy, who are base enough to cater for the great demon, and who are in every sense as degraded and contemptible as the miscreants I have described. I trust you will bear in faithful recollection all you have met with; not as it appeared on first view to your inexperience, but as it is now apparent to your more matured judgment under the explanation given. You possess, for the present, sufficient knowledge to guard you against such mischievous design and imposition. On some future occasion, we will increase that knowledge by a visit to one of those nocturnal scenes of riot and dissipation, called Hazard Houses, of which you can have but very faint idea; till then, I leave you to reflect on what you have already witnessed.

I will not fail, my dear W., to give you every interesting detail of my further study of, or acquaintance with, the gaming world. Let me hope that the relation I have already given, though it may have moved you to pity for the failings and vices of mankind, has not been void of useful and interesting matter.

EXPOSITOR.

DREAMS.—It is said of Avicenna, a celebrated mathematician, that he sometimes solved problems in his dreams, which were too difficult for him in his waking hours.—Of this there have been many modern instances. St. Augustine informs us that his friend and disciple, Favonius Eulogius, obtained in a dream the true meaning of an obscure passage in Cicero, which had occurred to him the preceding day.

LIFE AND DEATH.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN the last number of our Magazine, while speaking on this subject, we stated that, one great characteristic of the living body was, the property it possessed of resisting within certain limits, great degrees of temperature and moisture, which begin to resolve it into its primitive elements the moment it is dead; and we instanced numerous cases, to prove that it was capable of bearing without injury very high degrees of heat. We shall now proceed to show, that by the same power, it is likewise capable of resisting to a considerable extent intense degrees of cold.* In climates and seasons when the thermometer indicates a degree of cold, much below Zero, the temperature of the animal body, remains almost unchanged, and all the functions of life go on without impediment or injury. Some of the lower animals may even be frozen and rendered quite torpid, without the loss of life. To prove the truth of this assertion, Mr. John Hunter instituted a number of interesting experiments, on the power of different animals, in resisting the agency of cold. Two carps were gradually frozen, by the aid of a freezing mixture, but they did not recover. It was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in freezing a dormouse, such were its powers of evolving heat, and the non-conducting quality of its integuments; and it was not until the hair had been wetted that life was destroyed, this also did not recover. When a toad was exposed to a similar cold mixture, the water froze round the animal so as to enclose it, but without destroying life; yet, though not frozen, it hardly ever recovered the use of its limbs. The conclusion which Mr. Hunter drew from these experiments was, "that an animal must be deprived of life before it can be frozen."—On the other hand it is asserted by many philosophers that spiders, frozen so hard as to bound from the floor like peas, may be revived by being brought to the fire.—Leeches, snails, grubs, and frogs have been frozen to a certain degree by artificial cold, and revived. Other experiments have also proved that frogs would revive, even if the heart was frozen, but not if the brain congealed, after which they could not be effected by any restorative, not even by the galvanic action. Captain Franklin in his northern expedition, repeatedly saw fish, especially carp, recover after having been congealed by cold into a solid mass of ice; and one carp recovered so far, as to leap about with much vigour, after it had been frozen for thirty-six hours. However true these facts may be, with regard to the lower animals, one fact with regard to the human subject is certain, viz: that death must take place before it can be frozen. Quitting the animal and turning our attention to the vegetable kingdom, we shall find that, in what ever climate man himself has been able to live, or into which his curiosity has led him to penetrate, there, wherever he has been able to trace a vestige of animal being, plants have equally been found flourishing in vigour, and adorned with beauty.

* We are aware that we are here not speaking philosophically. In reality there is no such thing as cold, the substances which appear so to us being only possessed of so small a degree of heat as to convey a feeling the reverse of that which we experience from moderate warmth. The word COLD is only used to render our remarks intelligible to the general reader.

Other classes of facts, indicate a controlling power, equally characteristic of the living body: seeds endowed with vitality remain unchanged under circumstances, in which they would certainly be destroyed, or, more properly speaking, be resolved into their primitive elements, were they destitute of the principles of vitality.—They remain buried for many thousand years, deep in the bowels of the earth, yet when they are accidental thrown up to the surface, and they fall into a soil that is favourable to their developement, they exhibit at once all those properties which had for ages lain latent, and spring into life, with all the activity and vigour of a seed formed under our own eye. As a proof of this statement, we may mention a fact which has long been known to scientific men, viz. that in the neighbourhood of quarries, new plants are continually making their appearance, which had never before been observed to grow near such places. Seeds pass uninjured even through the digestive organs of animals, exposed with impunity to the most powerful solvent of all animal and vegetable matter, gastric juice.—And what is truly remarkable, irresistible as the action of that wonderful fluid is upon all dead vegetable and animal substance, it has no perceptible influence whatever upon any of these substances, as long as they retain their vitality. No living being when in the stomach of an animal, is acted upon by its gastric juice, until the vitality of the being is destroyed. Hence worms are capable of living for an indefinite period in the stomach of animals, and are exposed with impunity to their gastric juice; nor is there any mode of destroying them, but that of introducing into the stomachs of the animal some substance which kills these creatures, and then they may easily be expelled. The walls of the stomach during life are in constant contact with its own gastric juice, without receiving any injury from it; but it sometimes happens after death, that this fluid corrodes and eats through the very organ that formed it. The egg like most other living beings, maintains a temperature considerably above that of the surrounding medium; by a delicate thermometer, its vitality, that is, its freshness, may be always ascertained; and, as long as it is alive, it resists putrefaction under degrees of heat and moisture, which cause it to run rapidly into the putrefactive process as soon as it is dead

In our next paper, we shall proceed to consider the curious property of Hybernation.

G. T. F.

PARAPHRASE FROM VIRGIL.

"Ne cede malis, sed contra, audentior ito."

He who in Fortune's skiff would prosperous sail,
Must boldly spread his canvass to the gale,
Meet all opposing winds with tact and skill,
Nor yield to danger, or the fear of ill.
His bark thus bravely given to the breeze,
Will outlive perils of tempestuous seas,
Ride out each threat'ning wave, resist the blast,
And make the rich and destined port at last.
But fears, begetting ills they fain would cure,
The vessel wreck and brightest hopes obscure.

FRIENDSHIP.

Let minstrels sing impassioned lays of *love*,
And touch the heart of each tormenting maid—
In friendship's praise I now attune my lyre;
Nor to a nobler theme would I aspire.

Love seizes on our passions, feelings, thoughts,
And in a wild commotion mingles all
Those helps to reason:—prostrate then we bend
Beneath the sway of this young deity;
Nor find a rest unto our shattered nerves,
Until with *friendship's* proffered aid, we seek
And soon obtain a state of peaceful calm
And virtuous serenity. We find
In Friendship that safe haven of the heart,
Where Love, subdued by Time, may meet repose;—
Where Virtue, hiding from the giddy world,
May claim the purest sympathy and bliss.

See yon proud mother—proud, because so rich
In the possession of two beauteous gems,
Which but reflect their parents' loveliness;—
Her heart has long since ceased to palpitate
With all that fierce intensity of soul—
That whirlwind of impassioned fervency—
Which men term *love*:—but on her brow sits ease,
Content, and happiness, uncloy'd with care;
And her unsullied mind—attun'd by years
Of blissful regularity and peace.
So that sweet chord which vibrates in the heart,
When home and pure domestic joys are sung—
Now tired, subsides to Friendship's sunny smile,
And from the peaceful circle which she fills,
Spreads joy and happiness around.—

Friendship, when bas'd on Virtue, proudly stands
Noble, as Love, in all the heart holds dear.
It bursts not our senses with that bright
And vivid flash with which Love visits us—
But softly stealing on our melancholy,
Kindles in our hearts a clear and hallow'd flame,
Which, with a steady light, lives throughout life;
Nor is extinguish'd till the last deep sigh
Escapes from this dull heavy clay—and Death
Relieves our too-confin'd and crampt affections,
Until they meet again where all is Concord,
Joy, and Bliss—and Friendship in its highest import.

B. T.

PASSAGES IN THE DIARY OF A SURGEON.

BY ONE OF THE PROFESSION.

CHAPTER II.

The Manuscript.

MEMORY's the magic mirror of the mind,
Reflecting joys for ever past and fled—
The mournful tablet on whose leaf we find
The faithful record of our pleasures dead.
PRIVATE ALBUM.

OH! what misery beyond the power of utterance doth the heart endure, when in retracing the events of a life, Memory recalls every circumstance we would fain forget, wandering over the past with slow and deliberate step, opening afresh the wounds that time had nearly healed, and re-asserting her shadowy reign with a despotism that seems prophetic! Thus as my thoughts recur to the varied events which have happened to me in the brief career allotted to me on earth; when I remember the miseries unnumbered which I have endured; the crimes many and deep that I have committed—then

" Memory, like a drop that night and day
Falls cold and ceaseless, wears my heart away."

I recall, too, the happy days of childhood, those joyous hours of innocence and mirth, when amidst the companions of my youthful pastimes, I sported the gayest of the gay—pure in heart and buoyant in spirit—the remembrance of those days appears to me but as the recollection of a bright but distant and indistinct dream,

" sparkling with all the truth
And innocence once mine, and leads me back
In mourufal mockery o'er the shining track
Of my young life, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace I've lost upon the way;"

but the years of want and woe, of wretchedness and misery which have succeeded are ever present to my imagination in all their sad reality; and now that the world and all its vanities are receding from my view, and eternity opening before me, remorse like an avenging fiend racks my heart with tortures that it were vain for me to attempt to describe. But this is no time to indulge in such thoughts. Grateful for your kindness and sympathy, I have resolved to reveal to you the secrets of my life, and painful as this self-imposed task will be—heart-rending as must be the retrospect, I will not shrink from the fulfilment.

My father died ere I had completed my second year, and consequently before I was capable of feeling the severity or knowing the extent of my loss. His property which was considerable devolved by regular bequest to my mother, and was sufficient to allow us to live in comparative luxury. As I was the only child and sole relict of him whom through many years of alternate suffering and prosperity my mother had loved with all the ardour of woman's affection, it may naturally be suspected that I became an over-indulged and spoiled child—but such was not the fact—it is true that to my devoted and adoring mother I was every thing that was dear on earth—she entertained scarcely a hope or wish beyond my welfare and happiness—but she knew that to permit me to follow my own unguided will was not the most politic or effective mode to work out the great object of her heart, nor the right way to discharge a mother's duty. Under her tender and anxious care I was instructed in the various branches of superior education and accomplishment, and in such knowledge as was considered to be necessary and beneficial to my future welfare; the seeds of morality and religion were implanted in my heart—would that they had taken root and brought forth the good fruit in season. Then it was that I enjoyed true pleasure—my spirits were light and buoyant as the wave—my laughter came from the heart, and was the true index of its feelings—my step was free and unrestrained—joy shone in my eyes, and every thing that breathed around me seemed to my ardent nature to teem with happiness and truth. Those were days of unalloyed delight which alas! have "fleeted with the vision that's gone by," and left naught but the happy remembrance of the past to contrast with the bitterness of the present. Would that I could recall them to existence—they are the green spots in "memory's waste"—the oasis in the desart of my life. But to proceed: years rolled on, and I continued to live with my mother in retirement and seclusion. When, however, I had attained my eighteenth year, I received an invitation to pass a few weeks with an aunt who resided in London, and my ever-anxious mother, deeming this a fit opportunity for me to gain a little insight of the world, readily consented. Much as I rejoiced at the prospect of pleasure which was thus opening to my imaginative view, still when the period for my departure arrived, there came over me a heaviness of heart; I felt keenly the pang of parting from my beloved mother—it was the first separation, and although there was the prospect of only a brief absence, I felt a sad and indescribable foreboding that it might be the last time she would ever press me to her fond and devoted heart, as she then did in all the excess of maternal affection.

It would be wearying you to no purpose to repeat the round of pleasurable pastimes and excesses into which I was hurried, or to describe the sensations created by the novelties which hourly presented themselves to my ardent and over-excited imagination. Lost in delight I dreamt not of future ill, or that any interruption could occur to disturb the fascinating influence that controlled me—but, alas, I was too soon to feel how each season of our existence contradicts the character of

the last, how closely "our joys on our miseries tread," and that though we may for awhile bask in the sunshine of the scene, the cloud will o'ertake us, and the lot of human kind be ours. One evening—alas! how vividly is the remembrance of that evening impressed on my mind—I accompanied my aunt to the theatre to witness the farewell performance of a highly talented and favourite actor. My uncle, having accompanied us thither and seen us quietly and comfortably seated in the places which had been previously secured for us, was obliged to absent himself for a time on business of importance that admitted not of delay—I mention this fact to account for the improbable circumstance of two females being alone at the theatre. Immediately after the termination of the tragedy—whether from the excited state of my feelings at the impassioned and affecting representation I had witnessed, from the overpowering heat of the theatre, or from these causes combined, I know not—but I was seized with a sickness and fainting, and became totally insensible to every thing around me. How long I remained in that situation I am unable to say, but on recovering I found that I had been conveyed from the box into the lobby of the theatre, and was surrounded by numerous persons all apparently anxious for my restoration. Soon as I could bear removal I was taken to the carriage and conducted home. A gentleman who I afterwards learned had been in the same box with us, having politely lent his assistance and offered his escort to my aunt, who, under the circumstances, gladly availed herself of such attention. I soon recovered from the effects of this transient indisposition, but the event was fatal to my peace, and became, alas! the cause of all the subsequent misery that has befallen me. Captain Henry Stanhope (for such was the name of the gentleman who had thus gained an introduction) called frequently to make his enquiries after my health, and to pay his respects to my relations, with whom he had become a favoured acquaintance. On these occasions he lost not the opportunity of ingratiating himself with me. He succeeded but too well in my affections: I loved him with all the ardour and devotion of woman's first affection, and I believed that he returned my ardent passion in all the warmth and devotedness which his language expressed—and to have doubted the truth of which would to my unsuspecting heart, have been to have impugned the purity of heaven. My cup of happiness was full—joy lent wings to time, and the hours flew rapidly and unheededly by. At length the day fixed for my return home arrived, and I was reluctantly compelled to part from him who had gained possession of my heart, and whom I now loved beyond all earthly consideration. Notwithstanding his repeated assurances that the separation would be but of short duration, and that he would not fail to follow me and make early honourable overtures for our union, a strange presentiment of evil intruded on my brain, and I could not resist the tears that forced their way from the source of the heart's sorrow. At length, however, after the interchange of every vow that all the romance and enthusiasm of love could suggest, we parted, and I was borne far from London and its gaieties.

My journey, as may be imagined, was one of melancholy mooding. I was alike unobservant of my fellow-travellers, of the beauty of the country through which we passed, and of every incident which usually attracts the attention of the traveller, and breaks the monotony of a day's journey in a stage-coach; and for many days after my return I could not shake off the gloom that depressed me. I returned to my ordinary domestic pursuits, but with so little interest and so ill a grace that could not escape the notice of my ever vigilant and anxious parent, who, after much kind and affectionate remonstrance on the impropriety and ingratitude of filial disobedience and deceit, extracted from me the secret of my passion. She listened to my relation with a kind of apathetic astonishment, but recovering herself, she rebuked me not, but in terms of most severe reproach, condemned her own imprudence and want of foresight in having permitted me to visit the seductive scenes of the metropolis under other than a mother's guidance. She represented to me in all their enormity the base designs and schemes of villainy that were daily practised to work the ruin of the artless and unsuspecting—the specious and false appearances that were assumed by the profligate to impose on the innocent and credulous. She described the misery and heartfelt remorse of the unhappy victims of these seductive arts, and implored me in the most affectionate terms to endeavour to conquer a feeling that, thus prematurely begotten, could lead to no happy result. I promised obedience to her suggestions, but vain, alas, were all my efforts—the one image was too deeply engraven on my heart to be so readily effaced—absence served only to strengthen the passion—and although, in the presence of my mother, and the limited circle of our friends I assumed a gaiety of demeanour foreign to my heart, in the solitude of my chamber I gave the full tide of tears to hopes disappointed and happiness blighted.

One delightful summer evening, as I sat at the window of my chamber, enjoying the cool and refreshing atmosphere around me—contemplating the beauty and stillness of the scene—my thoughts ever reverting to the one dear object that too often and too fatally for my peace engrossed them—my attention was arrested by an unusual rustling of the shrubs immediately beneath me, and I heard my name pronounced in a low and indistinct whisper. I looked from my casement, but perceiving no one, I blamed myself for thus yielding to the force of what I deemed a weak and diseased imagination. I determined to free myself from so pernicious a controul, and was about to descend to join my mother in the parlour, when, in the act of closing the window, I again heard my name uttered in a louder and more distinct tone. Again I looked from the casement—all doubt was now at an end—the being who had been the subject of my meditations stood before me. Surprized and confused at his sudden and unexpected appearance, it was some time ere I could recollect myself to speak to him on the imprudence of so clandestine a visit. He addressed me in his usual strain of ardent and eloquent affection—assuring me that his absence had been occasioned by unavoidable causes which he would at a future

day explain, but which no sooner removed, than he had flown on the wings of impatience to claim my hand. I warned him of the risk he ran of discovery—and of the death blow which such discovery must give to any hope we might have of my mother's assent to our union—nay more, I told him that all intercourse had been forbidden, and must therefore cease, and advised him to leave me and forget me. This only increased the ardour of his protestations—before the influence of which all my prudent resolves vanished, and I consented, on his entreaty, to meet him on the following night at the entrance of the shrubbery when the family should have retired to rest—in order, as he expressed it, that we might confer more freely and uninterruptedly ere we parted for ever. During the whole of the day I was silent and reserved, which I excused under the plea of slight indisposition. My mother appeared not to doubt the cause assigned, but as we were about to separate for the night, and she imprinted on my cheek the usual affectionate kiss that accompanied her maternal ejaculation that God would bless me, a strange presentiment of evil appeared to take possession of her mind. She lingered as it were in fond and affectionate gaze on me; as if she were taking the last mournful sight of all that was dear to her on earth—twice did she move towards the door, and each time return to invoke the blessing of heaven on me. As length she retired, and I prepared for the interview with my lover, under all the reformed virtuous resolves that my dear mother's affectionate conduct had occasioned.

Henry Stanhope was already waiting my arrival. On seeing me he hastened towards me, and in the most endearing terms addressed me on the hopelessness of his love. I soon discovered that, which prudence would have suggested, viz. that he intended not we should part; for he took advantage of the opportunity given, and by the most persuasive arguments entreated me to fly with him to some distant spot, there to be united to him for ever. He deprecated my mother's interference as cruel and unnatural—he vowed unabated love, and unalterable fidelity—failing not artfully to impress on my mind, that my mother's resentment towards one whom she so fondly and so devotedly loved could not be lasting, and that we should return and receive her forgiveness—when all would be well, and past recollections sweeten present joys. His words prevailed; a silent, but too powerful auxilliary pleaded for him in my bosom. I yielded to his entreaties, and suffered myself to be led to the carriage which he had provided for our flight. We were borne with all the speed of which four horses were capable towards London, and on the following morning I again found myself in the gay metropolis—and in a handsome suite of apartments, which, as I afterwards found, had been especially provided for my use.

My poor mother—how can I find language to relate her doom—the blow which deprived her of existence was struck by me, whom in infancy she had watched over with all a mother's care, with all a mother's love—whom she saw expand into the bloom of life with all a parent's pride, and in whom all her hopes, her wishes and affections on

earth were centered; whose welfare was her constant solicitude, and for whose happiness she daily offered her prayers to the throne of mercy, in all the grateful feeling of her heart.—From the moment she heard of my flight she became another being; the shock was so sudden and afflicting that reason fled—the pleasing smile with which she was wont to receive her friends had dispersed for ever, and was succeeded by the maniac's senseless and agonizing laugh. Slowly, but surely, she sank to the silent tomb, and, as in the awful hour of dissolution, occasionally returning reason for a moment lit up the chambers of the brain with an expiring ray, she would breathe the name of the guilty one whose wrongs had shortened her earthly career, and hurried her in sorrow to the grave—but for whose crimes she nevertheless pronounced and prayed forgiveness. The wretched object of her grief was not near to receive her dying pardon—other hands than mine closed the eye which settled in the cold unmeaning stare of death. On the care of strangers devolved the last sad offices which it should have been mine to fulfil.

G. T. F.

(To be continued).

DE MORVILLE;

OR THE

MANOR HOUSE OF WOODSLEIGH.

A Tale of the Last Century.

By PILLETT SMITH.

"Come hither, Lisette," said the beautiful Marian De Morville, as she drew her slender fingers through her raven ringlets, which she had unbound—"do now come here, and arrange these truant tresses; I declare they perplex me more than enough: for this last hour I have done nothing but twist them and twist them again, until nothing short of your famed skill can ever make them fit to behold. There now, positively that's better," as her maid had relieved her of her self-set task. "I do believe you deal in magic, for you have soon converted that which I had made rough as an untamed colt, into a head of hair." "That few can surpass, or even rival," said Lisette. "Oh, you little flatterer; that one speech might have made the fortune of an aspiring youth in this land of coldness and reserve; for I can assure you, my Lisette, that compliments are not half so plentiful here as in sweet Italy. No—I don't think I have had one pretty saying bestowed upon me since we have arrived." "And, yet," said Lisette, "could pretty

sayings make men's fortunes, I know one in this house who would not look so melancholy." "Indeed—and pray who is that?" "Nay, nay, my lady, 'tis not fair to tell love tales; but they do say, Master Walter, your father's young secretary sighs and sobs and betrays all the feelings of a suffering suitor." "Poor fellow," said Marian, evincing more interest than she would have wished to have been noticed. "I have observed his sadness, but did not think it proceeded from his love. But who then is the cruel fair; some one, I hope, who is well worthy of him." Oh, my lady, I know not, but 'tis said he places his affections too high; and they think he would increase his happiness did he look amongst his own rank for a fitting mate, and not think so much of one so far above him. There, my lady, do raise your eyes from off the ground, and bestow one glance on the reflection of your lovely self, for my duty is now done, and I declare, for the last ten minutes you have done nothing but count the flowers on your foot-stool." "That will do, Lisette, that will do, you may retire, now," said Marian, without even noticing her dress, "should you meet my father, tell him I am ready to receive him. Give me my book, there; I will ring when I require your attendance;" and leaning back in her chair, she closed her eyes, and for a moment gave herself up to thought. "It must be then as I have seen; 'twas no idle fancy—he has observed me with interest, and that interest has ripened into love. Love, did I say? yes, and it must be strong, indeed, that could not conceal itself from the observation of the menials. And little, very little, know they of this heart, if they think such tenderness and attention can pass it without notice. Oh, how much do some pine for power and nobility; and yet, what would not I give to be but the poor simple country maid, that has nought, save her virtues, for her portion, and is at liberty to bestow her hand where she has previously given her heart—but I must not dwell upon it, but must banish the sweet thought for ever from my mind. My father; oh, no, no, 'twould madden him. Once have I seen him enraged; and I would not for worlds he should even guess. He is here; let me dry these tell-tale eyes;" then hastily wiping the tears which had been coursing down her lovely cheeks, she sprung to the door to admit the person whose knocking had interrupted her. It was not her father as she had expected, but it was Walter, the secretary, the same whom we introduced to our readers at the Crows, who entered the apartment. There was a shade of sadness on his noble brow, and it could be plainly seen that he was moved by something of a stern resolve. "Lady," he commenced, solemnly, after he had stood some time gazing on her beauteous form, "pardon for my intrusion is my first prayer. I feel, that to you I am but as a withered leaf which chance has blown across your path. I am less than nothing, and yet could not I take my departure hence till I had seen you." "Your departure," muttered Marian. "Even so. You have been kind to me, very kind; and how have I repayed your kindness?"

"You have ever to me, Walter," she answered, "behaved becoming. Of what then do you accuse yourself. Have you suffered wrong? name

it, and believe me, it shall be removed. You are unhappy," she continued, after a moment's pause; "trust the secret cause of your sorrows to our good vicar, he will sympathize with you and relieve your mind."

He shook his head mournfully, and then, as if ashamed of his weakness, he stept to where she stood, and taking her delicate hand in his: "I have been wrong," he said, "but in all the error of my thoughts not one was ever meant to injure thee. And yet, 'twas not wrong. I have worshipped that form as the Peruvian kneels to the sun. You were to me the star that ever shone to guide me in my path. I have loved you, Marian—man can never know how dearly, passionately, I have loved you. I have striven with it until my mind is almost gone, and still that feeling yet remains in all its pristine force. I would have sacrificed wealth, happiness, honor, for that which I came here to seek, but thy lovely face has wrested from me that wish, and left me a lonely miserable being. I would not have thee weep—no—'tis not well. You must still be gay; 'tis for me alone to grieve, and pray that you may be always happy. Farewell! I go, fearful that my longer stay may endanger the happiness of her I prize above the world. One thing more will I tell you, ere I am lost to you for ever. I am not what I have appeared; circumstances have compelled me to be a nameless stranger. I have laboured that I might be known as I ought, but that hope is gone. To render me worthy of thee, Marian, I must injure thee; and though the sacrifice which I make is great, 'twere much better that I suffer even death, than one shade of unhappiness should shadow thy path."

"Oh, do not go, dear Walter," she replied, giving way to the full torrent of her feelings, "do not go; think not that your love has been unfelt and unrequited. I had been more than ungrateful had I not accepted it; yes, and returned it as fervently." "Returned it," he cried. "Oh, thanks; blessings on you, for that word; I have not then sighed in vain:" but relapsing into his previous melancholy mood, from which these words had for a moment roused him, "even this may not alter my resolve; thy father, lady, is proud of his title and his blood: the children of his house mate not save with their equals." Marian sighed deeply, as she thought on the truth of his remark. Making an effort to recover her composure, she said, "If 'tis ordained we never are united, our minds, Walter, man cannot sever. You will, perhaps, hasten to some foreign clime; and then, amidst gaiety and pleasure, forget your Marian." A smile of incredulity passed over his handsome countenance. "However," she continued, "take this portrait," and she drew a small miniature from out her bosom; "it has been thought like me: 'twill, however, perhaps serve when far away to bring to your remembrance the form of her, who for thee will die unwedded." He seized it wildly, and printed a hundred kisses on the senseless ivory; when he spoke. "This is, indeed, kind; next to my heart will I for ever wear the precious gift. Should I be in wretchedness and woe," he continued, as he gazed intently on it, "this will cheer my drooping

spirits. Should I, though 'tis scarcely possible, ere live surrounded with splendour, the sight of this will remind me of this day, of your kindness, and my own unworthiness. Farewell!" and clasping her to his bosom, he pressed one burning kiss on her ruby lips. In an instant his receding footsteps were heard in the vaulted gallery that led to the apartment.

When Walter first sought the Manor House, the reader will remember it was in the bloom of summer, months had since passed away, and dreary winter had assumed his reign and spread his snowy mantle o'er the scene. The shades of a winter's evening were closing fast around, when a stranger, whose dress was decidedly foreign, entered, with an unsteady and tired step, the kitchen of the Crows; the appearance of his face, was that of one who had seen and withstood the rough assaults of fortune: nor was he without some marks of her desolating power. A deep gloom had settled on his brow, and an air of carelessness prevailed his countenance, which even in his youngest, happiest days had been far from prepossessing. Throwing himself into the seat next to him, in a hurried and broken voice, he called for a draught of the strongest brandy, which having heartily swallowed, he again arose, and after asking some questions of old Tunbell, he muffled his dark cloak closely round him, and in spite of the weariness under which he was evidently labouring, he once more departed on his way.

After having taken leave of Marian, as we have seen, Walter repaired to the house of his first friend, the smith; to him he communicated his intention of leaving the country, and the cause that gave rise to his determination. It was not without a tear that the old man could relinquish the idea of seeing him in the possession of the estates and title of De Morville, which he had ascertained undoubtedly belonged to him. It appeared that the last baron was the father of two sons, one older than him who now held the title; but that the eldest, a short time previous to the death of his father, for some crime committed against the state, was banished for a certain period. In consequence, however, of the great interest which he possessed at court, the sentence was mitigated into a heavy fine, and an order that for his life he should refrain from using the title or name. For years he lived secluded in the neighbourhood, under the assumed appellation of L'Haville. He it was that had been married to the mother of Walter; (for he confessed to the smith that he was the son: but fearing some ill might befall him, he had kept it a secret); as the estates were not forfeited, they of course descended to the next heir. Of the elder brother nothing was known; it was rumoured, that in order to rescue the property, the present baron had caused his destruction.

"I have been thinking, my boy," said Ben, after they had been some time together, "I have been thinking that all will not be so well at the Manor House, to-night, and I'll tell you why. You heard of that strange fellow at the Crows; he inquired much about the family and the road to the house. 'Tis a clear night, an ye mind not a cool breeze, we will take a cast round there; who knows, we may yet find

things turn up as we could wish: and just by the way of keeping the blood from freezing in my old veins, I'll sling my sledge over my arm, just for exercise like;" equipping himself accordingly, they left the smithy. They had scarcely reached the entrance to the Manor House, when Frog, striking his companion on the arm, "Your eyes are younger than mine, yet even I think that I can see something strange about the window of the sleeping-room of the baron." "Yes," said Walter, "I see it distinctly; it is as though a dark figure was endeavouring to undo the fastenings. By heavens he has accomplished his purpose; hasten father to give the alarm." Quickly gaining the spot under the window, they found a ladder had been raised against the house. With the speed of thought, Walter had reached the window, and soon disappeared into the apartment. A short scuffle was heard by the smith, (whose age prevented him from following his companion so swiftly), then a heavy fall, and almost immediately the dark figure again appeared at the window; springing on to the ladder, he soon gained the earth: his progress here wns arrested by the smith; drawing a pistol from his belt, he discharged it full at him; fortunately he missed his aim, and the next moment saw him lifeless at the foot of Ben, levelled by a blow of his trusty hammer. Hastening up the ladder, fearing some ill had happened to his young relative, he had the satisfaction to find him safe, and supporting the head of the baron, from whom life's tide was ebbing fast. "Thanks, thanks, muttered the dying man; your kindness is too late: the villain struck too deeply. Casting his eyes on the form of Walter, he raised himself by great exertion, pointing to a cabinet which stood on the table at the foot of the bed: "I have been to thee," he said, "a bitter foe. I know thy birth, and have been the cause of all the wrong you've suffered. You cannot forgive me, therefore I do not ask your forgiveness. In that cabinet..... Oh, my child! my poor child!" then falling heavily in their arms, he was no more.

But little remains to be told; in the cabinet were found the papers which deprived Walter of his rights. From these also, it appeared, that his father had been murdered by the command of his younger brother; and from the circumstance, that the assassin killed by the smith was recognized to be the favored servant of the late baron, (who had for years left the country), no doubt remained that he had been the person employed to commit the deed; but the cause of his return, and for what he had destroyed his former patron did not transpire.

Walter De Morville bestowed his hand on his gentle coz.; their sorrows found a happy end, and Benny Frog had the pleasure of nursing their smiling babes.

THE GENIUS OF PANTOMIME.

By HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

PANTOMIME and Christmas are convertible, or rather, reciprocal terms. One loses half its grace without the other. Not more unseasonable would Pantomime be, any time out of Christmas, than Christmas—Christmas itself—without Pantomime. Pantomime in summer!—the idea is ridiculous. Its very birth-place must have been in some frigid latitude, where the people were obliged to betake themselves to thumps, bumps, and tumbles to keep themselves warm. It flourishes in snow, ice and winter winds, grey skies and fiery hearths, blue noses and crimson fingers. It despises any less arbitrary dominion, than that of "cold Winter with his icy beard;" the severity of whose rule effects something, which is not always done, even under more enduringly despotic governments,—it obliges its subjects to *bestir themselves*. His cold sceptre, gemmed with icicles, is held before their eyes, till the tears freeze, as they spring from their sources; jealous of his power, he, now and then, gives a friendly nip to the noses, toes, and digits, in order to put one in mind, of the lord and master who kings it over them. Conscious that his power is only *pro tem*, he, therefore, cruelly *drives it to extremities*; freezes our waters to make them *hard*; blows off our hats, and damages our roofs, that he may give the hatters and slaters an opportunity of *replacing the tiles*; shortens the days, and abridges the sun's journey, not only that he may run all the less chance of being prosecuted for libel by

"*Making reflections*,"

but, as an exemplification of the well-known line

"Coming events cast their shadows *by-four*;"

tempts little boys to slide upon the pavements, that passengers may get *a drop too much*; freezes our water pipes, to *cut off the supplies*; lets loose the gusty boreas, like a doughty prize-fighter, to insult all he meets by giving them *a blow in the face*; snows up our roads, and cuts off all epistolary communication with the provinces, merely to make a trial of *the silent system*; freezes policemen on their beats, to make them *look sharp*, and by frightening their comrades, oblige them to *keep their station*; makes the inhabitants of barracks, and all other military establishments

"To put on a compelled valour,"

and drive away the enemy, by *keeping up a good fire*; astonishes the political circles, by causing the *dismemberment of Turkey*; necessitates those gentlemen who have counting houses in the city and country houses a few miles from town, daily, after business,

"To fret their hour *upon the stage*;"

creates such a state of public suspicion, that every body *looks blue at one another*; and does, in fine, a number of other strange things, which only winter could do with impunity, and with so good a grace. We smile at those things with which we are obliged to put up, and so generally well constituted is the season, that we turn our mishaps into merriment.

With the firm conviction, that Pantomime is not so well appreciated as it might be, and as it ought to be, we have taken upon ourselves to wield a pen in its defence. As our cause is so good, we expect to work wonders, even with so humble an instrument.

Is it not a grateful office, to point out those merits which shrink from the public observation. We must rake for pearls, before we may expect to meet with them. Let us look with an attentive eye, and we shall find that Pantomimes contain the genius of romance, poetry—aye! even and *philosophy*, "have we" as Hamlet says, "the trick to seek." It is only to furnish ourselves with spectacles of a *particular* construction, and we shall see wonders in every thing!

What is a greater proof of the most consummate art, than the mystery which always envelopes a Pantomime? Mystery is the medium, seen through which, things swell out to giant dimensions. What a deal is imagined when we have no *data* to proceed upon! Wisely therefore, have Pantomimes scarcely head or tail, beginning or end: to events bold, striking and all out of the common way, and therefore, provocative of curiosity, which is really, one of the most pleasing of our attributes, we supply causes, details, and consequences. Why need the author distress himself to make things plain and consistent, when he has such super-excellent allies in his audience! Half of the representation is our own composition, and we may therefore go away, with all the pride and self-satisfaction consequent upon such an agreeable conviction. The only irregularity is, that the two parts are framed independently of one another, and that a running commentary is coursing through every brain in the theatre, unattached to, and perhaps even unauthorized by the text.

A strange sympathy between the representation and beholders, the reasoning, yet unsubstantial mind, and the substantial medley, that must find its sense and meaning in it—matter and spiritual sentience. What a fine opening is here, for a metaphysical inquiry! "S' blood! there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out!"

What fascinate us so much, even from our youth upward, as matters of marvel? There is nothing interesting in every day occurences,—we know all about them. That which we are not acquainted with, stirs up our curiosity, our natural love of something new and unusual, and we

"Prick the sides of our intent,"

most ardent in the pursuit. Our mind stands in need of a spur, now and then; something that will rouse it out of its lethargy, and force us out of our usual jog-trot way. Our machine, urged by the impetus, sets again more lively to work, and so continues till the new object becomes old, or, in other words, the added power expands itself, and resigns that on which it was exercised to its pristine laziness. But new pushes succeed each other so rapidly, that our mind is kept in tolerable motion: that motion, yes! that *perpetual motion* is the health of the spirit; for without it, we should stagnate, glide back instead of go forward and become dead to all good purposes.

Where can the taste of mankind, for the wonderful, be so fully satisfied as in a Pantomime? There all is wonderful,—from the colossal abode of Sulphurio, the Fire Fiend, to the singular way in which clown and pantaloon, are able to bear so many slaps in the face; and bear them, too, with so good a grace! There is no ill nature in the composition of these motley vagabonds; they revenge themselves, indeed, upon, one another in so awkward a way, that their ill intentions are sure to recoil upon their own heads. The most upright creatures in the world—they balance their accounts with the utmost regularity, and have by

heart all those little niceties of the *quid pro quo* catechism, that so many of us are apt to forget. If clown receives a slap of the face, he pays, him self *instanter*, by knocking down the offerer of the insult. If pantaloon in turning a corner, by accident tumbles against his brother motley, and is struck down by the collision, he bears no ill blood, but lays his hand to the legof his fellow, and pulls him down after him, with the amiable desire of *making all strait between them*. Clown is not offended at the kind solicitude of pantaloon, as some of duller-brained beings might possibly be;—not he!—he throws a summerset, springs to his feet, gives a horse-laugh which would frighten the best behaved animal in christendom, to show that he thinks nothing of the affair—he takes a prodigious leap, that seats him comfortable on pantaloon's shoulders, and whirling over with his adopted hobby, tumbles into a baker's truck, which is just entering. The vivacity of these gentlemen is as truly surprising as their surpassing honesty. Other folks would limp off after such an untoward accident, or seek the nearest doctor to ascertain if all their bones were sound. On the contrary, these ever-merry aad never-daunted rognes, take the matter with the greatest possible *sang froid*: tripping up the baker, whitening him with his own flour, and making him revolve like the earth upon its axis, with his own *rolls*, they both set to work to empty his baskets, and fling the loaves in each other's faces, laying flat a brace of noses in the *doughty* operation. The ablest commentators on Shakspeare they are, especially when engaged in the last mentioned labour, snpremely qualified to give a satisfactory answer to the immortal bard's

"Tell me where is *fancy bre(a)d*?"

The research of these writers is surprising. Nothing can stop them in their ardent pursuit of knowledge. All idle and old womanish barriers—such as politeness, good breeding, consideration for the feelings and convenience of others, &c. &c. &c.—fall before them; doors, windows, the most impossible things, present no obstacles to their very laudable impetuosity. Nothing can be hidden from them: their thirst for novelty is insatiable. Their search extends to all possible and impossible places. This longing for information, sometimes even leads them into something that looks very like extravagance. They will search for wisdom in a barrel of herrings, smash a barber's block to see if there is'nt something in it, and dust his perriwig of the powder, if it's for nothing but to get a little out of him. We can excuse the inconsistencies to which this ebullition of their "noble rage" gives rise. The greatness of their end sanctifies the mistakes that occur in their pursuit of it; and Lord Brougham himself, could gain some assistance from their vagaries, towards the practical developement of his theories for making knowledge *cheap* as well as *common*.

Another amiable trait in the character of clown and pantaloon is their good fellowship. Under all circumstances, they pull together. Though they baste one another—a proof, merely, as in an Irish scrimmage, of their partiality for each other—they allow no one else

"To step between them and their fighting souls."

Like Beatrice and Benedick, they wage a merry way with one another, and all the world; and another proof of their popularity, as well as extensive acquaintance, is that their droll appearance excites no wonder in the streets. As

"Charter'd Libertines,"

they have full liberty of pranking it as uproariously in Regent Street, as any other less populous and respectable situation. No one stops to look at them, though they stop to look at (how very kind of them!)

and play a trick upon every body. Their vagaries ought, really, to be taken notice of by the police. Though amusing, they are none the less public nuisances. No gentleman can carry an umbrella without an uncivil interference; trade is at a stand still, because they are all alive; journeymen, of all crafts, are knocked down, and eased of their moveables in the most open and barefaced manner. Well might we cry of these party-coloured ill-doers,

"Oh, shame! where is thy blush?"

Redress is out of the question: a shopman aims at them with the broom that sweeps the store, and smashes—his own window. They slip through the fingers of policemen, constables, and watchmen, like unskinned eels; every cranny is a refuge; they bolt through doors, dart through glass, climb walls, and slip down chimnies, with a celerity that sets pursuit at defiance. Catching them is out of the question, over and over again! they are spirits—shadows—delusions,

"*Knocks*—et preterea nihil!"

they are here and every where—phantasmagoria—Jacks o'lantern—Wills o' the Wisp—personifications of Shakspeare's—

"Shall I strike at them with my partizan?
Do;—if they will not stand.
They 're here!
They 're here!!
They 're gone!!!"

He, certainly, had them in view when he penned the first scene of Hamlet, and put the "*prophetic* greeting" in the mouths of Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus. How favoured the "motley rogues, the miserable varlets" are by their presiding genius. We, ordinary folks, might look in vain for years for such timely assistance!

There cannot be a greater proof of art in a pantomime, than the contrast which reigns from beginning to end. How different are their beginnings and endings! how dissimilar the first and last characteristics of those who figure in them! Contrast is the soul of interest; and, in this instance, the compilers of pantomimes proceed upon the selfsame principles that actuate the most acute and talented writer of tradegies. There is another point of resemblance; for they despise the unities as much as Shakspeare himself. The opening is grand, great, bold, and mysterious;—magnificence, all in the clouds—events, striking, *very unusual*—calculated to chain to itself the imagination, and, by a few masterly touches, tempt us on to fit out a colossal picture. What singular beings! what astonishing places! what immortal and mysterious intelligences are revealed to us in the opening story of a pantomime! Still, there is a dash of humour that runs through all, and gives us a smile upon the hideous and titanean features of a goblin, a practical joke in the most unpleasant situations, a *mal a-propos* in a palace that offends all our pre-conceived notions of such places, and a strange twang of good humour, and, even, jocularity in the most perverse and evil-minded enchanter, that renders it difficult for us immediately to reconcile such apparent inconsistencies. But there is philosophy in a pantomime; and, depend upon it, there is something underneath, some moral under the fable, some sublime truth under the allegory, or some rose beneath the leaves, that mocks and despises the careless and unreflective eye—all which requires time and sober consideration to perceive and appreciate;—"more than meets the vision."

"There are more things *in a Pantomime*, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your physolophy."

What a great deal even lies in the bill of a Pantomime!—poetry in

paper—"pride, pomp, and circumstance" in red and black letters. How large and pompous the type! how promising of good things behind the curtain! A manager, like a monarch, is a fool if he do not attend to his proclamations. What dignity is there in the majestic notes of admiration!!! with which, as a herald would say, their broadsides are charged;—and, sometimes *over*charged, perhaps. Under a shield so richly blazoned, they fear no enemy. The letters of the alphabet, dashes, stars, and marks of importance, are their weapons; paper, red, blue, and green, their armour; staring wood-cuts, giving a foretaste of some of the most gorgeous scenes of the representation, with which they head their modest *billets of invitation*, their *materiel* of war, as the French say. The magazines of the managers, are under the government of a juncto of printers and paper manufacturers:

What a fund of interest do we attach to

The Giant's Temple, among the Blue Mountains!
with the
Phosphoric Lake, and Rocks of Terror!!
or the
Enchanted Cavern!
with the
Gates of Bronze, and Mystic Altar!!
or the
Cabalistic Abode of the Statue-Sorcerer!
opening into
The Realm of Gloom, and Region of Despair!!

Zingozarzo, (the Enchanter), Mr. ———
The Genius of Gloom, Mr. —— The Genius of Despair, Mr. ——
Sulpho, Fireblow, Sparko, Blueflash, Starshoot, Fire-eye, Brimstonio, and Stiflegrasp, (Fiends and Familiars of Zingozarzo), Messrs. ——
The Great Red Dragon! (Zingozarzo's Fiery Steed,) Mr. ——
Demons of Despair and Darkness, Messrs. ———

Imps, (Bottle, Water, Fog, and other varieties too numerous to particularize); Spirits of Darkness, Elves, Blue Devils, Red Devils, Black Devils, and other Ugly Things, by thirty Supernumeraries.

Dark Clouds, Thunder and Lightning, Whangs of the Gong. &c. &c. &c. by the Property Man and his Assistants.

Scene II.

The Fairy Isle, and Silver Lake, by the Fullest Moonlight!—Stars in the Blue Sky!—Silver Ripples on the Blue Water!—Aquatic Plants clinging to the Blue Rocks!—*Pale* Blue Mists, gliding before the *Deep* Blue Mountains!!

Etherialida, (Queen of the *Fairy* Isle, and *Fairy* of the Silver Lyre; Enemy of Zingozarzo and all his People, both Visible and Invisible), Mademoiselle ———

Silveria, Lunaria, Skyeria, Stellaria, Glitteria, Vesperia, Lucentia, Dazzlaria. (Attendants of Etherialida, and Spirits of the Fairy Isle), Mesdames and Mademoiselles ———

Sylphs, Fairies, Good Spirits, Little Loves, &c. &c. &c. by *numberless* Supernumeraries.

Silver Clouds,—Blue Clouds,—Silver Water,—Blue Water,—Radiating Cars,—Pink Butterflies, &c. &c. &c. by the Property Man and his numerous Deputies.

Scene III.

The Bronze Island!—Palace of King Highlo, the Green-Eyed!!

Highlo, the Green-Eyed, (King of the Bronze Island), Mr. ——
Nighgo, (his Son, Prince of the Bronze Island), Mr. ——
Slygo, (the King's Jester), Mr. — Striko, (the King's Champion), Mr. —
Panko, (the King's Cook), Mr. — Shygo, (King's Chamberlain), Mr. —
Clinko, (the Stranger Knight), Mr. ——
Green-Guards, (versus *Black*-guards), Messrs. —— Green Men, (by the signs of half a hundred public houses in London and its environs).
The Great-Green Dragon-Fly! (Plague of the Bronze Island), Signor Hum-drum.
Other Plagues; Green Horns, (Attendants of the King and Prince;) Green Armoured Knights, &c. &c. &c.
Sighgo-see, (the King's Niece, Princess of the Bronze Island, in love with Clinko), Miss ——
Greenbarnacelena, (her Gouvernante), Mr. ——
Sighforsigh, (the Princess's Confidante) Mrs. ——
Female Attendants on the Princess of the Bronze Island —— *green* young Women, not yet come to *years of discretion*, &c. &c. &c.

A new vocabulary of Christian (!) names, seems to have been ransacked to furnish the heroes and heroines of Pantomimes with suitable appellations. How long, how involved, how barbarous, yet, sometimes, how *recherché* they sound to our modern and uninitiated ears. Assuredly, the kings, queens, and great people of these motley representatives, are sent into the world most ingeniously labelled. The impassioned Juliet, in all simplicity, asks

"What's in a name?"

We, as well as all concerned in the production of *Christmas pieces*, answer, a very great deal. A great man is a great man in very confined sense, if he do not, also, boast a great name. High-sounding names are frequently the steps by which men mount to the temple of fame as well as fortune. Genius, with proper appellations of a ridiculous, homely, or, even, inoffensive, description, must stumble forward of itself, for it will look out in vain for the hand of others. A man's name is friend or enemy——the good attending genius, or familiar, that is either to second his movements, or crop his best and most, apparently, successful purposes.

Indubitably, the chief personages in Pantomimes are attended by a magnificence in place and person, that kings may indeed envy, but never imitate. And what little value do they appear to place upon their grandeur! Intensely occupied with some design in hand—the object of which, like other courtly intrigues, they scarcely know themselves—they are apt to demean themselves towards their dependants, or whoever, indeed, happens to come in their way, in a fashion, that we cannot avoid—predisposed as we are in their favour—styling highly eccentric and irregular, not to give that which so offends our notions of propriety, a harsher name. But all this is excusable—as it is a part of their nature. What moral consistency could there be, residing in such physical incongruities? Assuredly, the people in Pantomimes could not have descended from our common father and mother;—there is

little but the caricature of humanity in their appearances. They must be wrecks or remnants of a former world, who, under some circumstances or other, which we confess ourselves unable to sift into, have strayed to, and been gradually domesticated upon, our less remarkable planet. Or may they not possibly be descendants of those gigantic and mystical creatures that inhabited our world, ages and ages before it was fitted for the reception of that degenerate and dwarfish race which is generally called man. Every circumstance stands forward to bear out this opinion:—look at those monstrous and eccentric visages, those stunted, or otherwise ill-fashioned, limbs, that want of oral language, which is ill supplied by the grotesque and mystical gestures by which they seek to make known their meaning; that restless and devilish spirit of mischief which prompts them to mar every thing, be it important or trivial, in which they employ themselves; that strange and unaccountable perversion of all the principles and practices which govern society—the world at large—and, then, declare, that beings so odd in formation, so wayward, nay, wild, in disposition, so destitute of language, so distorted in inclinations, so brutishly insensible to all civilization, could derive their existence from the same progenitors as the general part of the organic and human world? No! they are the exception to the rule—the blot on the page—the vein of lead in the mine of silver:—Nature, when she fashioned them, was not thinking of what she was about, and, in her unfortunate absence of mind, therefore, sent them forth

> ——"Curtail'd of their fair proportion,
> Deform'd, unfashion'd, sent before their time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
> And that so lamely and unfashionable,
> That folks laugh at them."

Unfortunate beings! their misfortune creates merriment instead of pity. Hard hearted audience! to see nothing but food for laughter in that which ought to excite the deepest commiseration. But the world is radically cruel; or how could mischief and mishap so invariably provoke the risibility of both urchin and adult? It is, as Byron says,

> "The mere instinct of the first-born, Cain,
> However circumstance may keep it in abeyance."

We have hitherto neglected to make a mention of that many-coloured compound of freaks, genteel waggery, sprightliness, and handsome appearance—y'cleped harlequin, as well as the fair companion, who, under the name of columbine, roves with him through the world, pursued by metamorphosed father or lover, under the names of clown and pantaloon. Light, lithe, slender, graceful, the very Phœbus of Pantomime, glittering with gold, and habited, like Joseph, in his garment of many colours—masked, slippered, and armed with the gifted wand—oh! that potent wand; invested with more power than all the rods of enchanters since the foundation of the noble science of necromancy!—trips harlequin before our wondering eyes. In at doors—out at windows—darting through walls—pirouetting like fifty opera-dancers—springing five yards at a bound—inexhaustible in attitudes—astounding in resources—indefatigable in flourish of toe and wand. Columbine, too—princess of pretty movements, as Walter Scott says of Fenella—queen of the boards—goddess of gazers—the very personification of all that is airy, gay, and capricious—presiding genius of the scene—fascination in a *figurante*. Who could, for a moment, fancy, as Leigh Hunt has observed, that they are doing nothing behind the scenes!

The idea is ridiculous. No! they frisk, caper, and play tricks—every one engaged in the business; harlequin, columbine, clown, and pantaloon—out of sight of the audience, just the same as they do when in their presence. Their very nature is irreconcileably opposed to the idea of standing still. Indeed, we firmly believe that they scarcely give over their vagaries when the curtain falls, and the lamps are withdrawn that serve to throw light on their proceedings. However, every thing has an end, and, so, we admit that there must, some time or other, be an end to a Pantomime.

THE BLIND BOY.

A GENERAL laugh followed the gay and clever repartee, for Lewis was young, spirited, and handsome; uncurbed in fancy, undamped in feeling, unchecked in mind; the heir and hope of a wealthy father, encircled by friends; who could refuse to listen to his sallies with admiration? Who could by a single cold look, break through the links that bound him? No! for Victor Earle, there was not a cloud on the face of nature, there was not a shade on the face of man. Proudly did his father gaze on him, as his bright smile and laughing eyes, played round the room, as his ready hand sketched the caricature, his curling lip, uttered the unfailing joke, his light step paced gaily through the dance; or if graver subjects engaged attention, with what gratified feelings did that father listen to the varied and well-displayed knowledge, that seemed ever upon its duty,—not thrown by like lumber, in the overstored region of the brain!

"Come, come, Victor, you go too far, (said the old man), it is impossible any one can be so ridiculous; you are not a musician you know, so must not judge of the ecstasies of others."

"Indeed, dear sir, I do not exaggerate. Do, Hannah, lend me your guitar; I will just give you a specimen of our friend's attitude last night, as, with a cherry-coloured ribbon round his neck, one knee crossed over the other, and seated on a music-stool in the midst of the circle, he delighted us all with his melody." The young girl, with a quick light step left the room; returning in a moment with her guitar, which having arranged to her brother's touch, she returned to her seat; and taking again the hand of him who sat there, silent and regardless of all around, she pressed it, with that fond unobtrusive action that reaches at once the soul. And he who received that kind attention—what was he? A fair-haired boy, with the flush of beauty upon his cheek, the stamp of intellect upon his brow, the glance of heaven itself in his large, but pale blue eyes—*but he was blind.*

"Eugene, you are gloomy to-night; you have scarcely a smile even for your sister. Where are your thoughts wandering, my brother?"

"They are not wandering, Hannah; I was only thinking how very accomplished our gay Victor is. How I love to hear our dear father's voice, as he speaks of him; it almost trembles with his affection."

And so it was. Left a widower with these three children, General Earle had watched with intense interest the opening of their characters. But the voice that told him there was no hope for the sight of his eldest son, severed in a moment his interest from him, to heap it all upon Victor. Still kind and indulgent to the afflicted one, he no longer encouraged the exercise of his talents, or entered into his studies; but his youngest born was the very pride—the very glory of his life. Hannah, who was one year older than her elder brother, he considered in the light of a companion, an adviser. Her rectitude of principle, her acute perception on every subject, her ready discrimination, her sound good sense, claimed his confidence: but her less brilliant manners checked his inherent propensity to *show off* the talents which, belonging to his children, he considered as emanating from himself. Poor Eugene! how dreadful for an ardent nature like his, to be shut out by what seemed almost like a cruel destiny, from the feelings, the hopes of those around him; it was, as if in a fair island, he was girded round by a barrier of ice, from the gladsome world beyond; but in that island, there were sweet sounds and scents: and the touch which to others is a poor, I had almost said a useless sense, was to him endued with wondrous power. He could almost know the thoughts of those, whose hand was in his own, the throb of every vein spoke a silent language to him; the very motion of the air was full of the communings of spirits; the breath of those he loved, upon his cheek, spoke to him; and the wind that threw back the curled hair from his temple, pressed intelligence upon his brain. And no complaint was ever heard to pass his lips; he was not gay—he seldom spoke, yet there was ever a still and holy happiness beaming over him. For hours he would sit, with his sightless but unblemished orbs turned towards his sister Hannah, and luxuriate in drawing pictures of her, who was entwined amid his feelings, even as the vein is twisted with the fibre of the leaf, the golden thread with the 'broidered ribbon, the religion of nature with the inmost soul, the love of woman with the principles of her life.

They wandered together through the shades of the greenwood, every tree of which, was to him as a familiar friend; and he would sing to her, with a voice that seemed half fearful of its own sound; yet how beautiful, how exquisitely sweet, were the tones of that voice! without an effort, without a strain upon a single word, it was like the music of an angel, for no bird of earth could draw forth such tones of half mysterious feeling. And often would Hannah take out her pencil, and endeavour to catch the wild poetry of those songs; for she saw that in after days, his feelings would prey upon his strength, if he had not an object, and what object was for him, to whom the visible charms of nature were as nothing? for him, who reared a flower, and knew of it nothing but its smell? who tamed a bird, and recognized it only by its note? who wandered upon the sea shore, and knew nothing of the ocean's grandeur, but in its roar? What's so effective as the voice of poetry; the painting of the soul, the delineation of the inmost spirit, could supply an object of interest to him, whose life was dark? But if she failed to catch at once the spirit that dwelt within his words, he ever seemed to turn away with disgust from the task of noting down his evanescent dreamings, and *then, only then,* sigh as if there was something wanting to his world.

They seldom conversed together, for of what could *they* speak? every action of their lives was known to each other, every thought of their minds was, if not excited by the same object, at least divined, from the past and understood feelings of either. Of what *could* they speak?

their lives had run on so calm, that of events there was but one to interest them—and that one a forbidden subject,—their mother's death was never glanced at between them, memory, imagination, affection, dependance, all the concentration of feeling so inseparable with the isolation of Eugene's misfortune, had so shrined that mother in their light, that it was overpowering agony to think upon her.—Like the Indian bowing before the sun, the object of their adoration was closed round by its halo of glory even from their look of love. Theirs was the commune of the soul, the intercourse of undivided, intimate, ungeneralized love; there was not a shade of feeling that passed over Eugene's countenance that his sister did not understand; in company she would watch him, and with the tact natural only to an intelligent and devoted woman, change the conversation, or foster it into something interesting to him; if he spoke—a touch, a word, proved that he was understood and appreciated, at least by her; if by some reference to the outward world, he was puzzled or confused, she was ever near to explain, even as if she did it not for him, but for herself; if the words of his song were forgotten, she would with her low gentle voice, warble a line, uniting her tones with his; in fact she was to him as the eyesight is to others—the most precious as well as useful organ of existence.

But this could not last for ever—there was a trial yet in store, for these gentle and united spirits, a trial which Eugene would not have believed could exist, for what need had he of other and newer love? Was not his sister all in all to him? Alas! alas! the deprivation of one sense but adds fervency to others, and Eugene if he had yet to learn that there was other and dearer commune than that of a sister, even upon earth, had also to taste more of that earth's bitterness. If he left his dark but peaceful circle of *happiness*, and attempted to enter the glittering whirl of *pleasure*, he must meet with cares which that glitter alone could exhibit. But oh! how sweet, how precious were those first hours, when he sat in the bow-window, which had long been his habitual, because secluded, seat, and listened to the soft voice of his sister's schoolfellow, Grace Benford.

Eugene had no way of judging of persons, but by sounds, and he would often say, "let the phrenologist, and the physiognomist boast of their several sciences, but for a true index to the human heart, give *me* the voice; the countenance may be drest, the head may be injured, but the voice coming at once from within, is the pure expression of feeling, and no art can totally alter the structure of its intonation." It was not the power, the compass, or even the flexibility of the organ, upon which he risked his theory, for all these are of course, improved or heightened by practice, but it was the tone, the manner in which all the words fell from the lip, the slight falter, the rapid enunciation, the stress, the modulation, upon which the enthusiast dwelt.

And in the fair timid girl, who was never weary of relating to him all that she had seen in other lands, since leaving school, who ever seemed to seek in the blind boy, a refuge from the attentions and notice of the company, his soul drank in its full banquet of harmony.—The low, soft, thrilling sounds, stole upon his ear like words of blessing; every tone was true to nature, for with him there was no occasion for effort or display; there was sympathy and feeling in its music, for she felt so much of pity for the afflicted one; and there was to him minuteness and picturesque effect in its details, for she found pleasure and interest in seeing that all of which she told was so new, so unthought of by her auditor. He had lived with his sister so long in the same spot, and they had so gradually, as it were, grown into it, that it seemed unnatural

for *her* to tell him of its beauties, to describe to him the rustic seat on which she had sat and read to him, the trelliced walks, about which he wandered alone, as intimately as if he held in hand a guiding clue:—it was impossible for her now to *begin* to tell him of the scenes in which he had so long existed. But now to hear *her*—a stranger—one who was habituated to his unexcited curiosity,—tell of the wonders of the Allegheny Mountains, or of their soft recesses, where the azalea and rhododendron, found their guard and home; of the noble streams that almost rivalled inland oceans, spreading through the whole tract of the United States; of the far and trackless forests with their unbroken silence, seeming like a pause in the intercourse of spirits, while a mortal step was within their solemn precincts; and then, drawing nearer home, describe the difference of the flower luxuriating in its own clime, and the dwarfish offspring degenerating here, till by degrees, at first, cursory questions, drew her on to paint, in artless but glowing language, the very scene at his threshold. This was indeed another sense;—he could now form ideas of visible things—his converse was not so entirely of inward feelings, it was intelligible even to the worldling, and he was never weary of gathering from her recital new pictures, or rectifying the mistakes of the old ones.

Gradually too, his own sensations became a theme of interest to her —she loved to hear him tell of the thoughts which had been his world; this was as new to her, as the scenery she had unfolded to him. If she differed from him on any subject, he drew her into a playful argument—if she agreed, yet how delightful was it to compare their several feelings. —Of a favourite author, both could speak with delight, but each had a particular beauty. With Hannah this could not be—she had read the volume to him, and blended as they were in the composition of their minds, the same parts were generally chosen by either, or if not, both were unwilling to own that there could be a difference between them.

When Grace, with her mother, first came to reside near them, she expressed almost a dislike to poetry, appearing not to have depth of mind sufficient to understand or relish its enjoyment; and for a time, Eugene felt a degree of disappointment, and forgot to exercise his gentle mystery; but at length, the more impassioned thoughts that sprang from dawning love, struggled within him. It was, however, some months before the gentle girl learnt that Eugene was a poet, and then a change had come o'er the spirit of her dream. She could then listen, in the deepest silence, to his passion breathing words, noting down line after line, and then hoarding them up, and poring over them with a fondness she had never known before. Once or twice had Hannah found her thus engaged, and for a time could not help expressing astonishment at the change in her favourite studies; but the following verses, which she knew to be Eugene's, at length disclosed the secret.

"WHAT IS LOVE?"

Love is like the violet blooming
  Far, far down the distant vale,
All around the air perfuming,
  Though unfound by sun or gale.

Secret love is like the morning
  Lighting up the distant skies,
All to life and gladness turning,
  Though its orb yet hidden lies.

Love is like the bee extracting
Sweetness all unknown before,
Or like earth, her marvels acting
From each undiscovered store.
Like the melody that's thrilling
Round and through the listening grove,
Though unseen the songsters, filling
All with music—this is love!

Yes (thought Hannah to herself, as she replaced the paper, and kissing her friend's cheek, returned home) yes, poetry is indeed the language of love; my brother never touched feeling so near, as now that he is writing a sentiment that is burning in his own heart; and Grace, who has sometimes dried her eyes, and confessed she wept over Kirke White's waste of time and talent, as much as over his melancholy poesy, finds even in the blind boy's rhymes an engrossing charm, *because*—he loves her.

And fondly, carefully, did she determine to watch that no rude obstacle might mar the temple of happiness she saw these young hearts building, and whose structure she deemed to be raised on a firm and imperishable basis. The one great misfortune, which had made her brother blind from his birth, was surely enough to fulfil the word of fate, that sorrow is the lot of man, and that happiness—at least such happiness as *could* be, for one in his situation, must now be his portion.

It was a gay and joyous Christmas—the dance and the carol went merrily round in hall and boudoir, many guests were assembled, and if the day was short and gloomy, evening came with its long laugh of gladness, like the merry meeting on shore, after the cheerless, though short days of an ocean voyage. The dancers footed it gaily round the room, the music rung upon the air, and the smiles of beauty mingled with the glow of manhood, like the gentle moon, beaming upon the pride of Autumn. But Eugene, as usual, sat apart, and Grace was by his side, listening to his words, as he tried to describe to her the effect which the unmeaning gaiety of loud music excited in his soul. Her voice echoed his feelings of disgust, till his heart thrilled within him, and the words that were to unite their beings, as well as sentiments, in one, were upon his lips.

Hannah—though her situation forced her to exert herself in finding partners for the timid, energy for the idle, and enjoyment for the dissatisfied, yet watched intently over the objects of her devoted care, and at last found means to approach them so near, that she could see even the slightest change in their manner, and almost hear their words. —She gazed upon them—what can it mean? where do the gentle girl's eyes wander? is Grace aware that Eugene is leaning towards her, and anxiously for her to answer his question?

Hannah followed the direction of her looks—oh, heaven! they were fixed upon Victor! the gay, the admired, the all-accomplished brother of her sightless worshipper: the truth, in a moment, darted like lightening over the brain of the trembling sister.

Eugene was trusted, sought out, for the very guilelessness and beauty of his nature, and because it was so impossible that he could ever dream of love,—his misfortune shut him out from even the thought,—and, so while she talked with him, while she was to him his very light of life, she was yielding up heart and soul to the dominion of another, her voice, her time, were for him, but her eyes were following the world's idol, and conveying to every sense the luscious poison of passionate devotion!

Oh, agony! for the loving confiding sister, to see this, and to know that Eugene was deceiving his own soul! Through many a scalding tear did she watch them, till at length Victor approached—whispered a few words to Grace—she rose—Eugene pressed her hand, and in a moment more, she was standing with a deep and fluctuating blush upon her cheek, as the partner of Victor Earle!—

With sickening heart, did Hannah seek her almost idolized Eugine, and trembling with the dread of hearing her suspicions confirmed, spoke to him of the attention which Victor paid to their sweet friend.

"You are mistaken, Hannah, she was obliged to dance with him, but if you had felt her tremble as she left me—but it was better thus,—in another moment, my sister, I had claimed her as mine own for ever."—

She loved him not—what could hide it from him, now that his passion took its avowed form?—She loved him not;—his poetry was treasured as the transcript of her own heart for another—she courted his society, for thus could she unsuspected gaze away her young heart's idolatry:—Victor Earle was to her as a God! she dared not approach him, but through the afflicted.

Even as the fair star throws itself from its peaceful heaven, into the glittering sea, and finds in its depths nothing but a dark and restless grave—so was the knowledge of his fate, to the sightless one; yet none knew the abyss in which he was sinking, for his light shone through the dark waters that o'erwhelmed him, and spread happiness around. It was his whispered word that made Victor look upon the fair girl, and learn to love her, it was his work to place one hand in the other, and then turn away to die.—

But death came upon him in terror, the broken chord of life, in snapping, jarred back upon his brain, and phrenzy added to the darkness that had been his fate—and fearful were the ravings of the once gentle spirit.

"Give me light!—light!—I have heard her voice, and it was sweet as the dream I cherished—I have touched her—give me light!—Oh, there is darkness upon my soul—she is not dark, for the brightness of her face once shone into my very being—give me light!—tear open mine eyes!—give me light that I may see my brother's bride!—Oh, God! *this* is not light!"——And Hannah's suffocating sob was alone heard,—she looked up—and he was gone—the darkness of the grave had closed upon the sightless one.

S. L. H.

LINES.

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."—VIRGIL.

HAPPY the Man who skill'd in Nature's laws
Can trace effect to true and proper cause;
Can mark events diurnal in their course,
And track each current to its fertile source:
To him in blest intelligence is given
To hold high converse with the vaulted heaven
To view the varied planets as they run,
And tell earth's revolution round the sun—
He sees the path the Almighty foot hath trod,
And "looks through Nature up to Nature's God."

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

DEATH-BED OF AN INFANT.

Sweet Sleeper! from thy breast,
Are earthly sorrows fled,
And thou has found thy rest,
Among the holy dead;
And flowers their silky arms shall twine
O'er that peaceful form of thine.

I stood beside thy bed,
I watch'd thy feverish sleep,
I held thy throbbing head,
And turned away to weep,
I thought upon the curse—and Him
Who came to save us from our sin.

I thought—oh! may the thought
Long in my heart remain,
Of the salvation He had wrought,
Through care, and grief, and pain,
And death—and in my deep distress
I breathed a pray'r of thankfulness.

I watched thy burning eye
Once full of laughing glee,
All dimly fixed upon the sky,
As if it there could see
The prospect of eternal rest,
Upon a glorious Saviour's breast.

I kis't thee, 'twas the last,
My lips e'er gave to thine,
And now the conflict's past,
Nor shall my soul repine,
But bow to the afflicting rod,
That calls thy spirit, up to God.

That ruddy lip of thine,
Hath lost its crimson now,
And laughing curls shall shine
No more upon thy brow,
Nor thy shrill cry of joy impart.
Peace to thy Mother's broken heart,

Thy pilgrimage is past,
Thy little race is run,
The world's behind thee cast,
Thou hast the victory won,
And early reached that peaceful shore,
Where pain and death are known no more,

I leave thee to thy sleep,
Holy, and calm, and pure,
And should I ever weep,
Beholding thee no more,
To heaven I'll lift that tearful eye,
Sinless,—like thee to live and die.

S. J.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

It has lately occurred to us, that it is not improbable but that many of our readers are devout believers in the doctrines inculcated by the supporters of the noble science of Phrenology. We, therefore, have thought it advisable to lay before all such persons the following Advertisement, with which we have been favoured by a correspondent, as we think that it would not only be useful to any one wishing to procure a "better half," through the medium of the press, but that it will also serve as a hint to all phrenologists to examine well the development of of the "*crania*" of those with whom they intend to sail in partnership down the ocean of life.—Ed. "Matrimony! The advertiser, being a disciple of Dr. Gall, wishes to enter into a Phrenologico-Matrimonial alliance with a lady, who is an advocate of the system. For a Phrenologist to enter into the various minutiæ of other Hymeneal Candidates, would be superfluous:—to the developement of the brain alone we must direct our attention when seeking for an union from which we expect to emanate Unity, Peace, and Concord.

"Enough then to state that the Advertiser is between thirty and forty,* moving in the middle circles of life, and is anxious to while away the succeeding years of his existence with a lady in similar circumstances, whose configuration of brain is compatible with his own. The Phrenological description of the Advertiser is as follows:—Animal Propensities:—philoprogenitiveness, large—adhesiveness, large—concentrativeness, large—self-esteem, full—love of approbation, full—destructiveness, small. Moral Faculties: firmness, large—veneration, large—hope, large—ideality, large—conscientiousness, large. Intellectual Faculties: time, large—causality, large—comparison, large—language, moderate—mirthfullness, full—number, small.—The other organs of the regular size.

"With the knowledge that the above development occurs in one whose temperament is stiled 'nervous,' any phrenologist will easily recognise his character, qualifications, and incapacities. Lady Phrenologists answering this advertisement, must suffer a craniological examination by a competent analyst, in order that the Advertiser may be assured that the development of the brain is similarly constituted to his own."

F. W. B.

* Of course this can be altered to the real age of the Advertiser.

ESSAY.

" Sœpe utile vinci
Victoris placidi multis dementia fecit."—OVID.

THE original barbarous and ignorant state in which whole nations have been primarily sunk, has in history, been generally found to have remained unaltered through many ages; until some intercourse with a people more civilized and refined than themselves has fanned the latent spark of patriotism, has inspired them with a true sense of the value of liberty, and has implanted in them a feeling of enjoyment in the pursuit of the arts and sciences. Hence it is, that innovations from distant, and from hostile lands, may sometimes sow the seeds of the most beneficial results to savages and barbarians. For, indeed, it is not natural that a race of beings, sequestered from intercourse with any others of their own species, should be able to make any progress in civilization, or should gain that knowledge which an extensive acquaintance with the nations of the world would give them. Man is a creature of imitation. Almost all his discoveries, all his inventions are grounded upon the labors of others; and by the faculty of intelligence he reasons on, improves upon, and deduces conclusions from facts, which have been established by others who have gone before him; till the result of his enquiries and his speculations assumes a perfectly novel form, and dazzles with the appearance of originality. If then what appears to be most new is for the most part merely the perfection of an hitherto unimproved principle, how can it be expected that a nation, whose habits and views are from education the same in every breast, can, without mixing with other nations, progress in civilization? And that intercourse is in general brought about by conquest; for the "humane and placid conqueror" sees in his prostrate foe much that can be transferred to his own country as politic and beneficial; whilst the conquered are often induced readily to adopt many of the customs and manners of their generous victors.

Thus was Britain originally sunk in the grossest state of barbarity: above the brute creation, it is true, yet scarcely worthy to be classed in that of man; regardless of laws, disdaining all restraint, ranging about uncurbed, like the beasts of the forest; the painted natives, half covered with a rude skin, slung carelessly across the shoulder, hastened to join in the chase, their usual exercise; they were bold and courageous as the lion, yet was their courage stained with a wild and ferocious cruelty. War was their chief occupation, and

" Their's was the science of a martial race;
To shape the lance, and decorate the shield;
E'en the fair virgin stain'd her native grace,
To add new horrors to the tented field."

But let us mark, how, when the Romans led their forces victorious to Britannia's shore; how, when the foreign foe struck for the freedom of their native land; let us mark, how then the seeds of patriotism were sown, how then the spirit was roused which was to tear the Britons from their savage state of life, and render England in after times the mistress of the world! Then were they excited to defend their country against the invader; then was the love of freedom rooted in their breasts never to be erased; and in future times it was to burst

forth in a powerful and overwhelming flame! The intercourse which then subsisted between Rome and Britain, (though, between the conquerors and conquered) inspired those who were once barbarians with an equal desire of pursuing those objects which were worthy of them. Every brave and courageous feeling that burned within the breast of a Roman, soon spread itself amongst the Britons. A fire was kindled in their hearts, from the flashes that burst from those of their conquerors. Every British captive that was led to Rome, with admiration surveyed the progress of the arts; he was no longer the barbarian, but he felt the power of civilization gradually gaining ground upon him; and we may safely say, that this was the remote cause and origin of England's glory. And thus,

"Bloom'd forth in all their charms
The arts of peace, more strong than those of arms,
Like mists, dispersing at the dawn of day,
Barbaric ignorance refin'd away;
The sword was sheath'd, the trumpet heard no more,
And the lyre tried its humanizing power;
Religion came, the idol to explode,
And rear'd her altar to the living God:
In place of deities, with frowns pourtray'd,
Cherubs appear'd, with heav'n-born smiles array'd:
Hence wise and potent, awful and humane
The Christian system holds the guiding rein."

These, then, are the advantages derivable from the intercourse of barbaric with more refined nations; and from hence we may fondly anticipate, what great benefits will be conferred upon our fellow creatures, by our present system of colonization; that is, how the diffusion of knowledge, and the blessings of the revelation of Christianity, may visit the savage nations of the world, and render them fit to become members of the great community of man.

A B.

SCIENTIFIC VARIÆ.

Dr. Arnott, who long since by his scientific labours and useful inventions, placed his name on the list of the benefactors of mankind, has lately contrived a stove, which, among other advantages,—saves seven-eighths of the fuel heretofore consumed—keeps the room always in the same temperature, preventing unpleasant draughts, and without risk of the fire going out. It only requires to be attended to once in four-and-twenty hours, for the coal, once placed in the stove, needs no more attention than does the oil poured into a lamp. For comfort, safety and economy, this discovery must rank high in public estimation; and it will add to the doctor's claims to the gratitude of his countrymen.

Acoustics.—MM. C. Latour and Demonferrand have invented an instrument, which they propose naming the Acoustic Pyrometer, and which will emit sounds according to the temperature in which it may be placed.

Egyptian Antiquities.—We have attended the first three of a series of lectures on this subject by Mr. Pettigrew, which were richly illustrated with drawings and curiosities, and afforded a high treat to the admirers of this fashionable and interesting study.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

"Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

M. Abitbol, on the Bank of England Monetary System. January, 1837.

This is a very ably-written pamphlet, in the form of a letter, addressed to the Governor of the Bank of England, "***On the Circulating Medium and Operative System of the Bank, and its influence and effect upon Bullion, English and Foreign Securities and Exchanges,***" and is worthy the perusal of all persons either immediately or remotely interested in so important a subject. The author, Mr. Abitbol, appears to be a gentleman of great practical knowledge, and has treated the subject in a manner that proves his intimate acquaintance with the sound principles of political economy. His object has been to shew the extensive evil that must arise, not only from the absolute ***adoption*** by the bank of any restrictive measures in regard to the present amount of circulating medium, but also the serious consequences resulting even from the ***contemplation*** of such a measure; he has briefly, but comprehensively, gives the cause and effect, and with prophetic spirit warned the bank of the fatal consequences which a contraction in its issue must beget, on any the slightest emergency or alarm. By such forcible reasoning, deduced from authentic fact and official data, Mr. Abitbol demonstrates that any measure, calculated directly or indirectly, to depreciate the national wealth, (and such he maintains would be the effect of any contraction of the circulating medium, already inadequate in its amount to the increased population, averaging only about 15*s.* per head, while that of France gives an accommodation of from 100 to 120 francs per head), will cause a general mistrust and panic, and a depreciation of every kind of property, similar in effect to, but much more fearful in its consequences than, that produced in 1825 and 1826. This opinion the author bases upon the consideration of the known limited means of the bank (as shewn by annual returns of bullion in its coffers), to answer the overwhelming power of joint stock companies and country banks, who, it is asserted, may draw the Bank of England of its gold in half-an-hour, independently of mischief from foreign calls." In illustration and support of his argument, Mr. Abitbol acquaints us with the curious, but important, and no less alarming statement, that the quantity of gold drawn from the Bank by one individual alone, (the late Mr. Rothschild) in the month of July, 1824, exceeded the whole amount taken by the public by £175,000.; the issue to the former being £850,000.—that to the latter only £675,000!! a fact that proves beyond a doubt how fatally past remedy such a power might be employed, regard being had to the fact, that there exists no controlling law to check or restrain its voluntary exercise. The great source of evil, its dreaded consequences, and sole preventives are thus condensed: "The draining pump of gold is erected in the Act of Sir Robert Peel; the first gun fired in Europe, or even a war of protocols, or an alarm at home, would put it in rapid action—commerce and confidence alone can stop it. The national salvation rests upon the maintenance and support of them."

Mr. Abitbol calls on the legislature, the government and the bank, to unite in adopting a system of wise and imperative policy, to guard against any commercial distress or depreciation of property or securities materially and immediately governed by the quantity of bank issue.

We have exceeded the usual limits of our department in the space given to this review, but it is a subject of importance to the monied and commercial world, and equally to the labouring classes, and as such it has more than ordinary claim to attention.

Pharmacopœia Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensis—Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physcians of London. Woodfall, Skinner Street.

For many months past the members of the medical profession have been looking forward with anxiety to the production of the Pharmacopœia; they were led to believe that it would, indeed, be a superior compilation, far different to any of those which have hitherto appeared: but we regret to say that all their hopes have been lamentably disappointed. In our opinion, the present Pharmacopœia is a most complete failure. We cannot, it is true, deny but that it does possess some good points. Thus, for instance, it is considerably better than its predecessor; but this does not say much for it. It contains also one or two good recipes; as, for example, the mixture to which the high-sounding title of "Mistura spiritus Vini Gallici" has been given, is an excellent recipe for "egg-flip;" and we should advise all our readers who delight in this salubrious compound, to fashion it after the recipe here given. After thus enumerating its good qualities, we must reverse the picture, and proceed to consider its faults, and we regret to be compelled to say, that these are neither few nor trivial. In the first place, there is a great want of natural arrangement. It is a mere list of drugs, instead of which, it would certainly have been far better to have given their natural history—the use, doses, &c. There are also many remedies which are in daily use amongst practitioners, more particularly those which have been derived from the experience of our continental brethren, which are not even named. Again: there will, most assuredly, be no end to the confusion which the alteration in the nomenclature will produce. We have heard many of the most eminent physicians characterise it as most absurd and uncalled for. On the whole, we consider the New Pharmacopœia a most defective production.

MUSIC.

"There is beauty in the sunbeam." Words by J. E. CARPENTER. *Music by* G. F. TAYLOR. Mason, Great Russell Street.

The words of this ballad are taken from the "Lays of Light Hearts," by J. E. Carpenter, which have already received the meed of public approbation. The music is pretty, and reflects great credit on its young composer.

Quadrilles from "Beatrice di Tenda." By J. P. BARRATT.

Although the opera of Beatrice di Tenda has been, comparatively speaking, unsuccessful in this country, still we think that our readers will not fail to admire these quadrilles. Mr. Barratt's selection is highly judicious, and to the "trippers on the light fantastic toe" they will prove a valuable acquisition.

MEETING OF SOCIETIES DURING THE MONTH.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

Royal Institution.—On February 10th. the members assembled as usual in the Library, The tables were covered with various articles in nature and art; and among the latter we particularly noticed an ingenious method adopted by Mr. Shillibeer, for instantaneously changing the poles of an electro-magnet. This little instrument excited much attention. In the Theatre Dr. Ritchie delivered a lecture on the velocity of sound. He observed that from the time of Newton to that of La Place all information on this subject was extremely imperfect. The former philosopher had found great dissonance between the actual and the thoretical velocity of sound, and La Place endeavoured to prove that air became heated from condensation, during the passage of sound, and that this difference of temperature caused the discrepancy between theory and practice; but Dr. Ritchie remarked, that as sound is a series of palpitations through the air, a dilatation as well as a condensation takes place. Thus, if a vertical piece of whalebone be bent to the left, the air will be compressed on that side, but as the bone will spring back nearly as far on the right side, a re-action and an expansion ensues. From many experiments which the lecturer had made, on the rate at which sound travels through water, steam, and the different gases, he found that the velocity through the various gases is always in a certain ratio to the density of the liquid which each gas may be made to assume. A certain period of time must elapse before the motion of one particle of the atmosphere could be imparted to another, and Dr. Ritchie illustrated this by an elegant arrangement of small magnets, each of which having to describe a small arc, 'ere the primary impulse of a larger magnet could be conveyed throughout the series, rendered the time occupied in the passage very perceptible. He then proceeded to comment on the premises on which La Place, &c. had founded their calculations, and pointed out with great ability and clearness the obstacles which prevented them from obtaining accurate results. It was absurd, he said, to suppose the atmosphere to be composed of particles each of which was a mere mathematical point, for if this were the case it might be compressed absolutely to nothing.

Medico-Botanical Society.—February 8. Earl Stanhope in the Chair.—The minutes of the last meeting having been read, and a new member elected, a paper was read by Dr. Ryan on the defective state of the New Pharmacopeia, but as that gentleman's remarks are in unison with many of those which we have presumed to make in another article, (see page 116), we do not think it necessary to detail them here.* When the Doctor's communication had been read, Drs. Sigmond and Macreight took part in a conversation on the subject, and the chairman observed that a learned and celebrated German doctor, with whose friendship he had been honoured, had commenced an Universal Pharmacopeia, but had been prevented by death from completing it. He (Lord Stanhope) had since received a letter from his widow, begging him to recommend some one capable of finishing the work. After some further discussion of no particular interest the meeting adjourned.

* In justice to Dr. Ryan, we should state, that our notice of the Pharmacopœia was written before the above meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society took place, and that it is not intended as a copy of his paper, or as an exposition of his opinions. Our only reason for omitting the learned doctor's remarks in the above report, is the limited space to which we are obliged to confine ourselves.—Ed. N. L. M.

MARYLEBONE INSTITUTION,—January 30. Mr. Wylie commenced this evening a lecture on the Arabian Empire, which he continued on the following Monday. The Arabs, at first merely a tribe of predatory barbarians, were descendants of Ishmael. They had scarcely any religion, and were embroiled in perpetual quarrels amongst themselves, until Mahomet, having founded a new religion, gave them laws, united them, led them victoriously against their oppressors, gained for them city after city and territory after territory, and in a short time raised them to be masters of a high and mighty empire. Having thus proved themselves courageous in war, they sought to become eminent in the arts of peace; and having procured a cessation of hostilities, turned their attention to learning and the arts and sciences, and encouraged commerce and manufactures. It is to them we owe the invention of the Arabic numerals, the manufactures of cotton, paper, and perhaps of gunpowder—mechanics and medicine were also much cultivated by the Arabians;—but they ever felt the spirit of the prophecy—"their hand shall be against every man's hand, and every man's hand against them." Annoyed by foreign interference, and shaken by internal commotions, the empire gradually sunk into decay, and at the present day presents a sorrowful instance of the mutability of human greatness. There was a numerous audience to each of these lectures, but Mr. Wylie made them vehicles more for the display of language, (of which he has great command), than for the communication of information.

February. 13th. This evening Dr. Grant delivered a lecture on the species of marine animals, called, Acalepha, which have a gelatinous appearance, with scarcely any solid parts; which, when viewed attentively, they may be perceived to be encircled by voluminous bands or silia, which have a quick vibratory motion, occasioned by the action of minute fins (to be discerned only with a microscope) by means of which they move in the water. Dr. Grant remarked, that the lungs of man, thirty hours after death, have a quick vibratory motion precisely similar to that of these silia. The lecturer then called attention to the "Portuguese Man-of-War," an animal, which rises to the surface of the sea, by means of a gaseous secretion, which, by distending a sack, or bag, renders it specifically lighter than the surrounding water; it allows the gas to escape when it wishes to descend. The "physograde" animals, are found principally in the tropical seas. The "siliograde," as the first mentioned animals are called, are met with in great numbers near the Isle of Sheppey. The lecture was illustrated by numerous drawings and specimens.

WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTION.—Mr. Sheridan Knowles has been occupied during the last month in delivering a series of lectures on the Drama, which have drawn crowded and delighted audiences. The first of this course was devoted to the consideration of the construction of the drama, and its moral influence on society; which we need scarcely say was by so great an ornament to dramatic literature placed in its most favourable light. The lecturer then proceeded to deprecate the trivial objections made to many exquisite productions of the dramatist by critics who only judge of the merit of a piece by certain dogmas which they consider should always be observed. One of these "standing orders" is that monosyllabic words should be employed as sparingly as possible—and, said the lecturer, many fine works have been condemned merely for this pretended fault, which is indeed a mark of excellence, for the genius of the English language lies in words of one syllable. It is derived from the Saxon, a language more than any other monosyllabic; and there are many passages in the works of Shakspeare, Milton, and others of our best poets, universally admired for their beauty, in which scarcely any polysyllables are found. Mr. Knowles concluded the first part of his discourse by reciting many such passages from British poets to illustrate his remarks.

He resumed the subject on the succeeding week, and maintained, in opposition to many dogmatical critics, that nature should be followed as closely as possible in all compositions, except those purely imaginary. Shakspeare, Ben Johnson, Massinger, and all our ancient dramatists had pursued this plan with the best results; and he defended many passages, which even in these poets had been censured on this plea. Amongst those which he in-

stanced, as beautiful specimens of natural eloquence, was Marc Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar, which he delivered with great effect.

The third lecture was devoted to a consideration of the first act of Macbeth. Mr. Knowles dwelt on the excellent manner in which Shakspeare has contrived in this play to maintain an unvaried consecutiveness in the plot, from the first scene to the last. He has availed himself of every little incident, in an apparently unimportant dialogue, to work out the grand climax which is at last attained, as may be observed in almost every word spoken on the first interview with the witches on the heath. In commenting upon the reception of Macbeth and Banquo by the king, in the fourth scene, he called the attention of the audience to the closeness with which nature had here been copied. It was a peculiar feature in the art with which Shakspeare drew his characters, that he appeared to embody himself for the time being in his ideal personages, and to seize and pourtray every minute shade of character which they would probably exhibit in nature;—this is instanced particularly in this scene. The effect of the prediction of the witches is already perceived in the studied answer of Macbeth to the compliments of the king. It is a mere effusion of the brain—

MACBETH.

The service and loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour;

whilst the warm reply of his friend to the king's salutation is spontaneous, and comes from an affectionate and grateful heart:

DUNCAN.

Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO.

There, if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles then proceeded to the fifth scene, in which Lady Macbeth first appears, reading the letter from her husband; and he availed himself of the opportunity to bestow an eulogium, characterised by the most impassioned eloquence, and delivered with such fervency as to draw tears from many of his fair auditors, on Mrs. Siddons' impersonation of the character. Passing on to the seventh scene, and slightly remarking on the intermediate passages, he adverted to the different readings of the dialogue

MACBETH.

If we should fail.

LADY MACBETH.

We fail!

Some read this reply to the exclamation of Macbeth as though a failure were impossible. Others, consider that the masculine mind of Lady Macbeth, perceives equally with her husband the dire consequences which await them if they do not succeed, but they remark that she has bent her soul to the prosecution of the scene, and is willing to hazard every thing to obtain its fulfilment; and accordingly, when Macbeth hints the possibility of failure, she replies composedly—we fail! This latter position the lecturer urged with great ingenuity; and he observed, that if the ensuing speech of Lady Macbeth, conjuring her husband to act with spirit, be read with emphasis on the *negation*, instead of on the pronoun and verb, the view of the case will be strengthened:

MACBETH.

If we should fail.

LADY MACBETH.

We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we'll *not* fail.

The conclusion of this course of Lectures we thought particularly beautiful. Mr. Knowles said, he ever felt great pleasure in lecturing to the members of the institution, but on that evening he felt peculiarly awkward—there was an indescribable feeling pervading him, which he could not shake off. He knew himself (laying his hand on a volume of Shakspeare), to be in the presence of a master-spirit, and he felt his own insignificance. "Yes!" said he, "here is a work, to equal which, would be the greatest height of my ambition;—but I know its excellence—I am aware how transcendantly beautiful it is—what genius is displayed in its production. I despair even of ever approaching it!" We wish we could remember the exact words, and infuse the manner of the Lecturer into this impassioned speech.

London Mechanics' Institution.—Mr. Serle has delivered in the course of the month a series of lectures upon the Drama at this Institution which have been attended with great success. In his first he argued strenuously in favor of the stage as a school of morality, and contended that in all countries, but more especially in England, the most beneficial results had arisen from a well regulated drama; those who advanced the impiety of plays he referred to the Scriptures to the stories of Nathan and David, and the Prodigal Son, which he stated was in itself a perfect drama. He recited in a most impressive manner the opening of the tragedy of Hamlet, and distinctly proved the superior wisdom of our immortal bard, in leaving so much to the imagination of the audience whose expectations he had previously raised; and he remarked that although he had seen the great Talma enact the character and deliver the description (used in France instead of the appearance of the spirit), it was far from making that impression on the mind which is experienced by those who witness it on our own stage.

In his second lecture he animadverted upon the true meaning of what is termed poetical justice, and here again he had recourse to Shakespeare, in nearly all of whose plays it is found to be truly administered. Upon incident he remarked the success of the drama greatly depends, he bid the audience remember that no play could be endured that had but one incident, but that it must rest its hopes of pleasing upon a succession of them. He instanced the grave scene in Hamlet in which Laertes and Hamlet meet. Laertes maddened at the mouruful fate of his beloved sister, charges Hamlet with having been the cause: the quarrel here ensues, and leads to the incident that follows in the last scene. He condemned those whose presumption had led them to make any alterations in the works of Shakespeare, in no one of which, he said, had they been successful; but they had served to show plainly their own inability and the superior judgment and knowledge of stage business possessed by that great author.

In the third lecture, in which Mr. S. commented upon dramatic language, he was equally successful. Othello, Macbeth, and Lear were the works to which he directed the attention of his hearers for examples of that which he considered most beautiful and expressive,

On the 15th, Mr. Cowper delivered a most useful and entertaing lecture upon paper-making, which was well attended, and which appeared to give great satisfaction to the more scientific part of his auditory; but we have ever remarked, that no lecture, however well got up or delivered, on a scientific subject, appears to collect so large an audience as on a literary one.

On the 17th, Mr. Serle again lectured to a theatre literally crowded. He held up to ridicule those plays in which the hero or heroine describes the agony felt, instead of showing the result of the feeling. He turned to Hastings, and also to the character of Jane Shore, in both of which, this description occurs frequently; after which, as a contrast, he read the murder scene in Macbeth, very much to the delight of the audience, which they testified by their loud applause.

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HAZARD HOUSES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GAMING HOUSES OF LONDON."

"WELL encountered," said L——, when, after the lapse of a fortnight from the evening of our last excursion, we crossed each other's path within the healthful and agreeable range of the plantation of St. James's Park. "I am here, as you perceive," continued he, "lounging away my morning hour, inhaling the freshness and enjoying the freedom of the scene, so beautifully and beneficially contrasted with the artificial appearance, formalities, and restraints of fashionable night. Here I find pleasure and amusement in the innocent and lively gambols of nurselings and nursemaids, and watch with delight the occupations of the urchin tribe, who bring their rations of biscuit and bread and butter, wherewith to ingratiate themselves with the ducks and ducklings who prank in the cheerful stream. I sometimes moralize and contemplate the happy buoyant days of the child, when his mind, vagrant as his steps, pursues the gossamer, and flies from object to object lawless and unconfined, and reflect on the change that must come o'er the spirit of his dream—when this happy and enviable period must merge into more advanced life, and the heart's gaiety be sobered or deadened by the cares and anxieties of worldly occupations and interests. Within this limited but favoured spot of metropolitan perambulation, there is much food for the philosophical observer; for the man who speculates on character as deducible from exterior; in other words, for him who professes to 'read the mind's construction in the face'—for here recreate alike the grave and gay, the mirthful and melancholy, the sanguine in hope, and the enthusiastic in misery. Here rove the idle and industrious—the one like Solomon's fool, occupied only by the weighty affair of *doing nothing*; the other maturing in his mind some useful principle or scheme of enterprize and profit; or, with equal laudability, studiously devoting himself to some subject whereon to edify and enlighten

his fellow-man. This spot, too, is the favoured resort of the fair. Here promenade nymphs of nature's own sweet and cunning workmanship, of languishing lasses, and maids of more robust and healthful mien. Here may be seen, reclining on some umbrageous spot, the sentimental dame, like Niobe, all tears, weeping over Werter's sorrows, or the more youthful novel-devouring lass, drinking deep from the fountain of flattery, which the author has so felicitously set up, and which she fails not, in her heart's own fabulous application, to receive as her peculiar meed bestowed by the one dear object of her affections. Here marches the military Exquisite from the Horse Guards, but recently commissioned, and ill at ease in the weight of finery that burthens him, bearing his blushing honours thick upon him, and strutting along with all the pomp and pride of gold epaulettes and Jack boots, casting his glances from under a mountain of cap at every fair one he meets, and setting himself down in his own happy estimation as irresistible. Youths of light hearts and maids of modest mien, stray in the sweet and social intercourse of love, preferring to interchange their amorous confessions by the light of day's glorious orb, rather than to whisper them on the murmuring gales of eve, under the influence of the changeable and mischief-loving moon, intuitively impressed with Lord Byron's opinion—

" The devil's in the moon for mischief,'
&c. &c.

Here perambulate also fools, who make fashions, and wise men who follow them. Knaves who live by seeming what they are not, and meritorious men whose modesty and diffidence would conceal what they really are. The old sexagenarian libertine is frequently and daily observable slowly and cautiously creeping his way among the bright-eyed nursemaids, ingeniously noticing the infants of their charge, that he may more effectually open a way to whisper his adulations into the ears of the more immediate object of his attentions. Here stroll pampered pimps and painted prudes ; and last, not least, in deep contemplative musings, numerous members of that peripatetic school of philosophy, termed the Ways and Means Club, men whose outward garb shews at once their contempt for all fashionable exterior, and who are seeking the ' that within which passeth show,' and solving in their own minds the great and important problem of—' *Where shall I dine ?*' "

" Truly," said I, " you have given a most entertaining description of this metropolitan retreat, and one that could emanate only from a contemplative mind like your own ; but now that we are on the subject of character, let me remind you of your promise to accompany me to a hazard hell." " I have not forgotten," said he, " and am prepared to redeem the promise whenever you shall have a leisure evening from more rational and agreeable engagements. How stand your engagements for Saturday ?"

"Free as liberty's self," replied I, "and wholly at your appointment, anxious to take lesson the second in the interesting course of worldly instruction which you have so specially and elaborately made out for me." "Your desire shall be gratified," said he, "and now for our plans. Dine with me at six; after which we will go to the opera, and then, a-là-Tom and Jerry, we will visit the midnight haunts of hell and hazard." Saturday arrived, and, punctual to the hour of engagement, I joined L—— at six. We discussed the merits of his cook, as displayed in the management of some boiled salmon and lamb chops, and paid a well merited tribute to the respectability of his wine merchant, by giving most indubitable proof of our approval of the exquisite flavour of his Lafitte. Having thus manfully acquitted ourselves of the most agreeable duties we moved off in the direction of the opera, there to revel in all the luxury and enchantment of impassioned feeling and sweet sounds. We had chosen a brilliant evening, that of the day of the drawing room in celebration of the King's birthday. The house was in a blaze of beauty and brilliants; the latter in many instances eclipsed by the more transcendent lustre of the eyes they would have rivalled; the *tout ensemble* was of a nature to throw a novice wild with wonder and delight, and to leave him in doubt as to the reality of his vision. Such was the effect on myself. My senses were steeped in astonishment, and I could scarcely credit that the scene was other than that of enchantment, so far did it surpass every thing that had yet fallen within the scope of my most fairylike conceptions. The syren Grisi warbled her soul and sentiment around, and Rubini and others renewed in the feelings of the auditors all the delightful and pleasurable sensations which their highly gifted and no less highly cultivated talent must ever inspire. The ballet followed, and here was displayed the symmetry and elasticity of the "human form divine," in all its elegant proportion and variety. The young were in a state of rapturous excitement, while the aged, straining their visions through the medium of glasses, canvassed in more sedative, but not less sensual terms, the merits and capacities of each fair candidate for favour. Taglioni and Duvernay discoursed so eloquently in what Moore so felicitously terms "the extatic language of the feet," that the force of delight and admiration could no further go. The audience, which albeit is not usually, as I understand, given to the noisy expression of applause, but limited to the undertone of approbation, which in fashionable life is considered to be more refined and *recherché*, were actually clamorous in their applause. It was indeed the very perfection of the art, where action and pace were modified and combined even to the nicest extreme of the ideal; but the vision was at an end, the curtain fell, and it was some time before the move of departure was made, so powerful had been the effect of the exhibition. At length, however, we rose to depart, and making our way out through one of the greatest

crowds I ever witnessed, all moving on with an order and regularity that astonished me, we reached the Haymarket colonade; "and now," said my friend, "to relieve your senses from the spell which appears to bind them, we will pass from the celestial to the infernal; and as we are in the immediate neighbourhood of one of the most low-lived hells that disgrace the metropolis, the contrast will be complete. We are in the very nick of time, for—

> 'Tis now the witching hour of time,
> When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes forth,
> Contagion to the world.'

The demons of the gambling houses (without respect for the Sabbath, and equally regardless of the whole bench of bishops, magistrates, and all constituted authorities) open wide their infernal doors about the hour of twelve, and continue their work of plunder as long as they find fools to enter them. The house to which I am about to introduce you," said my friend, "is one of the lowest grade in the scale, for it restricts not its accommodation to any particular class of persons, as many others profess to do, no:

> All who will come, all are welcome;
> If they 're last, let imps from hell come.

The house in question is kept by a set of Jews, who set all distinction at naught, and to whom the recommendation of a full purse is the highest species of qualification. In this den congregate for one grand purpose of gain and plunder, all description of persons, peers and pugilists, baronets and barbers, lawyers and legs, shopmen and sheriffs' officers, cooks, clerks, couriers, valets, with bullies and blackguards, of every description, all huddled together in one common disgraceful pursuit. But now for ocular demonstration." By this time we had reached Leicester-Square, and entering the passage of a house at the corner of a street at the north-west corner, we summoned the porter by the usual application of the knocker. Without hesitation, and free from all the scrutiny and examination which characterized our visit to the hell of St. James's, we were admitted, and made our way up stairs to the scene of action. The room, which was spacious, was literally crammed, with as motley a group as ever eye beheld. In the centre of one portion of the room was a large table, of similar form and appearance to a *rouge et noir* table, but differently marked for the purposes of the game at this table. Opposed to each other were seated two individuals, with long wooden rakes in their hands, and before them a profusion of counters of different character and colour. On the table immediately in front of the persons alluded to were pieces of ivory, in the form of cards, bearing on them certain numbers, from 5 to 10, which I was informed were for the purpose of marking from time to time what is termed the main and chance, or the number which the factor or player has to throw against the number which he originally calls

for his main. The immense crowd which surrounded the table, prevented me for a time having any clear or distinct view of the process of the game. The noise was great and incessant; an eternal kind of disputation appeared to be kept up, with an unabated vigour of lungs that astonished me. A confused jargon of the most incongruous sounds and unintelligible phrases fell on my uninitiated ear. "Make your bets, gentlemen"—"Now, Sir, your main"—"Seven's the main"—"Seven-eleven's a nick"—"Deuce ace out"—"Five's the main"—"Seven to five"—"the odds are six to four"—"Who gives on doublets?"—"Cinque lauded"—"Die down," and fifty other exclamations and observations with which most of the party appeared perfectly conversant, but which to my untutored mind appeared as Hebrew to a Hottentot. My friend acquainted me that it would be difficult to give me any correct idea of this technical phraseology, without witnessing the operation of the dice from which it all emanated. After the lapse of an hour, during which I vainly attempted to form in my own mind some opinion of the game, some of the party, eased of their money made their way from the scene of misfortune, and enabled us to approach within observation of passing events; and my friend directed my attention to a person who had in his hand a wooden small box, in which he placed two dice, and after rattling them well within the box, called seven's the main, which call was repeated by one of the persons officiating at the table, called the groom-porter, after he had first called upon the company to make their bets, which they did by placing their money on one or other of the two compartments into which the table is divided, and marked *In* and *Out*. The former indicating the *success*, the latter the *failure* of the person throwing the dice. No sooner had the main been called by the groom-porter, than he proceeded to mark it by placing the ivory piece bearing thereon the number 7 before him, within the whole view of the persons at the table, and with a view to prevent all subsequent disputes. The castor then threw the dice, which turned up 4 and 2, making together 6. This number was immediately marked by the other croupier at the table, and it was then subsequently announced that the castor had *six* to *seven*, and that the odds were *six* to *five*. This was cursorily explained to me by my friend to mean that the castor having called 7 and thrown 6, the latter number became his chance against the original number called, and there being 6 ways of throwing the 7 against 5, by which the 6 might be accomplished, the odds were consequently 6 to 5 against the six. "The whole principle of this game," said my friend, "may be illustrated by any one throw; and though apparently presenting much variety and complication to a novice, is based on the simple circumstance of there being 36 throws on the dice. On the throwing any particular number against any other number named or required, are calculated with mathematical accuracy, the odds or chances

in favour or against the player. The person who had the box in hand continued to throw them out and replace them, until the groom-porter announced ' 6 with doublets, the castor's in ;' this done, he and his opposite assistant proceeded to draw the losing stakes, and to pay the receiving side—a task which appeared to me to require much readiness of hand, and quickness of head—for the money was placed in a most irregular manner. Some had taken 6 to 5, others 12 to 10, 18 to 15, or 25 to 30; and that in shillings, half-crowns, or crowns, as they fancied to settle, and pay, which appears to be the work only of a minute or two with these adroit professors. All these being paid, the castor again called his main, and the same ceremony repeated by the groom-porter, the dice were again thrown, but not with like success; for the groom-porter announced, " Deuce ace out;" and immediately drew all the money on the *In* department without making payment to those who had backed the *Out*. This my friend informed me was the advantage of the game to the banker at French hazard, and was about equal benefit with the 31 apres at *rouge et noir*. The box continued to pass round the table in rotation, some taking it, others declining so to do, and preferring to make their speculations on the operations of others, a course usually adopted by experienced hands at crowded tables, where there is little fear of tricks without detection, but which should be avoided by all means in every other case, for it is reported to be a well known fact, that some hundreds of persons have been plundered solely by betting on the hands of other persons in preference to their own, by which means they have become the dupes of sharpers and their confederates. As the general events of the game occurred, I obtained some partial explanation, and a promise that at leisure he would fully instruct me in its developement. My attention was, however, here as at the *rouge et noir* table directed to the parties forming the group. I was particularly attracted by one or two individuals who risked rather largely, their respective stakes, averaging from ten to twenty pounds on each event : the one was smoking his cigar during the whole of the performance with a degree of ease and *nonchalence* that I could not but admire; his appearance and manner were characteristic of the gentleman, although he broke out occasionally into the most unqualified oaths, by way, I suppose, of adapting himself to the classical language of his surrounding associates, whom, in his better moments, he doubtlessly held in the contempt which was their due. This gentleman, I was informed, graced the class of baronets; had inherited a large fortune, which had gone to enrich the great demon of St. James's Street, who, now that he had no more to lose by his equally worthy committee-men, were desirous of excommunicating him from their brother club; but the baronet is a man of spirit, as he is a man of the world, and is not to be led by the nose by a set of mercenary ninnies, who are

worse than contemptible. He is as independent in mind and manner as he was once, and still deserves to be, in fortune; follows his own free course and pleasure, drives his coach, smokes his cigar, cracks his bottle, and shakes his elbow as the maggot bites, and cares not, as he himself most emphatically expresses it, a damn for any one. Near to this soul, was a person playing his pound or two, and that in a very cool deliberate manner, that peculiarly distinguished him from others; he did not take the box, but betted on other hands, and usually backed the castor out. On inquiry, I was informed that this person was a Jew; had long been on the town as one of the most anxious and expert players at billiards, hazard, backgammon, &c., and that he had amassed a sum of money thereat sufficient to enable him to live independently in the neighbourhood of Belgrave-Square; but that latterly, certain speculations at races had diminished his means, and that he had again taken to his old occupation. This person is said to be the most perfect master of his art, in all the qualifications of dice, and is ever on the alert to enter the lists when advantage offers; he actually has about him large sums of money to create confidence, and is said to have employed agents at most of the hazard houses to send for him *express* at any hour of the night, when any person appeared who was considered or known to be a fit subject for fleecing. He has been known to get up at three o'clock in the morning, fresh as a lark, from his slumbers, and ere the morning light to have realized his thousand pounds. It is told of him once, however, that being so summoned from his slumbers, he as usual made his way to the scene of action with his £1000 or £1,500 in purse, and returned minus the whole sum, having met with as keen a hand as himself, who had conveniently brought his own bones with him, or in other terms, introduced his own dice, with which he was content to keep the box until he had completely finished off his Jew Better.

EXPOSITOR.

LINES.

WHEN through the world in fortune's search
We take our ardent way,
Bright Expectation lights her lamp
To guide us with its ray:
But ere the expected treasure 's won,
Dark clouds begin to rise;
And the bright light that led us on,
Faints, glimmers, sickens, dies.

ON HIBERNATION.

The consideration of the effects produced by cold on animals naturally leads to the curious and important property of Hibernation. This term is applied by naturalists to that state of torpidity or lethargy in which some mammiferous animals of our climate, the dormouse, for instance, pass nearly the whole of the cold season. When in this state, the animal appears cold, incapable of all motion, and passes three or four months without eating, drinking, or breathing. During the lethargy, the animal has an orbicular or bent position; the muzzle applied against the abdomen, the hind feet carried forwards, the fore feet placed against the breast, the ears lying upon the sides of the head, the eyes firmly closed, the whole body drawn together in a lump, and the tail rolled all round the body. A slight excitement does not waken the animal, but a powerful one does.

There are several circumstances with regard to hibernating animals, which in themselves are extremely curious. The first of these is, that animals subject to hibernation differ in scarcely any thing from other animals, being nearly allied to them, which are not subject to it; for besides the dormouse, the lerot, the muscardine, &c. for example, which hibernate, we find the rat, the dormouse, the squirrel, and many others of the same family, do not hibernate. Hibernating animals appeared to be dispersed, and, as it were, vaguely distributed among families the most unlike each other. In our climates, it is during winter that these animals experience their lethargy; but under the torrid zone, which also has its sleeping animal, the *taurec*, it is during the periods of the greatest heat that this animal becomes torpid. These are only a few of the curious details and unusual effects which this astonishing phenomenon presents.

Hibernation presents two distinct kinds of lethargy. In the first of these, the *imperfect lethargy*, the respiration is suspended and renewed by turns, every three, four, or five minutes. In the other, which may be termed the *perfect lethargy*, respiration entirely ceases, and the circulation is likewise impeded. To prove the truth of this assertion, many philosophers have submitted various torpid animals to the action of deleterious gases, which would infallibly have proved fatal had respiration been continued in the slightest degree, and the results were always such as to place beyond the possibility of doubt the total suspension of respiration during the perfect lethargy.

The property of hibernation in animals, although exceedingly curious in all the circumstances that belong to it, is truly wonderful in its preservative power; a power which maintains the existence of the animal, not only as well as if all its vital actions were in full operation, but if the observations of some naturalists

are to be credited, even under some circumstances in which the animal could not live were its ordinary vital actions in complete play. The state of hibernation itself seems to be produced in order to preserve the animal from the operation of temporary causes, such as states of temperature, climate, &c. which would otherwise be fatal to it. While these states continue, the usual vital processes are either wholly suspended, or go on in an extraordinary slow degree; as soon as the torpor passes away, these vital actions are renewed, and the animal springs into life and vigour with renovated power, safe during the whole period of its suspended animation from the influence of physical agents, not only in their ordinary state of energy, but as has just been stated, in an extraordinary degree of intensity.

The loir, or fat dormouse, which in winter falls into a torpid state, illustrates what may be considered as the lowest degree of hibernation. These creatures possess so little animal heat, that it scarcely exceeds the ordinary temperature of the air; their torpor ceases with the cold; a very few degrees of heat will re-animate them, and if they are kept during the winter in a warm room, they will continue active the whole season; they will then move about, eat, drink, and sleep, at intervals, like other animals. When the cold approaches, they roll themselves into a ball, and in this state may be found in hollow trees or clefts of rocks, or in holes in walls exposed to the south; they may be taken and rolled about without rousing them; nothing, indeed, seems to awaken them from their lethargy but gradual heat; if exposed suddenly before a fire, they die; resuscitation can only be effected by degrees. In this state, however, though deprived of the capability of movement, with the eyes closed, and in an apparent state of death-like indifference, they possess a feeling of pain; a wound or burn causes them to contract, and to make a slight sort of convulsive leap, which they will repeat several imes.

From experiments performed by various philosophers, it appears that the hibernating, or lethargic state, takes place only within certain ranges of temperature; that either too high or too low a degree prevents it from coming on; that the torpor is always most profound when the temperature is at from 5 to 7 degrees above zero, and that a more intense cold even revives the animal to activity. These experiments show in the most beautiful manner how completely this singular condition, scarcely to be distinguished from that of death, is under the regulation and control of the vital principle, that principle inducing the state when the cold is at a certain degree, but preventing it from coming on, and even rousing the animal from it when it has actually supervened, if the intensity of the cold increase. The subject being one of such vast importance and interest, we shall resume our consideration of it in our next.

G. T. F.

THE VICTIM'S REVENGE.

" Had all his hairs been lives, my great
" Revenge had stomach for them all."
OTHELLO.

On a wild and barren heath, in one of the western counties, there stood many years since a low turf-built hut, apparently too mean and squalid for the habitation of any human being, looking rather like a temporary shelter for the shepherd during the inclemency of the early spring, when the flocks require his constant attention through the boisterous nights so usual at that period of the year in our uncertain climate, but that the barren soil around it, bare of herbage, convinced the stranger who passed the spot that it could never have been intended for such a purpose. It stood in the midst of a small patch of ground that at one time, as a garden, had been partially reclaimed from the wilderness around—a straggling blighted plum tree still remained, once its chief ornament, while a low mound, with here and there a stunted thorn bush, shewed the extent of the first occupier's industry—but it had now relapsed into its former sterility, many years having elapsed since a spade or mattock had broken its mossy and uneven surface. What could have induced any one to fix on so lonely a situation was the wonder of all who saw it in its desolation, for although within a few yards of a track (road it could scarcely be called), yet the owner evidently placed it on the other side of a small but dangerous morass to avoid all chances of companionship in his solitude, on the gloomy stillness of which there broke no gay or cheerful sound; yet there, however, isolated as it was from the stirring world beyond, human passions were as busy and triumphant as in the most crowded city.

There, on a dark and stormy night in the winter of 17—, when the snow was many inches deep on the moor around the hut, the decrepid figure of a woman, apparently about sixty, was bending over a turf fire, striving to catch some warmth from its expiring embers, as the uncertain gusts of wind through the broken panes of the only casement, ever and anon, fanned it to a bright but fitful flame. Then raising her head, and listening impatiently to the moaning of the blast without as it eddied round the hovel. "Not yet," at length she wildly exclaimed, "not yet, surely he has been gone an hour—can he have lost his way in the darkness? No, no, he knows the path too well. And yet," after a long silence, in which she vainly hearkened to the rising gale, "and yet," she continued, "he may have been benighted before he passed the borders of the heath," and, sinking back in despair on her seat, she again cowered over the waning fire. "Nay, here they come," she almost screamed, as after another pause the quick tread of several persons, sounding hollow on the beaten path without, fell on her ear, and starting on her feet with fearful energy for one so old and apparently feeble, she rushed towards the door. Ere she reached the crazy and rough boards that formed it, the door was violently thrown open, while a hoarse voice demanded why they had been sent for. "Any fresh robbing, old woman, or only war against Sir Harry's pheasants," cried the spokesman, as he and two other ill-looking fellows, with a boy of about fourteen, entered the cottage, but turning to the crone, who had now seated herself again before the fire, with her keen and fiery eyes fixed on his face, he asked in a more humble tone why he and his companions had been summoned on such a night from their enjoyment. "*Enjoyment*! Ah! that is the word, and well may the cup of brutal intoxication be *enjoyment* to such as you. You doubtless need some strong excitement to rouse your heavy souls above the clods around," and with a wild and fiend-like laugh she continued, "*Excitement* you shall have—robbery did'st thou say Esau Sandford? aye, and *gold*, gold, dost thou hear?"

cried she, seeing the eyes of the ruffians kindle at the word, while in a low clear voice, heard distinctly amid the howling of the blast, she added, while even her unscrupulous hearers trembled as she spoke, "But you must not be too nice in its earning. *Murder* may, nay," cried she, raising her voice to its former pitch, "*must* follow—to earn wealth, unbounded wealth, you must, I tell you, be careless of a little blood. What! fools," exclaimed she when she saw their pallid cheeks, "what, *you* have never shed *blood* forsooth. No, no, Esau Sandford, and you, Samuel Blake—the poor helpless creature lying in yonder deep pool gave but one faint cry ere the foul and stagnate waters closed for ever over its little head—no *blood* was there. No, no, you were too tender-hearted for that," and again her unearthly laugh echoed through the room. "Hag," exclaimed the former spokesman, snatching a brand from the fire-side, "have I not warned thee to forget that night." "Dost *thou* forget it," cried she, as his comrades drew him forcibly towards the door,—but enough of this, you need spirits for your work, and the night is cold William," she said, turning to the horror-stricken lad, who shrunk into a corner during the conversation, "fetch the keg from the outhouse that 'Gentleman Tom,' the *bold* smuggler, gave me last night, (witch as I am) to buy him a fair wind, and now lads, never heed a few words but seat yourselves by the fire and you shall learn how you may win the gold I spoke of." It was a little after one o'clock on the night of the meeting at old Susan Sandford's hut, that three men were creeping stealthily through the plantations that divided the estate of Sir Henry Harding from the neighbouring common. The woods were wild and unattended to, and even the grounds around the mansion itself shewed little of the eye of the master; all looked deserted, for Sir Henry had but the day before returned unexpectedly from a long residence abroad. Many-tongued rumour had, as usual, given very many reasons for his absence from his native country. Debt was the cause universally assigned by his over-taxed tenantry—Love by those of his female acquaintances who remembered him five and thirty years before the "gayest of the gay:" both were alike untrue, as were the other opinions current at the time; these, however, died away, and the gay Sir Henry Harding was almost forgotten when he returned a grave and altered man to the home of his ancestors. That night he had retired early to his chamber, and his old and valued servant, who had accompanied him in his travels, being of a quiet and uncommunicative disposition, the grey-headed butler, who had remained in the house, being unable to gather anything to retail to his country gossips, soon followed their master's example, and long before Esau Sandford and his companions had reached the house, not a light was to be seen in the narrow windows of the massive building before them—all was dark and silent as the grave, for the wind, which had been high during the early part of the night, had died away, and the moon which had lighted them to their prey was now hid behind the dark foliage of the lofty firs which sheltered the house from the moorland breeze. A pane of glass was soon broken and the single bar removed from the library window, through which the ruffians entered the room—here we leave them to their work of destruction, and return to the lone hovel on the heath.

The door was closed, nay, secured, if its rusty fastening could give security, the boy was dosing on a wretched pallet in one corner of the only room, and the fire, nearly extinguished, scarcely showed the old woman seated on a low stool, rocking herself to and fro, muttering to herself snatches of the songs of her childhood. Unlike her anxious and impatient gestures a few hours before, she seemed heedless of every thing, until the disturbed slumbers of the boy recalled her wandering mind. "Ah!" she murmured, "well mayst thou start poor wretch, thy father's hands ere this are dyed in blood. *Blood*," shrieked she, "who said *blood*; there is no *blood* upon *my* hands. Nay," she said, after a pause, "I am rambling; but ere this I am *revenged*, his proud spirit is laid low, his foot shall never spurn me more, and in the burning gulf where we shall shortly meet face to face what will his talents, rank, broad acres, or his gold avail him. May," and here she dropped on her knees, and with clasped hands and uplifted eyes

continued, "may they but double all his torments—may every fiend of hell laugh at his sufferings, and the lowest scorn him, and then, if human feelings shadow out our sensations on that dreadful place—then I shall indeed be revenged on his proud spirit and be repaid my own ruin." Scarcely had she risen from her knees when the hasty steps of men approaching the hut drew her attention; but ere they could reach the door she stood before them with the light of early morning gleaming on her blood-shot eyes and haggard countenance. The men were loaded. "Have you brought *all*," she cried. "Yes, yes," replied Esau Sandford, "see, I have got *your* booty—these coward-hearted fellows would not earn your rich share by bringing it; but away from the door and let me pass," saying which, followed by his associates, he staggered into the house, and casting a heavy sack on the floor, exclaimed "But come, Mother, a cup of spirits." She heeded him not, but untying the sack she drew from it the still warm but murdered body of Sir Henry Harding, and spurning it with her foot, "Now then," she exultingly exclaimed, "the first part of my nightly prayer for *years, long years*, is granted. I have my earthly *revenge*, and in fitting company too," she cried. Before two of his worthless tenants, his *son* and his *grandson*, it is meet that the victim of his early crimes should thus spurn the mortal remains of her remorseless betrayer. "Son," said the palsied Sandford, "who, woman, is his son?" "Thou, whose filial hand has closed his bad career; thinkst thou that I had no motive when from thy earliest years I brought thee up to every crime that man abhors, and God punishes—connived I at the murder of Anne House's brat but for this end, and when I found thy timid soul quailed at the deed, even induced (by awakening his unfounded jealousy) your *fiend*, Samuel Blake, to assist your *righteous* purpose." "Could nothing content thee, mother," exclaimed the distracted man, "but I must kill my father, unnatural though he was? Why conceal the secret of my birth? But I do not believe it. Nor art thou, fiend, my mother; wretch, it cannot be," and springing towards her, but for the united strength of his fellows, would have added another murder to the horrors of the night. "Nay, let him come; but perhaps he would like to see proofs of my assertion before another parent feels the vigour of his arm," saying which she took a sealed packet from an old chest, and giving it into his trembling hands, again was absorbed in gazing on the corpse before her. Little time had they, however, for the examination, as the sounds of men's voices warned them to attend to their own safety, and on looking out they saw with dismay several men approaching, led on by the old butler, who having escaped from the house on the first alarm, and returned with the village too late to stop the work of blood, had tracked them through the snow to the moorland hut. "Here they come," said Blake, "but as they are only five of them, and we are three and well armed let us bar the door, and woe to him who first enters." This was soon done; but vain were all their endeavours to rouse Esau Sandford from his stupor. Still they were determined to resist to the utmost, and having loaded their pistols, their only reply to the repeated demands of their assailants that they should surrender, was a declaration of their firm intention to shoot the first man who entered the hovel. After parleying for awhile, the party without suddenly retired, but in a short time the inmates heard them bring faggots and furze and pile them against the door. "They mean to burn us out," exclaimed Blake, with a horrid imprecation. He was right in his conjecture, and in a few moments the smoke issued through the many crevices of the door, filling the cottage to suffocation. This was of brief duration, as the flames, soon gaining the ascendency, opened a ready path for the entrance of those on the outside. Blake and his companions pointed their pistols towards the door-way, but before the party could enter, Sandford sprang forward, when a flash was followed by a sharp report of his friend's pistol, and his quivering body fell lifeless on the blackened mass before him. The awe struck countrymen now forced their way in, and when they had secured the two men found the hag lying in the agonies of death beside the murdered body of their master—a bottle labled "Poison," grasped in her hand, told the tale of suicide, and thus closed the life of Sir Henry's victim. * * * * C. A.

SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POETIC DRAMA

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

[*A Dialogue precedes the following Soliloquy between* LYNDERT DE LOCH *and* HUGO STEILFORT, *his friend and companion in arms, wherein the latter, by many dark and Machiavellian insinuations, arouses the jealousy of* LYNDERT *regarding his wife* IOLE. *The opening lines refer to* LYNDERT, *who exits in a perplexed and troubled mind, compounded of half suspicions, vague anxieties, and indignation at his own want of confidence.*]

HUGO STEILFORT. *Solus.*

HUGO. He goes—he's gone; but with a latent sting
In his heart planted, which, though now at rest,
Will spring to viper life. Scar—scar it, if you will,
But, Hydra-like, 'tis deathless:—do not fear it!
[*Advancing*
How weak are e'en the strongest of these creatures!
When but a hint half-breath'd—a doubtful meaning,
A tone insignificant, or glance of eye,
Can shake the would-be firmness of their souls,
And birth strange monsters in their busy brains.
I am half shamed to play the puppet stirrer
To such a mean and vacillating crew.
Sooth! little may I pride myself upon
The acquisition of such cheaply purchased
Commodities: but let me play the game,
And rise a winner from it. This fair creature,
Ta'en by the outside which I've donn'd for the purpose,
Is gone e'en further than I bargain'd for,
And looks upon me with an eye, that did
Her doting lord discover, would be danger.
She is a paragon; e'en I must own it,
And so a worthier quarry: she shall be,
Mine by the hell beneath me! if my senses
Fail not at need, which is not over likely.

* * * * *

The night is sultry, though the wasted storm
Has long been dissipated. This hot brow
Might feel the luxury of cooler air;
And so I'll near the casement,
[*Approaching an Oriel, throws open a casement, and looks out*
Lovely night!
Thy beauties shine more for the late commotion;

When the deep thunder-roll, and cross blue flash,
The plash of hail, and winds infuriate, strove
For noisiest mastery. The fair moon now
Sails softly in the ether, lighting up
The clear, blue-deep profundity above me,
And in the still'd lake flashing. Distant—dim,
In sylph-like peacefulness, the mountains gleam,
Robed in their tides of azure. In the zenith
The far stars calmly glitter, and there comes,
Soft, slow, and wooingly, upon my cheek
A cool, love-breathing zephyr. Let me drink it!
Rough crags, green-vested, hoary trunks, and woods,
Moss'd in the twilight to a sombre shading,
Their gnarled roots suspended from the cliffs,
The e'en roll'd sward half chequ'ring, giant pines,
In black and melancholy boding—stark,
Ghost-like, and ominous—upon the brinks
Of doubtful gulphs, misclouded, seeming types
Of dread eternity;—bald knolls, their bases
Luxuriantly sheath'd, on which the light,
So coldly pure, falls broken; vapouring falls
Fleck'd, at intervals, with silver sparkles,
Which send monotonous a drowsy murmur
Down in the silence of the brooding midnight;
Green scintillating wavelets, chafing on
The tiny coast-line of a water sheet;
Arcadian vales, o'er which light foliage quivers,
Fit covert for the nimble-footed Dryad,
Or sedge-crown'd River God, when late at eve
He leaves the rose-hued waters for the murmur
Of leafy wood and dingle, and the charms
Of vesper-chaunting songsters;—the lone star
Of sober eve 'bove twinkling, and the last
Sweet lights of day on the horizon fading,
Slow, one by one, to mellow duskiness,
Soften'd to beauty by the chaste blue moonlight,
Which o'er in broad placidity reposes;
And, here and there, a distant fairy light,
Like the far beacon o'er the Atlantic wave,
Or pensive Hope still mildly waving onward,
Flick'ring in some time fretted, feudal turret,
Are spread in beauty and in grandeur 'neath me.

[*The Nightingale is heard in the distance.*

Hark! the sad voice of most lonely Philomel,
In plaintive wakefulness, streams o'er the quiet;
Like a sad spirit in the lull of eve,
When sleep the skies and waters. Lovely music!
Soul melting melody! Soul breathing strain!
That wordless telleth of so sweet a sorrow.
Methinks, in listing thee, I could be happy.
Apart from all—No! never may it be so!

No! never—never! I am doom'd to be
A thing of utter darkness. Never!—never!
Through the Eternity that yawns before me.
I have no part in these fair sights and sounds,
And must e'en perish as I have lived. Away!

[*He dashes the casement back.*

Hell, now receive me! Take thy son again!
Weave round in triple density, oh, Night!
And you, ye spirits of the darkness, come!
And gloom me with your funereal wings!
Brood on my soul, as Midnight in his cave!
Be thick as Erebus; and shut out all
The life, the light of this creation. Rise,
In ghost-like majesty, ye mystic agents!
Pale shades and phantoms of the world departed,
And with your death-cold, inexpressive eyes,
Freeze back my soul to marble!
So—I am
That which I have been;—that I lately was.
The cloud has pass'd o'er, I now again
Can look—can feel—can ponder. I am harness'd
Invincibly in proof; invulnerable;
Touchless in adamant. Now to my object!

[*Exit.*

A MOTHER'S VOICE.

THERE'S music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance
Too pure for every dying.
There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep, 'tis still o'erflowing,
And care for those she calls her own
That's ever, ever growing.
A mother! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breast of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness.
A mother! when like evening's star
Her course hath ceased before us,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

FILIUS.

THE INVALID;

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE S———.

"His was no common mind; nor like the herd
Of Kings, who live and reign, and die and rot,
Are quickly mourned for, and as soon forgot.
He lived to bless his people, and though short
His time 'twas nobly spent, and wisely too."

OLD PLAY.

"You will never obtain my father's consent to our union, Dear Armand," said Louise Devin to a handsome well-grown youth who stood by her side, watching every turn of her animated countenance with looks beaming affectionate love, "I fear he never will consent, for though he loves me dearly, he loves money dearly too, and is fully persuaded that there can be no true happiness without wealth. "I will try my fortune however," said Armand, "and should I prove unsuccessful I will follow my brave father's example—hasten to the army, and either return a victor worthy of your love or perish in the attempt,"—"And leave me in the mean time to be pestered with the addresses of that odious Monsieur Francmare, the postmaster." "Should he dare," cried Armand, raising his voice. "Hush! hush!" whispered Louise, placing her finger lightly on his lips, "you will awake my father! See, you have already done so; there, there, go." "But dearest Louise,"—"See, see, he stirs," and however reluctant Armand was compelled to tear himself away. And now, gentle reader, while the old gentleman awakes and rubs his eyes, let us introduce you to the principal personages in my little drama. The father, then, of Louise was a widower, who kept a small auberge at Passy, three leagues from Paris, and though not rich, had scraped together a small sum to give with his fair daughter in marriage, and fair she was—happy, smiling, good tempered—all the young folks of the village loved her, and so did all the old ones too for she was so kind and free hearted, and no one in distress ever passed the door unrelieved if it was in her power by any means to alleviate their sufferings. Armand Lauristow was the elder son of an invalided officer who had retired upon his half-pay to rent a small farm in the neighbourhood, with a large family, well earned, having the Cross of Merit, and a scanty pittance, with which, however, he contrived to live respectably, performing all the farm work with the assistance of his son Armand, who was strong and able. Monsieur de Francmare, the postmaster as he was called by courtesy, because his inn was the largest in the little village, bore the title of the Poste Royale, and occasionally furnished a pair of bay cattle, *à la Rozinante*, to transport travellers to or from Paris, was a thin spare man who had seen above fifty summers and yet was as gay and lively in the sun as the youngest of the throng, and when once seated on his favourite steed, (for he had a favourite one,) and his legs cased in his jack boots, he used to make the echoes resound with his cheerful "Vif! vif! allons! allons!" as he cracked his heavy whip round his head, and without letting it fall on his horse's sides, urged them to their speed as he via'd them "A Paris! a Paris," or "A Vitz! a Vitz," as it might happen to be; and the old man used to boast, that in his time he had driven noble and royal, learned and simple, and used to add too, with a laugh, that he had not found any great difference in them; every one possessing that usual human frailty—an anxious desire to reach the end of his journey, certainly a very excusable fault in those who had the chance to be driven by the worthy

postmaster, as his stumbling horses and lumbering post diligence were not very desirable companions for a wearied man.

Few men arrive at a certain age without acquiring some peculiar habits or customs, and the father of Louise had latterly indulged himself with a comfortable nap in his easy chair after the toils of the morning were gone by; of course this habit was not unnoticed by Louise and Armand, who used during that happy interval to enjoy an uninterrupted *tête à tête*, when the affairs of Love were diligently discussed by them, though not always with such ardour as on the afternoon in which our tale begins. Unfortunately for Louise her father, as might be expected, did not awake in the mildest temper. "Ha! Louise," said he, "what was that?" "Nothing, mon pere." "Nothing, pooh! pooh! I dare say it was that scape-grace boy Armand; but, however, he shall not plague me or you much longer. Do you know Louise I have resolved that you shall marry." "Me, father, marry!" "And why not? I am getting old, and I should be sorry to leave you alone in the world. No, no, I have thought of a man who will bring you true happiness, for he is rich and well to do,"—"And young, father?" "Pshaw! what has that to do with it? But you have always been a good girl, and I know you will make your poor old father happy in wedding the man of his choice, and ah! here he comes i'faith," and the loud cracks of a whip were heard at the porch, an infallible sign that Mons. Francmare was not far off, for it was his custom never to be seen out of doors unless accompanied by his favourite heavy-loaded post whip; another proof of what I before advanced, that few men arrive at a certain age without acquiring certain habits, some of them ridiculous enough. "Is this the man, father, you mean for my husband; an old, shrivelled—why he looks for all the world like a barber's block." "You are an impudent, saucy—but you know, Louise, I will not hear those I respect laughed at, and Mons. Francmare is a worthy, wealthy,"—"Old man, say what you will, father, and I do not like him. I am sure you will not sacrifice my happiness merely for his money, mon chère pere." "Foolish girl, his money will make you happy; if you cannot be civil to him you must not offend him;" so giving her a kind kiss she tripped away. The worthy postmaster entered the room—and a postmaster worthy the Poste Royale did Francmare appear that day—his hair, frizzled and powdered, was drawn clear off from his face and diverged at right angles in every direction; his long queue descended to his leathern unmentionables; his small three-cornered hat was under his left arm; his huge whip gracefully flourished in his right hand, and a tremendous nosegay of all the flowers in season ornamented his richly embroidered silk waistcoat—in short, he presented a true picture of a cornice under the ancient regime in all its glory. I need not say that he was kindly received, the short conversation which I have just related will of course show that; and when I add, that the subject on which he entered, the *happiness of Louise*, to be accomplished by presenting her with his hand—the Poste Royale and its master were placed fully before the dazzled view of Mons. Devine, the warmth with which he grasped the hand, the tear which trembled in his grey eye, and the fervour with which he received Francmare's offers, plainly told that whatever Louise might think upon the subject her father considered that in uniting her to the postmaster of St. Denis he really was rendering her happy for life. Poor Armand unfortunately made his appearance soon after the happy postmaster had gone rejoicing on his way, flourishing and cracking his whip and cutting capers *à la Gardelle*, to the surprise of the young folks of that quiet town. Poor Armand I say, for poor he was in every respect, a circumstance which greatly abridged his interview with Mons. Devine, whose short and peremptory refusal was accompanied by the painful intelligence that he had already disposed of Louise's hand, (her *heart* being but a trifle was put out of the question,) to his rival the postmaster. Disappointed in all his hopes, poor Armand slowly retraced his way to his father's lowly cottage; but the coming day produced a resolution that altered the face of affairs altogether, and a lovely day it was, in the early summer time, bright and invigorating, neither too damp nor too dry—the sun neither too hot nor too cloudy—the

leaves glistening with dew drops, and whispering crisply to the rising breeze, while a thousand birds sung their varied songs on every sprig,—in short, it was one of those which make the dullest think and the thoughtful happy and cheerful. Mons. Francmare had just taken his post under the huge old elm from which his heavy sign swung to the wind, and, deep in thought, was tracing figures on the sand with the thong of his whip, when a stranger was observed approaching on the road from Paris; his figure was tall and commanding; his air had a military frankness, and no one could look on his mild countenance without feeling that he was one of a superior rank in life; still his dress was neat to plainness, and his manners easy and unaffected. Addressing himself to the abstracted postmaster, he inquired if he could be accommodated with refreshments. Francmare, without deigning to raise his eyes, merely glanced at the stranger's dusty boots (an indication that he was a pedestrian), and pointing with his whip told him that what he required might be procured at the auberge a little further on the road; then relapsing into his thoughtful mood the stranger was left to pursue his course. Bending his steps towards the auberge, the stranger, having proceeded a short distance turned round and looking up to the staring announcement over Francmare's head, smiled as he said to himself "and even the court extends its influence even to this distant spot—like a pebble thrown into a lake which displaces the water round it in increasing circles till they reach the shore on either side, this humble courier, who in any other situation would have been civil and attentive, cannot even look upon me because I do not travel post. Ah! such is poor human nature; clothe a man more richly than his wont, give him a sounding name, and hats fly off and knees unbend by those who, while they know him not, would pass him with contempt." Such were his thoughts as he approached and entered the little wayside inn, where Louise was spreading a clean coarse cloth on a massive deal table that stood in the recess formed by the long casement window which gave light to this common sitting room. In the huge chimney sat an elderly man, who was stirring the contents of a large cauldron which was bubbling and frothing over a crackling wood fire, made upon a large plate of iron on the stone floor. In front and round the fire were laid two or three rough lean dogs of the greyhound species, basking and sleeping without shewing any uneasiness at the intrusion of the stranger. To his request for chocolate and a private room if such were possible, Louise, courtseying, led the way into a neat small parlour, when she informed the stranger that his chocolate should be prepared immediately. Evidently pleased with the civility and promptitude of the fair Louise, he placed himself in a chair and looked casually round the room; an open window, surrounded with jessamine and clematis filled the air with fragrance; the red brick floor was without a spot; the old oaken table and chairs shone like mirrors; while large bouquets of roses, lilies, and honeysuckle, were scattered through the room in old fashioned china vases. A short time had passed ere Louise entered and covered the table with a bright pewter vessel steaming with the rich essence of chocolate, another containing boiled milk, white bread home-made, and butter fresh from the dairy, eggs, &c.; then having placed a small bell on the stranger's right hand she withdrew. It was not long ere Louise was summoned to the stranger's presence. When she entered he was seated at the table looking over some papers that lay before him, and for an instant she paused, struck by the dignity of his appearance; having laid aside his hat, his clear fair open forehead and bright blue eyes bespoke a man above the common rank. "Ma petite damoiselle," said he, "I am referred by these papers to a Major Lauristow living somewhere hereabout, and wish for your assistance in finding out his residence." "Certainly, Monsieur, the Major is well known by all the village, and will be loved where he is known for he is so affable, so kind, so humane." "Indeed! I am happy to hear so excellent an account of my old comrade." "Monsieur then knows the Major." "We have served together, but I dare say he will not recollect me now; he has a large family I believe." "He has indeed, Sir, and you will be sorry to hear that he has been latterly very ill, which I fear has been in-

creased by his anxiety for his family." "Indeed!" "But then Armand has been so good and affectionate, superintending the farm and directing everything," "And who is Armand, my pretty girl?" "His eldest son, sir, and he is beloved by the whole village; his father dotes upon him." "And deservedly I should think when a maiden as pretty as yourself takes such an interest in his welfare," said the stranger, smiling, adding, "I should think he would make a good husband for you." "Ah! sir," replied Louise, blushing, "his father says he is too young to marry, and my father says he is too poor to marry." "And you do not agree with either the one or the other; but come, I have been successful before in making up love matters, and must try what I can do now. I am going to Major Lauristow's, and shall see Armand, and if I find he is as deserving of your love as you represent him to be, I will try what effect I can have with your father in removing his objection; and as a pledge that I am in earnest, keep this token in remembrance of me and my promise:" so saying, the stranger placed a piece of coin in Louise's hand, and laying down some silver on the table for his breakfast, withdrew from the room. Louise hastily tripped by him to the outer porch. "If Monsieur will have the goodness to turn to the right up the road until he reaches that row of small white cottages to the left, a lane will lead him directly to the Major's farm; you cannot miss it," cried she, pointing with her finger the road to be pursued. "Thanks, ma petite belle! I shall be sure to find it with such a pretty directress," and, laying his hand gently on hers, "remember and hope," said he; then raising his hat, he proceeded on his route. "See, father," cried Louise, running into the cottage, "see what a handsome present the gentleman has made me." "I'faith! a valuable gold coin; let me see, (putting on his spectacles,) but not of our France, no—'*Joseph. Imperat. Germanorum.*' Why, this is of great value." "Did you look at the stranger, father?" "Not I, girl; and now I wish I had." "I am sure he was so kind and so affable that he must be something more than he seems, although he did walk alone." "Well, Louise, the day has begun fortunately with you; let us here hope that it will continue so, (and he smiled): perhaps some more good may reach you ere long. Aha! my pretty"—"The stranger has gone to Major Lauristow's, father, and he said something about our hearing of him again." "Pooh! pooh! I don't mean that; no, no, Louise, you will see, you will see; and so now let us attend to the business of the day; everything in its turn." A short walk brought the stranger within sight of the farm; it was an old rambling building, with high gable roofs heavily thatched; huge over-hanging porches borne up by the rough unhewn trunks of small trees, and with little casement windows; a large garden occupied the foreground, presenting a picture of animated life; groups of children of all ages and sizes were scattered over it, busily employed in gardening, each according to his ability—some were weeding—some digging—others wheeling barrows—and all under the superintendence of a strong active youth, with an open countenance, sparkling eyes, and a ruddy cheek embrowned with health and exercise. Upon the stranger's approaching the gate, he came gracefully forward, and in answer to an inquiry for Major Lauristow, said, "If Monsieur will have the kindness to walk this way I will call my father down, for since his illness he has scarcely left his room." "Tell him, then, that an old comrade wishes to see him." "He will be happy to know that, I am sure," said the youth, "for everything relating to his former days has interest with him;" so saying, he ushered the stranger into a long low room occupying the entire length of the house, with a window in front looking to the garden, and at the back looking over the farm buildings; placing a chair he withdrew. The stranger looked round the room; it was plainly and almost barely furnished, very clean and neat, containing useful and necessary articles, but nothing approaching to luxury. The door opened, and the Major entered, leaning upon his son's arm. The stranger rose and saluted him, and Armand having seated his father on a chair opposite the stranger retired. After a pause, in which the Major appeared to be recovering from his fatigue, the stranger said, "Major Lauristow, I am truly sorry to find

you so unwell ; I had hoped when I set out on my journey that I should have met my old comrade in arms stout and hearty ; but it is not so ; I fear you do not remember me ; many years have passed since you rendered me the most valuable services." "At present," said the Major, "I cannot recal you to my mind ; and yet those features—I seem to know them well ; you are of Germany ?" "Yes, that is my country ; I love it well, and have devoted my life to its welfare. I was a very young man at the time I speak of, and making my first campaign, when one night I was called to attend a convoy to a neighbouring town. We had reached about half our journey, when we were met and attacked by a very superior body of the enemy's cavalry, and in making the charge I was thrown from my horse and should inevitably have been trampled to death had you not instantly hastened to my assistance ; nor did you leave me till all danger was past." "'Tis strange, but I cannot recollect the circumstance." "It is very possible," said the stranger, "for though such an action may be forgotten by the person who renders, it never can be by the person who receives the benefit. It has been indelibly impressed on my mind, Major, ever since." Here Armand entered the room to render some service to his father in adjusting his pillows, &c., when the stranger, looking on him with a smile, continued,—"you must know, Major, I am an inquisitive traveller, and in passing through your village this morning I took a cup of chocolate at a small auberge, when I saw one of the prettiest damoiselles I have seen since I left Germany. Do you know the charming Louise, Armand ? Ah ! I see you do ; that ingenuous countenance cannot hide the secrets of the heart. Well, well, I promised her that I would intercede with her father in your behalf, and if you will give me pens, ink, and paper, and your father can spare you, I will try what power I possess with him ; for I have been thought a skilful and successful negociator before now." Armand's eyes glowed with delight, for there was something in the stranger's manner which seemed to assure him. His father sat watching the countenance of the stranger with the deepest interest ; the features were well known to him ; and as he looked on his high commanding forehead and bright blue eyes a thought crossed him in which he scarcely dared to indulge. "There, young man," said he, folding up the letter, "give that to Monsieur Devine, and may you meet with the success you deserve and I wish you." Armand took the letter with respect, and having affectionately seen that his father required no further assistance left the room. "And now, Major," said the stranger, taking some papers and memoranda from his pocket, which he placed before him, "let me hasten to execute my mission." At this instant a lovely, lively, little girl, about eleven years of age, entered the room, and having courtseyed to the stranger, she approached the Major, saying "My kind father, Armand is going down to the village ; may I accompany him, for then I shall see my good dear Louise, and I have not seen her this long time." "Go, my sweet child," said the Major, kissing her forehead, "and may Heaven bless you both." The stranger looked on with evident delight, and when she had departed said "That, Major, is your eldest daughter I suppose—two charming children." "No, sir," said the Major ; "the poor girl is an orphan bequeathed to me by a dying comrade on the field of battle ; I have hitherto brought her up as my own child, and I love her as such." "Then you have eleven children, instead of ten !" said the stranger in surprise." "If you call Bertha one," said the Major, "certainly." "Strange, benevolent man ! but why was not your state sooner made known ; however, to my business. This paper, Major, contains an order on the Imperial Treasury for a pension of twelve hundred crowns for the services you have rendered us ; and this is an order on my bankers at Paris for eleven hundred florins as a fortune for your eleven children ; and hereafter, should you at any time require advice or assistance hesitate not one moment to write to me at Vienna, and you shall always find that the Emperor Joseph has not forgotten the debts of the Count de Hapsburg." The stranger rose ; the Major threw himself at his feet, and seized his extended hand, which he bathed with his tears. The good Emperor raised him gently up, and having replaced him in his chair—"Farewell, my friend,"

said he, "and rely at all times upon one who never will forsake you, and only now regrets that he had been so lately made acquainted with your virtues and merits—farewell." The Major could not speak; his feelings overcame him, and he pressed his hands upon his eyes; in the next moment the Emperor was gone, having told some of the children as he passed them in the garden to hasten to their father.

The scene at the village may be readily conceived. Louise had already intimated to her father that she expected some message from the kind stranger who had breakfasted there that morning; and when Armand entered with a letter all was anxiety, which was soon dispersed by Monsieur Devine reading aloud as follows :—

"Monsieur Devine,

"The bearer of this, Armand Lauristow, is a young man in whose welfare I feel much interested; he loves your daughter Louise, and I enclose an order on my bankers for six hundred crowns as a portion—give your consent, and make two young persons happy who love each other, and are worthy of being loved.

"Yours, JOSEPH."

Armand and Louise looked at the worthy old man; tears of joy coursed down his cheeks; they rushed into each other's arms. "Bless you my children," said he. "Bless, bless the noble Emperor!" cried they with one voice: then after a moment Armand said, "Come, Louise, let us hasten to my dear father. Oh! how happy this news will make him."—But the good Emperor had already anticipated them and poured a balm over the wounded soul of Major Lauristow, which quickly and permanently restored the health and drooping spirits of the INVALID.

C. S.

EVENING.

THE noontide rays no longer beam
From Sol's meridian height;
Tinged is the bosom of the stream
With Ev'ning's mellow'd light.

Smooth is its surface, not a breeze
Disturbs its tranquil course,
Pure emblem of a heart at ease,
Untainted by remorse.

Hushed is the busy hum of men,
Controll'd are strife and power;
Peaceful and welcome comes again
The grateful evening hour.

So, when life's brilliant colours fade,
Th' impassioned view of youth,
Reason's more mellow'd tints prevail
To give the picture truth.

G. T. F.

ON ATMOSPHERIC VICISSITUDES.

Viewing man as he is placed in the world, one fact prominently presents itself to our attention, namely—the mighty influence exerted upon his condition by the circumstances with which he is surrounded. This influence, in relation to his *mind*, is so great as to give some reason for the opinion, (erroneous in the sense in which it is generally used,) that man is the mere creature of circumstances. This influence exists equally in reference to his body; and the object of the present essay is to develope that portion of this influence connected with one most important agent continually acting on him, viz. :—Atmosphere.

Before I enter upon the influence exerted over the human body by the atmosphere and its vicissitudes, I think it necessary to make some few remarks upon its effects on the vegetable and animal creation. These effects are such as cannot escape the notice of any one. Who has not been struck by the fact, that at times the most noxious effluvia escapes from the sewers in the streets in London: or that the ditches in the country emit the most disagreeable odours? These emissions of effluvia are the indications of an approaching storm; and the sewers, when studied scientifically in reference to these occasional rather disagreeable manifestations, assume a prophetical character, highly useful and prophetically true.

Previous to, and during the atmospheric vicissitudes, animal remains undergo putrefaction more rapidly. Fermentation proceeds more rapidly. Bread making, brewing, and malting are facilitated; and very often yeast is praised or blamed, as good or bad, when actually the atmospheric conditions should reap the disgrace or the honour.

Vegetation makes more rapid progress previous to great atmospheric vicissitudes.

The influence of these changes upon the animal creation is also well known. Virgil has given a beautiful description in his Georgics of the peculiar effects upon animals produced by the atmospheric conditions previous to a storm. Mr. Walbeck and Sir H. Davy have also vividly pourtrayed the same phenomena. Thomson, in his beautiful poem of the Seasons, has also depicted, with great accuracy, many of those characteristics exhibited by birds and beasts previous to Nature's changes.

"With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale,
But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They picked their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the cloistering shelter of the grove.
Assiduous in his bower the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring heron; and with wild wing
The circling sea fowl cleave the flaky clouds."

In reference to the more regular vicissitudes, we may observe many interesting indicative phenomena. Evergreens on the approach of winter are covered with a thicker non-conducting coat, evidently to protect their perspirable organs. The moulting season, it is well known, takes place in the autumn, to prepare the birds for the winter. The horse and cow become clothed with a thicker coat—in short, all nature is prepared for the inclemency of the season.

I shall now proceed to make a few observations on the effects of these vicissitudes upon individuals. Every one must be aware how strongly the atmosphere acts upon our mental and bodily condition. The most common and most prominent social thought is the state of the weather; hence how common are the phrases—"What a dull day:" "What a miserable day;" "What a horrid day;" and sometimes, by way of climax, "What a muggy day." These are phrases that are repeated without any weariness, because they express states of feeling which are unconsciously produced in us by the varying atmospherical changes.

In illustration of the atmospheric vicissitudes connected with elevation, either augmented or diminished; the effects produced upon ascending high mountains must be known to many. The swelling of the limbs of those who have ascended in balloons is also well attested. It is a curious and well authenticated fact, that when two travellers meet at Paraquaqua, a town midway in the descent from the Table Land of Mexico to the plains below; the one from the plains below, the other from the Table Land above: the former feels the cold so intense that he wraps himself in all the garments he can procure; the latter finds the warmth so great as to feel the slightest clothing oppressive: to the former the water is so cold, that he avoids being sprinkled with it; while the other is so delighted with its warmth, that he uses it as a warm bath.

I might give a description of the feelings experienced during a descent in the diving bell, as illustrative of the peculiar effects produced by the variations in the atmosphere: but these are well known, and it is only necessary here to allude to them.

Again, we may observe the influence of the atmospheric changes at the different periods of the day, and the various seasons of the year. How delightful is the exhilirating feeling inspired by the morning: the placid calmness which the evening or a moonlight scene spreads over the soul, and the sober sadness with which the darkness of night seems to be connected.

Who is not aware of the difference of feelings produced by the atmospheric conditions in spring and autumn. In the spring all the powers of life are awakened into activity.

> "Spring sweeps over the world again,
> Shedding soft dews from her æthereal wings;
> Flowers on the mountains, flowers o'er the plain,
> And music on the waves and woods she flings,
> And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless wings."

Everywhere the trees put forth their blossoms; the modest violet, the yellow cowslip, and the beauteous rose rear their heads; the streams and rivers, loosened from the icy fetters of winter, pour their sparkling waters as a tribute to the ocean; from every bush and tree the carol of birds is heard, and all the earth appears one verdant and lovely scene:—

> "Wide flush the fields, the softening air is balm;
> Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,
> And every sense and every heart is joy."

The mind of man partakes of the freshness and the youthful glow of the season; we listen with rapture to the sweet carols of the songsters of the grove; we gaze with admiration on the opening blossom and the perfumed flower; we view with pleasure the waters sparkling in grove and glen, and listen with a feeling of extacy to the soft murmuring of the rivulet. In the autumn, the same youngness of life does not exist. The sun withdraws its power; the leaves decay and fall; the flowers are no longer seen; the joyful carol of birds is no more heard amidst the branches—they wing their way to warmer and to brighter regions; the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer: and all nature is clad in the dreary garb of winter.

"Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And sunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remained
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul."

Let us now examine the effect of this season upon the mind. It is generally said to bring with it a feeling of melancholy. This is undoubtedly the case; and yet it is a melancholy so soothing and so gentle in its approach that we cannot but delight that it has taken refuge in our hearts.

Such is a statement of the effects produced by atmospheric vicissitudes; but ere I dismiss the subject I do not think it foreign to the objects of this essay to make some few remarks on those signs which are generally relied on as indicating the approach of atmospheric vicissitudes. Many of the signs generally relied on by the vulgar are not to be despised, as will be seen by the following account of some of those which are most commonly known:—

First, should the clouds of an evening put on a red appearance, together with a tint of purple; this is a pretty sure prognostication of fine weather. This may be thus, accounted for: the air when dry refracts more red or heat-making rays, and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A coppery or yellow sunset generally foretels rain; but as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall. Many of my readers will probably remember the old proverb, which says—

"A rainbow in the morning is the shepherds' warning;
A rainbow at night is the shepherds' delight."

This may also be readily explained. A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite the sun; and in the evening then the rainbow is in the east; in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly winds, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road by the wind to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us. Another circumstance by which we may foretel that rain is at hand is, that of swallows flying low, while on the contrary, when their flight is high fine weather is to be expected. The reason is this:—Swallows follow the flies and gnats on which they prey, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter and usually moister than cold air, when the warm strata of air are high there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface it is almost certain, that as the cold air flows down into it a deposition of water will take place.

G. T. F

EVAPORATION OF MOUNTAINS.—It has been ascertained by the Experiments of M. Van Maunn, that vapours are more largely exhaled from the summits of lofty mountains than from the plains below, in consequence, it is supposed, of the diminution of atmospheric pressure.

PASSAGES IN THE DIARY OF A SURGEON.

BY ONE OF THE PROFESSION.

CHAPTER III.

The Manuscript Concluded.

"Man to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to woman; one sole bond
Awaits her—treachery is all her trust."
BYRON.

MONTHS rolled on, and still I continued in the same situation. Notwithstanding all the vows and protestations which Henry Stanhope continued to make me, I could not persuade him to consent to have our marriage solemnized. But one answer was ever returned to my entreaties—"Were we not already united?" he would say, "Not perhaps by the outward form of a useless ceremony, read by a servile priest, but our union was one of the heart, which was pure and lasting in itself, and equally irrevocable before God." Yet vexed as I ever was at this disappointment of my hopes, I could not doubt the truth of a heart that dictated such a reply. I was, therefore, far from being unhappy; for, guileless myself, I suspected not deceit in others; much less did I imagine that he on whom all my hopes and affections were placed—for whom I had forsaken home and all its endearing ties—for whom I had sacrificed my innocence and peace of mind, was even at that very moment meditating the blow which would consign me to hopeless infamy and shame, which would expose me for ever to the scorn and infamy of the world.

As I have already mentioned, months rolled on, and found me comparatively happy, for Henry still appeared the same affectionate being as in the bright days of our early love. At length, however, he became less attentive; his absence from home was longer and more frequent, and he seemed to have lost all relish for those domestic pursuits in which he had heretofore delighted. To inattention succeeded indifference and neglect, so that I could no longer doubt the sad and degrading change. It was long, very long, however, ere I knew to what cause this change was to be attributed; but after a time the horrid truth flashed with terrible distinctness on my mind. He was wearied of me; I was a burthen to him. Even then, when there appeared so much of truth in the conjecture as could hardly leave the shadow of a doubt upon my mind, I could not, I would not, altogether condemn him. I could not believe him guilty of such treachery. I endeavoured to attribute it to other causes, to pecuniary disappointment—to any thing rather than to the one fatal and mortifying truth that I had outlived his liking. I essayed by the most devoted attention, and by every means in my power, to endear myself to him, but all my efforts for this purpose were vain, and seemed only to produce in him the reverse of that feeling which it was my object to create. He continued to grow more abstracted, more retired, and more indifferent, till the melancholy truth became too evident to admit further doubt; for not satisfied with treating me with mere

neglect, he became even brutal in his conduct towards me. I remonstrated with him, but this was of no effect; he heeded not my words. At length upon the receipt of some fresh indignity, I could no longer brook his inhumanity. I upbraided him for his treachery towards me, and urged him by all our former loves, by all his vows and protestations, to fulfil his promises of marriage, and rescue me from the shame which was otherwise inevitable. I reminded him of my mother's fate, of the malediction she pronounced with her dying breath on the destroyer of her child, and bade him in time avert the awful consequences which would inevitably await a crime so heinous, and the horror which in the dread hour of dissolution he would feel at the recollection that a parent's curse was on him. But when I found that my appeal and my entreaties were useless, that my tears fell upon a heart of marble—my nature appeared changed—a revengeful feeling took possession of me—I cautioned him to beware how he reduced me to despair. I bade him remember that the revenge of woman was

"Like the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing,"

and that if he did desert me, that if he did thrust me forth unprotected and degraded to meet the scorn of the world, I would not fail to be fearfully avenged;—that where'er he went, I would follow him like his shadow—I would attend his steps till ample vengeance should gratify my wounded soul. But all was vain; my entreaties he derided, my wretchedness he insulted, my threats he laughed to scorn. This completed the measure of his iniquity, and muttering threats of vengeance, I quitted the house.

And now what a vast change had taken place in the prospects of my early youth! I, who had once lived in affluence, nay, even in luxury, and possessed all the blessings of existence, was now roaming through the streets, houseless, and well nigh pennyless. I had blighted all my mother's fondest hopes and wishes. I had branded her name with ignominy, and brought her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Remorse drove me almost to madness. I wandered I knew not whither. The innocence and happiness of days for ever past and fled presented themselves in colours rendered far more bright and glowing, as contrasted with the misery and degradation of the present; while over the future was extended a veil of uncertainty and gloom. In this frame of mind I continued to wander onwards, till the deserted streets and the night air, which, unaccustomed as I was to it, struck with a chilling keenness, warned me to seek a shelter for the night. I accordingly took up my abode in a second-rate hotel, and endeavoured to seek a temporary refuge for my misery in slumber. But, alas! the attempt was unsuccessful, Sleep which, "like the world, his ready visit pays where fortune smiles," forsook my wretched pillow. As I lay devising all imaginary means for protecting myself from want, I remembered that a friend of Stanhope had, some little time previously to my quitting him, offered me his protection, and to him, in my sad extremity I resolved to proceed as soon as the morning should dawn. Exhausted nature being no longer able to withstand the fatigue which I had endured, I sunk into a profound slumber, which lasted till late the following morning.

I arose, and after partaking of some refreshment, I proceeded on my errand. I need hardly say that I was received with open arms, and the most endearing epithets were lavished on me. And now once more was I placed in affluence, and surrounded with all the luxuries which wealth could procure. Money to any amount was at my command, and it was by this means that I was enabled to wreak my vengeance on him whom I now hated with an intensity equal only to the love which once I bore him. I was aware that before I left him he had suffered many pecuniary losses, and that he was in consequence in very embarrassed circumstances. For the purpose of procrastinating the evil day, and relieving himself in some measure from the pressing importunities of his creditors, he had placed his hand to several bills of exchange, which he trusted that, by economy, he should be enabled to meet at the periods when they should become due. Fully believing that

he would not be able to meet these engagements, I purchased one of these bills, that I might make it the medium of working out the revengeful determination that possessed me. The day of payment arrived; the bill was presented, and the answer returned that it would most assuredly be paid, if but a little time were allowed; to this, as may be imagined, I would not accede; the injuries I had received at his hand were too deep to be so readily effaced. The next day he was arrested at my suit, and being totally unable to meet the demands of his creditors, he was compelled to take up his abode within the dreary precincts of a jail. Here, heart-broken by his misfortunes, and goaded by the stings of conscience, he sought relief from his misery in death, and terminated his existence by means of poison. Thus was my vengeance amply gratified. But to proceed:—I continued to live with my new *friend* for some months. Time, however, wrought the change that sooner or later might have been expected: dissensions and mutual bickerings led to a separation, and we parted. It would be useless to detain you with an account of the various persons with whom I became successively acquainted; suffice it to say, that I sunk gradually into the abyss of shame and guilt, and drank the cup of misery to the very dregs. I descended gradually in the scale of society, until I was compelled to associate with the most worthless characters, the very outcasts of society. To obtain a bare subsistence, I was hurried into the committal of crimes, the very mention of which would create disgust and horror. To drown the feelings of remorse which ever clung to me, I resorted to the use of ardent spirits, and my days and nights were spent in drunkenness, riot, and debauchery. Oftimes, when in my sober moments, the memory of what I had once been, and the dreadful recollection of what I then was, came in terrible contrast to my mind, and almost caused my brain to madden, and I have prayed for death as a boon to relieve me from my misery. At length nature could no longer withstand the terrible effects caused by the dreadful life I was compelled to lead, and I was stretched on a bed of sickness, labouring under the disease known by the name of *delirium tremens*. Here I could not hope to drown the recollection of happiness for ever fled, of fond hopes for ever blighted, and boundless misery which I must needs endure, ere I could slumber in the last long sleep of death, and which rushed in a sad array through my mind. As the disease increased, reason fled before it, and I lay for many days in a state of insensibility. But even then the events which crowded upon my brain were in unison with my waking thoughts. I was borne on the magic wings of memory to the joyous hours of my youth. I wandered with my beloved mother amid the scenes rendered dear to me by the remembrance of my childhood's happy days. The sun shone brightly on hill and vale—the waters sparkled beneath its radiant beams, as they rushed with a gladsome murmur through grove and glen—the heavens, spread in one blue and unclouded canopy, were stretched on high—the trees waved gently in the wind—the flowers frolicked in the laughing breeze—the merry carol of the feathered tribe resounded from every spray, and all appeared to speak of happiness and mirth. Suddenly the scene was changed. I stood within the chamber of death: I saw my mother's emaciated form stretched on the bed of sickness, ere her spirit took its everlasting flight from its tenement of clay. I saw her pallid lips move as she indistinctly murmured blessings and forgiveness to the child whose early depravity had hastened her dissolution, and embittered her dying hours. Then, as the senseless and agonizing laugh and frenzied air succeeded to the momentary gleam of reason, the curse which she pronounced on the head of him who had deprived her of her only hope and joy, by destroying the innocence of her child, rung with appalling distinctness in my ears. Again, a "change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and I was in London, living in comparative tranquillity and happiness with the treacherous Stanhope. Gradually the scenes in which I had been an actor, came sweeping with power resistless through my mind, and I appeared to live my sorrows o'er again. These vanished, and I was in a fair and bright land, where every thing was glorious to sight; the fairest flowers on all sides met the eye; the sounds of

melody, far surpassing the most delicious and ravishing strains of human minstrelsy, delighted the ear; while the air was charged with the most delicious fragrance. Then the spirit of my mother, clad in a robe of dazzling whiteness, was presented to my view. She smiled on me, as she was wont to do in early days. She beckoned me to approach her: but as I was about to seize her hands, she melted from my gaze, and the wild discordant laughter of exulting fiends rung upon the air, and their hideous forms were seen dancing in hellish glee, as they claimed me for their victim.

When I recovered from this state of insensibility, I found that I owed my preservation to one whom I had hitherto scarcely known. It was he for whose murder I am now condemned to an ignominious death. He occupied lodgings in the same house with myself, and had frequently seen me. Although I was unaware of it, he had become secretly attached to me, for spite of all the miseries I had endured, I still retained some trace of former attractions. During my illness, he had watched by my side with unceasing assiduity, and had procured for me every thing which my precarious state rendered necessary. During my convalescence, he still continued his attentions, and every hour he could spare from his work was devoted to me. At length, when I was perfectly restored to health, he offered me his hand, and notwithstanding that I was already thoroughly disgusted with the treachery of mankind, a feeling of gratitude prompted me to accede; besides,

> "It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
> On such as smile upon us; the heart must
> Leap kindly back to kindness."

I accordingly accepted him, and we were shortly afterwards united.

But little else remains to be told. For a time we lived together in comfort, and such happiness as I could hope for was again my portion. Our family increased, and with them our cares. After the lapse of a few years, my husband formed acquaintance with some persons of dissipated and debauched habits, and lured by their example, gave way to intoxication, until he became a confirmed drunkard. I endeavoured to wean him from this vicious course, but in vain. Poverty and want fell upon us—hunger stared us in the face; every thing we possessed was sold to satisfy the demands of our creditors. The deepest misery became our portion—yet all failed to turn him from his evil propensity. At length it gave rise to the awful catastrophe * for which I am to suffer, and which you must spare me the pain of recounting.

And now but one more task is left me to perform. It is to repeat my grateful sense of your kindness, and to pray that the blessings of Providence may ever be extended to you. Alas! the offerings of a grateful heart are all that are left me to bestow.

G. T. F.

* Related in our first Number.

TO * * *

The world's a mere cypher
Placed in the scale 'gainst thee; nay, marvel not,
For were the myriads of stars that now bedeck
The canopy of heaven—were they too peopled like our globe,
Suspended too with it in justice balance,
'Twould be a cypher still: so I'd renounce
People and rulers, thrones and palaces, for *thee*
And lovely solitude.

F. W. B.

WALKER'S PATENT PORTABLE RAILROAD.

The inventor of this invaluable travelling apparatus has pursued his studies with the utmost secrecy for a number of years, till, having brought it to the greatest point of perfection which he anticipates it can reach, he unassumingly calls the public attention to it in a commonplace advertisement with no greater flourish of trumpets than if he had invented a new fashioned wooden-shoe, or a travelling cigar-case.

For this modesty, the constant attendant on true genius, we entertain the highest respect, but such is our admiration of Mr. Walker and of his invention, that we cannot suffer him to remain in obscurity, indeed it would be defrauding society at large of much interesting matter for conversation, did we not do our utmost to remove the bushel from his candle, and we therefore throw together hastily such particulars of his life and pursuits as will enable the reader to trace the gradual development of his powers, till arrived at full maturity, they burst upon us in the magnificent blaze of talent displayed in the machine before us.

So long ago as the year 1800, while Walker was yet a student in the seminary of the parish of St. Sepulchre, his attention was called to the velocity with which a circular body will move on an inclined plane, by the rapid movements of the butchers' carts, as they progressed from Newgate market to the foot of Holborn-hill. As he witnessed this phenomenon daily, it is not surprising that it should make a lasting impression on his mind, nor that he should seek to render it familiar by personal experiment: accordingly between the hours devoted to scholastic exercises, young Walker might be seen pursuing the object more congenial to his talents, of propelling potatoes, turnips, and such other rotund bodies as he could procure in the direction before mentioned. Often has the foot-passenger been astonished by the amazing force of his genius, often have proofs of it been exhibited in the windows around. He pursued this line of study with unremitted assiduity, till the winter of 1801, when unfortunately a frost bitten turnip, to which he had given an impetus in the direction of the then Fleet market, came in contact with the spectacles of a respectable householder, who lost his footing, and the sight of one eye at the same instant, the former he speedily recovered, but his eyesight remains defective to the present hour, as may be observed by any one in the habit of walking through Smithfield, where he is employed to see that proper order is maintained. This untoward event was the cause of considerable uneasiness to young Walker, not only because his modesty was wounded by the schoolmaster making what he termed an example of him, but what of course he more regretted, he was forbidden to prosecute this peculiar course of experiment in future. In this dilemma he turned his attention more particularly to the properties of the wheel, and was fortunate enough to obtain ample opportunities of studying it as a science, by the kindness of a greengrocer in the neighbourhood, who allowed him on halfholidays to wheel home coals and potatoes on his barrow.

At the age of fourteen, when he left school, his talents had so far developed themselves as to attract the notice of his friends, who with a penetration creditable to their judgment, and a kindness not often equalled, placed him under the care of an eminent knife-grinder in Fleet lane, under whose auspices he became thoroughly grounded in the knowledge for which his mind thirsted, and to use a homely phrase, by putting his shoulder to the wheel, acquired such a facility in increasing its velocity, as bid fair to eclipse the fame of the illustrious Watt, as his latest work portends he will supersede at no distant day the celebrated modern Hancock.

He had not fully completed the term of his apprenticeship, when by mere accident he saw a steam-engine at work chopping beef for sausages, and im-

mediately conceived the idea of attaching a grindstone to some part of the machinery, which should render permanently sharp its perpetual choppers; how amply he succeeded, the grit to be occasionally found in sausages abundantly testifies. He was soon afterwards presented with the freedom of the worshipful company of cerveloi makers, accompanied with a handsome gratuity, which enabled him to bid adieu to knife and cleaver grinding, and plunge at once into the more difficult but more pleasing intricacies of scientific usefulness.

It will be in the recollection of many, of those at least who have been in the habit of indulging in horse flesh, that in consequence of the demand for horses for the army towards the close of the last war, serviceable animals were scarce or at any rate were so high in price that few could obtain them. Walker turned his mighty mind to the consideration of this subject. He at once perceived its immense importance—that unless some substitute could be found for horses, all classes of society, including rich, poor, lame, blind and weak, must either ride in wheelbarrows or walk! that our Aristocracy must travel like hearthstones, and our country gentlemen become a race of footpads!

Neither of these alternatives harmonized with his patriotic feelings, and concentrating all his energies to avert so dire a calamity, he in a short time astonished his countrymen by the production of that incomparable compound of a horse and carriage, which should have been named, "The Walker" but which he with characteristic humility christened, "The Velocipede", the fame of this invention, travelling even faster than itself, spread far and wide. Every one had the velocipede in his mouth, and the monopolists were dumbfoundered. Horses fell, and Jerusalem apologies were at a discount! But, alas for the mutability of public opinion—at the very moment when Walker was devising means for the employment of the immense capital which his success was bringing to his coffers, an outcry arose against the invention! whence it originated is difficult to say, but the fraternity of coachmen, flymen, horse jobbers, and others of that respectable class, vociferated loudly against any means of transportation—the clamour became irresistible to retiring merit, and all that remains of the velocipede for posterity is its name.

This unexpected disappointment threw a damp upon his spirits, but, fortunately for his species, did not extinguish his genius; and in less time than might have been anticipated he completed another great project for the benefit of mankind—the making of a machine by which persons could travel with the facility of skating. This machine, which was in fact a pair of skates made upon the wheel-carriage instead of the ancient sledge principle, he submitted to the judgment of the St. James's Skating Club, who admired the ingenuity of their construction, but being blessed at the moment with an exceeding hard frost, did not give him that decided encouragement he had been led to expect. This coolness was not relished by Walker; and though his skates were eagerly adopted by the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre as a striking feature in their Christmas pantomime, and their usefulness thus demonstrated beyond question, he made no further attempt to bring them before the public; in fact, a smooth surface being indispensable, and the idea of macadamizing the streets of London being shortly after blindly rejected, this invention, like its predecessor, was, of necessity, consigned to the tomb of the Capulets.

It is painful to contemplate a man of genius suffering so much from the caprices of the public, and surprising that Walker did not imbibe that spirit of bitterness which so often sways the minds of those whose talents are not duly appreciated, but he bore this second misadventure with the same philosophic calmness that distinguished him on the former occasion: indeed, it would appear that his talents and energies acquired greater strength in the struggles he encountered; and it is doubtless true that these two signal defeats, formed the solid basis of his ultimate triumph, displayed in the magnificent production more immediately under our notice, a faint description of which we proceed to lay before our readers.

The machine consists of an iron ring, about eight feet in diameter, some-

what resembling the tire of a wheel, but much broader. The outer side is a plane surface, but the inner is lined with two projecting ridges, on which traverse four small wheels with concave felloes supporting a kind of chair, the *seat* of which is composed of an air cushion, suspended by India-rubber springs. The upper part of the *back* of the chair is furnished with two small wheels similar to those of the basement, which traverse the projecting ridges before-mentioned, and thus the seat is kept at all times perfectly steady, and the traveller is in no danger of an upset, unless the whole machine topple over, an accident which cannot possibly happen, so long as he uses sufficient caution to preserve its equilibrium by the occasional extension of the guiding rods, of which there are two on either side. These last are an extremely ingenious contrivance; they are attached to the supporters of the seat by means of a ball and socket joint, their other extremities resting in the trough formed by the two ridges on which the wheels traverse; but by the mere turning of a screw, which is placed conveniently to the traveller's right hand, one or more of the rods may be extended in any required direction; or the whole may be instantly transformed into four legs, and the apparatus will stand still and firm as any butcher's block in the metropolis. In addition, the machine is furnished with two projecting *claws* or *feelers* in front, which one might almost imagine to be possessed of an intuitive faculty, so quickly and carefully do they remove everything out of the way which might impede the progress of the railroad, and between these claws is placed the steering wheel, by means of which the traveller may avoid any object, such as a brewer's dray or a loaded coal waggon, which might possibly be too heavy for the feelers to remove without straining them. There are several other little conveniences attached to it, which can only be thoroughly appreciated by actual use; and we must conclude our imperfect sketch by referring our readers to Mr. Walker, or to the apparatus itself, for further information,

It was our intention to describe the method of its propulsion, but as it is constructed on a different principle from any other machine with which we are acquainted we fear that the effort would be more productive of confusion than elucidation, we therefore merely quote a few words from Mr. Walker's prospectus:—"This machine, being constructed on the principle of super-gravitation, the more heavily it is laden the better. It is equal to the conveyance of any weight that may be placed upon it, and moves at a uniform rate of speed, from one to twenty miles an hour, as the index of the regulator may be turned when it is put in motion."

Mr. Walker has secured to himself the benefit that may and must arise from this important addition to the means of civilization, by taking out a patent; but we believe his charges will be extremely moderate, and we look forward to its being soon in general use; as he informs us, it has for some months been in great requisition. None of the machines, however, will be suffered to quit his repository till the first of April next, on which day any person will be permitted, on depositing ten guineas as security to make trial of them for any distance not exceeding fifty miles from Hyde Park corner.

We may conclude by adding, that the machine is extremely portable—none that we have seen exceeding five tons weight, and that no lady, invalid, or traveller should be without one.

H. T.

SCIENTIFIC VARIÆ.

Mr. Crosse's Insects.—At a recent meeting of the Ashmolean Society at Oxford, Dr. Buckland informed the members that he had received a communication from Mr. Crosse, detailing the results of some new experiments, by which he had succeeded in obtaining upwards of one hundred more animals of the same description as those obtained by previous experiments. On a piece of volcanic slag, connected at both ends with the conducting wires of a voltanic trough, a fluid containing silex and muriatic acid was dropped. The animals soon after their formation were washed off the slag into a wooden funnel beneath. On varying the mode of conducting the experiment, the same animals were procured without the muriatic acid, but none appeared when the electric current was diverted. They were supposed at first to be *infusoria*, similar to those discovered with the microscope by Ghrenberg; but they have been determined by naturalists in London to belong to a much higher order, resembling very closely the well-known *acari*, which infest cabinets, excepting that they have no hairs on them. Dr. Buckland, however, suggested that the hairs might have adhered to the the gum employed in sticking them on to the card, or might have been rubbed off by friction in their carriage to London. This curious, indeed *wonderful*, discovery of Mr. Crosse, has been a theme for the most untiring curiosity for the last three months, and could all the many ideas and suggestions of individuals, learned and unlearned, wise and foolish, on this exciting subject, be collected, they would form a most interesting and amusing volume, in which we should find the deepest learning, and arguing a subject upon the most unfounded premises; the most rancorous envy turning that which it cannot disprove into ridicule and contempt; and ignorant simplicity affecting to deride what it is actually frightened at. Much of the scorn and censure which has been flung at Mr. Crosse is doubtless owing to the crude and unauthorized account of the experiment, which first attracted the public notice. But since the affair has assumed a scientific character, men of science are beginning to be aware of its importance; and amongst those who first bestowed their attention on the subject, Professor Faraday is conspicuous. By his espousing the cause of Mr. Crosse (without, however, hazarding any opinion on the matter), he has secured an impartial hearing, which will doubtless lead to a fair issue. After all, the result obtained is not vastly more wonderful than that which is the effect of planting a seed 3,000 years old in some garden mould; for the principle of life may lie dormant, until called into action by a peculiar process (which is perpetually going on largely in nature), as well as in the invisible embryo of the future insect, as in the larger embryo of the future plant. We shall, perhaps, ever remain as ignorant of the exact action of the stimulants in the one case as in in the other; for if we seek to dive deeper into the remote cause of vitality we must answer the unanswerable question, What is the principle of life?

Burford's Panorama.—The present exhibition at this fashionable resort is a view of Mont Blanc and the surrounding valleys and mountains, which has been treated in a manner worthy the reputation of the artist. A very brilliant effect is produced by the radiance of the sun breaking through the pines and other trees which clothe one of the many eminences. The valley of Chamounix is seen below the spectator, and beside him a party of voyageurs enlivens the scene.

Cosmorama.—The exhibition in Regent Street has just re-opened with eight new views, excelling the last series both in interest and execution. They consist of the Palace of Seleucus of Antioch, the Cathedral of Cordova, the Valley of Interlacken, the Bridge of Alcantara, the Gardens and Palace of Versailles, the Arsenal of Lisbon and the river Tagus, the city of Cordova, &c.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.—At the conclusion of the series of lectures which Mr. Pettigrew has been engaged in delivering at Exeter Hall, that gentleman went through the process of unrolling an Egyptian mummy. The mummy produced on the occasion was one purchased by the lecturer at Mr. Salt's sale, and was what is denominated Græco-Egyptian. As usual, it was enclosed in two wooden cases, but Mr. Pettigrew discovered by the characters on them that they differed in their account of the person embalmed. After a recapitulation of the most important parts of his discourse, Mr. Pettigrew proceeded to take off the upper bandage; it was of cloth dyed by carthanno of a yellow colour; beneath this appeared a layer of asphaltum, or other pitchy matter, which could only be removed with the aid of a knife; then another covering of cloth, a second layer of asphaltum, and a third cloth bandage; but the two last having been put on nearly at the same time, having become so incorporated, that it was found impossible to separate them, and owing to the great heat with which the asphaltum had been applied, it adhered to the skin. On the feet were found sandals, painted in white and red; round the ankles and knees there were painted bandages, and around the neck a fillet, with a picture apparently of a vase. The eyes were covered with imitations in gold, and between them a scarabeus was placed. Græco-Egyptian mummies seldom were interred with any thing of importance, but Mr. P. stated he should shortly have the pleasure of unrolling a splendid mummy from Memphis, which was expected to contain some valuable and curious ornaments. The lecture afforded a gratifying spectacle to a numerous audience.

MR. LOVE THE POLYPHONIST.—We have visited the City of London Tavern, and have derived very great entertainment from the extraordinary and amusing performances of Mr. Love. The whole of the characters which he delineates in the first part of his entertainment are true to the life, and we are sure that none of his auditors can fail to allow the correctness with which they are pourtrayed. In addition to this, Mr. Love is a most clever ventriloquist. We most cordially recommend all our readers to hear Mr. Love at the earliest possible opportunity, and judge for themselves.

MR. C. H. ADAMS' LECTURE ON ASTRONOMY.—The lectures which have been delivered by this gentleman at the King's Theatre, are, with a very few exceptions, the same as those of former years, and are characterized by that accuracy and simplicity of explanation for which Mr. Adams has always been distinguished. We, however, sadly missed Mr. Green's Royal Seraphine, which, by the beautiful character of its music, resembling in many respects the most powerful organ, is so particularly adapted to fill up the intervals of a lecture upon astronomy. We wonder that it has been omitted.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

"Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

Pocket Edition of Byron. Murray, Albemarle Street. Volumes 1, 2, and 3.

It would be rather late in the day for us to attempt to criticise the works of this poet, allowed on all hands to be the greatest of modern days, and we therefore premise that such is far from being our intention. We have only to speak in terms of unqualified praise of this very pretty pocket edition now publishing in monthly volumes. The three which have already appeared contain Childe Harold and the whole of the Tales. They are to be completed in ten volumes. To those of our readers who are not already possessed of a copy of the works of this most charming poet we heartily recommend the present edition.

The Modern Dunciad, Sixth edition. Virgil in London. Third edition. And other Poems. One volume, post 8vo. Pickering.

The *Modern* Dunciad has now become as standard a work as the *Ancient*. It originally "had the good fortune," as the author observes in his preface, "to be approved of by many of the best judges, and censured by some of the worst," and the result of such criticism is shewn in its continued popularity. Written throughout in a strain of refined taste, without the least coarseness or indelicacy, and totally divested of rancorous and unnatural censure; it is not deficient in wit, *point*, or legitimate satire; and whilst the author lashes Ignorance and Presumption with a powerful and well directed arm, he ever honours Virtue and True Genius. *Virgil in London, or Town Eclogues*, is a series of "*little Dunciads*"—a brilliant array of minor weapons directed against the follies of the town. Besides these, there are in this edition several smaller poems of exquisite humour, and some very extensive notes, which will be found of great interest to the admirer of Shakspeare and the earlier dramatist, who will find them and their times considered in many new lights, evincing great talent and acquaintance with the subject. In our next number we shall endeavour to present our readers with an extract from this highly entertaining volume, and we regret our inability to give a more worthy notice in the present part of so excellent a performance.

MUSIC.

"Cruse's Psalms." Second Notice. D'Almaine and Co.

Agreeably to our promise, we return to this interesting work, to offer a few analytical remarks upon its contents, but our limits oblige us to refrain from indulging in a very elaborate notice. We begin with Mr. Cruse's own contributions to this work:—

The Morning Hymn, the first piece in the collection, is a happily-conceived melody, and its originality and general harmonization auger well for the continuation of the work. Psalm 1—but we find that we have imposed upon ourselves a tiresome task; in so extensive a publication, it would be too laborious to particularize the whole of its numerous compositions, we shall, therefore, seek for some of the most striking points as deserving of commendation. Psalm 63, the whole of this piece is truly excellent, and savours well of the genuine cathedral style; the third chord, with the F natural, and the minor chord in the fourth strain, in immediate succession with the major third, are evident traits of talent. Psalm 19 is rather peculiar in its composition, the fifth of the key being chanted by the tenor through fourteen consecutive bars, and although this note is repeated no less than twenty-eight times, it is not dissonant, but, in every instance, forms a part of the legitimate harmony. Psalm 25 (as well as many others in the volume), is remarkable for its strict adherence to the olden style, of which its diatonic progressions, and the contrary motion of the extreme parts, are indicative. Psalm 32 is the same as the morning hymn, very ingeniously arranged in the minor mode, the transposition being effected merely by the change of the signature. In Psalm 33, the responses to the melody in the bass are effective. The modulation in Psalm 37 (which Psalm is seldom or ever sung, for want of suitable music to its peculiar metre), though rather *recherché*, is far from inappropriate to the expressive subject, and to which the music is here particularly adapted. Psalm 47 is evidently a production of some little labour, the third and fourth strains of the melody being note for note of the first strains reversed. In Psalm 65, the ascending and descending scales are taking as themes in the treble and bass alternately, but notwithstanding these shackles, the harmony is not destitute of interest. There are many other compositions of our author, embracing some kind of ingenious device, which afford an exemplification of

the fact, that real genius not unfrequently exhibits itself in freaks of eccentricity. Psalms 133, 136, 137, 148, and some others of Mr. Cruse's writing, are admirable in their construction, but in order to notice other portions of the work, we must abstain from commenting upon them.

In the harmonization of the melodies of various nations, Mr. Cruse has evinced much judgment and taste, and while he has carefully preserved the individual character of these melodies, he has contributed to their interest by a skilful diversification of the harmony, where admissible, on any repetition of their peculiar strains.

The East-Indian and Chinese melodies are exceedingly beautiful, as also the Moorish and Hindostanee, and we have every reason to regard them as authentic specimens. The East-Indian melodies are performed by the negroes with their peculiar beat, which consists of two bass notes, octaves to each other, commencing on the weak part of the measure. A peculiarity is discoverable in the Chinese melody, that no interval of half-tone occurs, which is said to be a characteristic of all Chinese melodies. Some of these choice melodies (though their general introduction for religious purposes may, in consequence of their remarkable peculiarities, meet with objections in the fastidious) will be found useful to suit peculiar metres, and in their present adaptation prove highly interesting in the chamber, and if sung with the four voices, be rendered pleasingly effective.

In the specimens of successive church writers (the name of each composition being that of its author), we find the collection enriched with many originals, among which we would mention those of Mr. Novello, Dr. Hodges, Edward Viner, Kello, J. Pye, and Addison, are very excellent: the contribution of Mr. Turle is a fine example of cathedral writing; in the fourth strain the consecutive changes of harmony upon the same note in the melody have a fine effect; this composition is strongly tinctured with the style of the venerable Gregarian melodies. Sheerness and Kingsbridge are beautiful ancient melodies, and are harmonized in Mr. Cruse's best style.

We must not pass over the specimen of W. Ross (a pupil of Mr. Cruse) without expressing our admiration at the sweetness of its strains and the uniform beauty of its composition, not forgetting an original hymn, entitled "Jesu," written by Elizabeth Fox, which is in the highest degree beautiful, and breathes that pure devotional spirit evidently characteristic of its fair authorities. Mr. Cruse's music is happily united to the words; the preliminary and concluding symphonies are elegant, and the *ad libitum* notes at the end of the lines, serving as little connecting links to the chain of richly-wrought harmony, are the suggestions of refined taste.

Although the unisonous style is so commonly adopted by congregations, it needs scarcely be said, that the real beauties of Psalmody cannot be presented without the four distinct parts. In the endeavour to effect the reformation so desirable in this, not the least essential, portion of the Service, some few difficulties may naturally be expected to arise, and though in a mixed assembly it may be unreasonable to look for refinement from a host of voices singing, *en masse*, the same melody, still a very material change for the better can easily be made, and those who take a lively interest in the welfare of our Church, and are desirous for the healthy improvement of her music, will not hesitate to avail themselves of the valuable suggestions offered in Mr. Cruse's work.

"*Why should I leave the valley.*" *Canzonet, by* J. P. Barratt. Dean, Bond-street.

This is a very pleasing and effective composition in the Bellini style. In the second verse the music is particularly adapted to the sentiment of the poetry, and it is very prettily wrought throughout.

"*The Warrior's welcome home.*" By F. J. T. Eames. G. Warne, 103, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

This is one of the sweetest ballads that has appeared for some time, and what is of no less importance, one of the most original in its composition. The melody is soft and flowing; the symphonies pretty and in keeping with

the subject, whilst, as a contrapuntist, Mr. Eames has shown that he possesses abilities very far from mediocre. We must not either omit to notice the poetry, which is of a description to put the trash now generally set to music to the blush. We extract a verse for the amusement of our readers, and at the same time strongly recommend the piece itself to their attention.

"O haste to me with joy to tell,
That he has ceased to roam,
The heart which drooped at Evening bell,
Shall breathe his welcome home."

We noticed in an early number of our Magazine a very excellent little work by Mr. RICHARD CHAMBERS, entitled the "*Spelling-Book of Utility*," in which we particularly directed the reader's attention to the woodcuts illustrating the remarks on Natural History. The proprietor having very politely offered us the use of one of those woodcuts, we hesitated not a moment in accepting it, as we are sure our subscribers will consider with us, that nothing can be more beautiful, or, which is more to the purpose, *correct*, than the sketch of the humming-bird which is now before them. Of these cuts there are no less than fourteen, each of which has a slight description beneath, conveying in simple terms all that is requisite should be known respecting them by the youthful student. Of the merits of the work, as a school-book, we have before spoken, and we need only now add, that the moderate price at which it is published places it within the reach of all.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

We regret much that we have been compelled, from circumstances over which we have had no control, to omit the notices of several books and pieces of music sent us for review, as also the notices of literary societies. We shall, however, make the *amende honorable*, and do full justice to them in our next.—Ed. N. L. M.

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THE

New London Magazine.

ON NATURAL MAGIC.

Introductory Paper.

The term Natural Magic is applied to all those phenomena which, on a first view, would appear to be caused by supernatural agency, but which, nevertheless, can be satisfactorily traced to natural causes. In ancient times, when the gloom of ignorance and superstition pervaded the whole world and shackled the minds of men with their galling and degrading fetters, all those curious phenomena, the causes of which, at that time, were hidden by an apparently impenetrable veil, were at once classed under the common name of *magic*, and ascribed to supernatural agency; and thus the air, the earth, and the waters were, by the glowing imaginations of men, peopled with innumerable beings who were supposed to be the authors or directors of these phenomena. To prove the truth of this fact we need only refer to the histories of the various nations and times, and of the manners and customs of the people. Thus, for instance, if we look at the Heathen Mythology, we shall find how much both the Greeks and Romans entertained the doctrine we have mentioned. We shall find that they possessed Deities who ruled over the heavens, the earth, and the sea—who governed storms and tempests, lightning, and thunder; there were others who held dominion over winds and hurricanes, indeed, over every vicissitude of the atmosphere. Grove and glen, mountain and moorland, rivers and fountains, all had their presiding Deities. It would be a tedious and unnecessary task to trace this superstitious creed in the various nations of ancient and modern times, and we will, therefore, content ourselves by making a few remarks on the superstition of our own country. What the Gods of the Heathen Mythology were to the Greeks and Romans, the elves and fairies were to us; and, although the belief in their agency is fast passing away, yet it may be safely affirmed that even now in the distant corners of the

kingdom there can be found some who still have faith in this superstition. Be this, however, as it may, we think there are none who will attempt to deny, but that our forefathers gave implicit credence to supernatural agency; that in fact they believed that there were

> "Elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and grove,"

who by their power could

> "Bedim
> The noontide sun; call forth the mutinous winds,
> And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
> Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
> Could give fire, and rift e'en Jove's stout oak
> With his own bolt, the strong bas'd promontory
> Could make to shake, and by the spurs pluck up
> The pine and cedar: graves at their command
> Would open and let forth their sleepers, waked
> By their so potent art."

To them also were attributed the governance of the seasons; for Shakespeare in his exquisite play, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, makes Titania address Oberon thus:—

> "We see
> The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
> Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
> And on old Hyem's chin and icy crown
> An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer buds
> Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
> The childing autumn, angry winter, change
> Their wonted liveries; and the amaz'd world
> By their inchase, now knows not which is which:
> And this same progeny of evil comes,
> From our debates, from our dissention;
> We are their parents and original."

This, we think, will be sufficient to prove the correctness of our assertion, and we therefore repeat that the wondrous phenomena of the Universe were supposed to be under the direction of these imaginative beings. Even those master spirits, the glories of whose careers, from time to time, shed a brilliant lustre over the ages in which they flourished, failed to explain these apparent mysteries, either from not sufficiently devoting their energies to the task, or from being deterred by the terrors of that persecution with which bigotry and ignorance never failed to pursue those who attempted to lift that veil wherewith custom or cunning had shrouded the agencies that had illumined the world. Thus, through a long succession of ages, these phenomena were but imperfectly understood. But now the lights of knowledge and freedom are chasing away the clouds of ignorance and superstition; the dark ages of the past are fading away before the brilliancy of a future. Natural philosophy, a science comparatively of modern date is devoted entirely to the study and explanation of these apparent mysteries; and much of that knowledge, which at other times invariably subjected the possessor to a formal trial, and not unfrequently to all the horrors of a cruel death at the

stake for sorcery, is now comprehended by almost every one who has enjoyed the blessings of education.

But it may be asked, and perhaps with some show of reason, why the name of magic should be applied to those phenomena which can be accounted for on philosophic principles. To this it may be replied, that if the magician, by the exercise of his mysteries, and by working on the credulity of the uninstructed and superstitious, be allowed to term his art MAGIC, surely the philosopher who performs these same feats openly and undisguisedly, and at the same time explains on philosophic principles the manner in which they are performed, may be allowed to term his art magic, with the addition of the word *natural*, to signify that he does not pretend to anything more than he can prove to depend on scientific principles only.

The subject of *natural magic* is one of great extent, as well as of deep interest. In its widest range it embraces the history of the governments and the superstitions of ancient times—of the means by which they maintained their influence over the human mind; of the assistance they derived from the arts and sciences, and from a knowledge of the powers and phenomena of nature. When the tyrants of antiquity were unable or unwilling to found their sovereignty on the affections and interests of their people, they sought to entrench themselves in the strong holds of supernatural influence, and to rule with the delegated authority of Heaven. The prince, the priest, and the sage were leagued in a dark conspiracy to deceive and enslave their species: and man, who refused his submission to a being like himself, became the obedient slave of a spiritual despotism, and willingly bound himself in chains when they seemed forged by the Gods.

This system of imposture was greatly favoured by the ignorance of these early ages. The human mind is at all times fond of the marvellous, and the credulity of the individual may be often measured by his own attachment to the truth. When knowledge was the property of only one caste, it was by no means difficult to employ it in the subjugation of the great mass of society. An acquaintance with the motion of the heavenly bodies, and the variations in the state of the atmosphere, enabled its possessor to predict astronomical and meteorological phenomena with a frequency and an accuracy which could not fail to invest him with a divine character. The power of bringing down fire from the heavens, even at times when the electric influence was itself in a state of repose, could be regarded only as a gift from heaven. The power of rendering the human body insensible to fire was an irresistible instrument of imposture; and in the combinations of chemistry and the influence of drugs and embrocations on the human frame, the ancient physicians found their most available resources.

The best method of considering this most important and interesting subject, and the one we shall use in the following articles, will be as follows:—

First—Chemical illusions, or those phenomena which may be traced to the operations of chemistry as their source; such, for instance, as the spontaneous combustion of bodies, both animate and inanimate, the art of breathing flames, walking on red-hot iron, the methods of forming sympathetic landscapes, magic prints, &c.

Secondly—Optical illusions. Under this head we shall treat of the Fata Mogana—of supposed apparitions, &c.

Thirdly—Acoustics and aural illusion, embracing the subject of echoes.

And, lastly—Mechanical feats and contrivances.

Thus, the principal phenomena of nature, and the leading combinations of art, which bear the impress of a supernatural character will pass under our review; and our attention will be called particularly to those singular illusions of sense by which the most perfect organs either cease to perform their functions, or perform them faithlessly; and where the efforts and the creations of the mind predominate over the direct perceptions of external nature.

In pursuance of the course thus marked out, we shall proceed in our next to consider the subject of chemical illusions, or those phenomena which may be traced to the operations of chemistry as their source.

G. T. F.

In the days of Nero, glass perfectly transparent was reckoned so valuable, that Nero gave a sum equal to £50,000 for two glass drinking-cups with handles. And that porcelain was so esteemed by the Romans, that after the taking of Alexandria a porcelain vessel was the only part of the spoil retained by Augustus.

J. H.

There is a boiling fountain in Iceland from which the water is thrown to the height of 90 feet, and is still boiling hot when it falls to the ground. It is to be supposed therefore, that the water in this reservoir must be much hotter than the boiling point of water.

J. H.

It is not generally known, that the red-hot balls employed by the garrison of Gibralter to destroy the Spanish floating batteries were carried from the furnaces to the bastions in *wooden* barrows with only a layer of sand interposed; and this was found sufficient to prevent the balls, though in a high state of incandescence, from setting fire to the wood, sand being a very slow conductor of heat.

J. H.

HUGO STEILFORT;

A Poetic Drama.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

"——————" I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to ; go to.
POLIXENES.—What means Sicilia ?
HERMIONE.—He something seems unsettled.
POLIXENES.—How my lord ?
What cheer ?—how is't with you, best brother ?
HERMIONE.—You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you moved my lord ?
LEONTES.—No ! in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms !"

SHAKSPEARE.

PREFATORY ADVERTISEMENT.

This Drama was written for the purpose of illustrating a particular conception. The eccentricity of its plot is accompanied, in some instances, *as applicable to the character*, by a peculiarity of language, and a morbidness of opinion. The reader, when he peruses the opinions and expressions of Hugo Steilfort, will be pleased to remember what he is—a being removed from, though understanding, human impulse and feeling. In shadowing forth a *Fiend*, the writer has attempted to give his view of how the character should be represented. The sentiments which are put into his mouth are, of course, put there only so far as they may be supposed to be characteristic. The writer, in colouring his portrait, has been obliged to make use of an exclusive selection of dark tints, some deepening into blackness—others brightening into lurid and Stygian illumination ; but all of the one order, and, if presenting variety, changing their hues like the scales of a snake—now jet, now sulphuric azure, now ghastly and glittering green, and now the glow of brightening embers—an iris of infernal radiations. The reader will be kind enough to look at the *moral* of the composition, and attribute the jaundiced principles of Hugo to the blackness of his designs and character. The Drama is in no way adapted, or intended, for representation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LYNDERT DE LOEL, Count of Ffalzberg.
———, bearing the name of Hugo Steilfort, his friend.
BERTRAM } Officers of a Prison.
DE SALIS }
HUBERT, Steward of Lyndert,
GUARDS, SPIRITS, &c.
IOLE, Countess of Ffalzberg.
BERTHA, her Sister.
ATTENDANTS of Iole.

SCENE.—During the first two acts, in the Castle of Ffalzberg; afterwards in a city of Southern Germany.

TIME.—A lapse of one month is supposed to intervene between the first and second acts, and one of nine between the second and last.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A romantic Forest—Castle of Ffalzberg in the distance. Time—Night. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter HUGO STEILFORT.

Hugo.—One would suppose the elements themselves,
Conspired against my purpose: rain, and thunder,
The jetted flash of momentary lightnings,
Shrill tides of whistling hail, and clouds on clouds
Mass'd to the zenith, all unite for once——
A hoarse alliance certainly——to render
Directionless the little path I follow.
I've tried to pierce the thickets that around me
Twist into net-work; but they flung their cursed
Twigs in my visage, till I gave it over.
The howling surges of a swollen river
Stream on my right hand, and, sooth, on the left,
I hear the wail of wounded wolves, struck in
The flanks by falling branches. Is it spite?
When I set out, the summer moon shone brightly,
And stars, like jewels, glitter'd; but I had
Scarce master'd two leagues of my 'nighted journey,
Ere the wind rose, and up the still horizon
Climbed thunder couriers—the harbingers
Of a most mighty tempest. Well! well! well!
Nought now can serve me except patience, and
I happily boast much: this puny storm
I well could laugh at, for I've ere this heard
That which would shame these grumbling voices unto
Appalled silence; but to be so thwarted,
E'en in the sequel of my expedition,
In sight too of my object, is provoking.
No guidance can be seen. The way was told me,
Plain as a sun glance through a murky cloud;
Yet I have lost all trace on't. 'Twere excuse
To say the thunder dinn'd it from my brain,
Or that the sable midnight, wreathed as dense

As mourning garments round a widow young,
Who wears an outside sorrow, had come down
So thick about me, that an eagle eye
Had failed to pierce it out—'twould current pass,
And e'en with precedent so might I use it.
Black, black—all's black around me : goodly night
For gaunt-eyed Murder to steal safely out,
And steep his fingers in fresh blood unqualm'd,
Conscience is daylight ; we could do foul deeds,
Deeds such as day would make us shudder at,
Were the thick mantle of the brooding night
Spread always o'er our heads. 'Tis night that steels
The faint heart in his purpose, sucking out
The sickly humours of the meek-eyed day.
Under thy canopy, oh, civil night!
Steals out friend Theft, with eager eye and step,
Grown bold in darkness. Modesty slips off
Her staided vesture, and with chain tost off,
Perks up in impudence, till sober day
Calls in her shafted glances, and cramps up,
In 'haviour decorous, each giddy thought.
How many now are busy?—good men snore,
Secure in honesty, and the just eye
That keeps a vigil, when their wits are walked
Out of their daily citadel, while 'neath
The clear eyed robber hands their guardless pelf
Into his prayerless pockets. Now the husband
Dreams of his partner's honesty, and thinks
The holy lesson last night read her, fresh
Yet in her ductile mind, while she—good Lord!
Leaps from the window to a soldier's arms,
And leaves the good behind her, choosing rather,
Hell and her hero, than his drowsy connings.
Now reels the drivel drunkard home to bed,
While pale-eyed Hunger whineth at his door.
Now peery traitors rise to let in foes,
And madden'd gambler's gibber at the moon
That with chaste beam reproves them. Now the owl,
Sheath'd in her ivy scarf, out screecheth, while
The distant bay of the grim wolf comes down
On a long sweep of the unwholesome air.
Now glares the suicide with uncased knife,
And bares his throat unto the ready edge.
Now ghosts skulk churchward through the gloom. Now—

[*Thunder.*

Hark!
Baal! what a peal—it shook me as I stood.
Perchance the lightning's singed me. Let me look.
'Twere not quite well my harness were impair'd
Of its new gloss already. What's a man
Without a goodly outside? Eyes I have,

Eve's offspring's eyes,—fair woman's eyes to please.
No! smooth as beauty's cheek. Ha! ha! ha! ha!
The sulph'rous flash has spared me, that I might
Lack no advantage, e'en unto the least,
In the good purposes which bring me here.
Race on ye pall-hued clouds above me! frown
On my fair mission, and the humble shape
Which dwarf-like creeps beneath ye if ye will!
Ye envy me a moonbeam, or I might,
By this, not need your kindness.—Well! 'tis vain.
How yonder cross the arrow flashings blue,
Tearing the black profundity sky down.
By hell! a flash of beauty—grand! O grand!
(Had I but time I could apostrophize.)
It opened half the sky, and in the——zounds!
A pile of crags high castled. Bravo! ho!
There is my loadstar, and I follow. Soft!
All dark again——'twas eastward, eastward——good!
I now shall grope with something more like purpose.
Another flash perchance will show't once more.
Patience and caution, and I surely win it.
The trees begin to open;——yond'——so—so.

[*Exit cautiously.*

SCENE 2.—*An apartment in the Castle of Ffalzberg.—Storm without.*—IOLE *discovered reclining on a couch, and* LYNDERT DE LOEL *at an open casement.*

Lyndert.—The night wears on, and, with the night, the storm
Seems fast to gather strength. I never saw
So fell a conflict of the elements,
Or the rack'd sky so tortured. Hark! how loud
Rolls out the booming thunder; in the east
A thousand lights glance o'er the rended clouds,
As quick they chase each other: now all's dark!
A breathless intermission—lull of war.
Look! look! a blaze of brilliancy tears down
The jagg'd and inky firmament. Oh! would
Dear—dear Iole, that you'd glance out here.
The skies are beautiful!

Iole.—I shudder. Hark!
Oh! what a night is this! Who that beheld
The silver moon sail softly up last eve—
Alas!

Lyndert (advances abruptly towards her).—Why did'st thou sigh, Iole?

Iole.—I knew not that I sighed; but if——some thought
Stole o'er me, at the instant, of the past.

Lyndert.—I am quick eyed; a tear steals down your cheek;
And now from me you turn away your face,
Why, what should this be? hast thou anything
That troubles thee, Iole? tell me what.
Thy spirit is too weak: I know thou wert,

Up from thy childhood, gentle to the bound
Of very weakliness, and that thou could'st,
At the recital of a piteous tale,
Unwilling sigh or weep, though the cause e'en
Were fiction's baldest effort. I have seen
The moment next, a rosy dimple strive
To chase the latent sorrow from your face,
Like the bright sun break through a watery cloud,
The rain drops glittering in the golden beam.
And then thou'dst sweep with hasty hand away
The little gem from off thy glowing cheek,
And hide thy blushes in thy father's bosom:
Thine iv'ry arms twined round his aged neck,
While, fondly laughing, he would clasp thee near,
A kiss imprinting on thy marble brow,
And with a quiv'ring finger part the locks,
Star thron'd Juno might have envied e'en,
That lightly wanton'd in the summer air.
I have seen this, and stood oft by, a son
In term, affection, and yet not in name:
Link'd in the bonds of love to him and thee,
And yet by blood a stranger—yet not so;
I could not be a stranger: love is not
Tied down to accident, and birth'd of rule;
It owns no precedent, but is as free,
Unfetter'd as the air: it springeth up
In kindred hearts, and mated sympathies,
Heedless of rank, bound, distance, fitness—all!
Another tear? I am too rough of way,
Too thoughtless, and too talkative.

Iole.—Oh say not so!
'Tis I that am too thoughtless, and too weak;
I weary thee with this most foolish sorrow,
Appearing causeless, and yet felt too deep.
Forgive me, oh! forgive me, if thou canst.

Lyndert.—Forgive thee, dearest? Why should I forgive thee?
First tell in what thou hast offended me,
For *what* I should forgive thee, and in what
Term thy offence be noted, and then I
Will from my heart forgive thee. Now, in sooth,
I cannot comprehend thee! Surely sorrow
Is not forth pictured in the weeping face
Without some special reason, there must be
Some cause for this that I can think not of;
And, since thou ask'st me to forgive thee, sure
With *me* the fault lies, could I trace it out.
Oh, thou art dear to me as my soul's price!
God knows but little could I see below
To pleasure me, did'st thou not triply share it.
Come, cheer thee up! how is it, that, since I
Return'd o'erwearied from the field of war;

Forced, by my sov'reign's voice, to leave thee in
His glitt'ring city, seat of feast and rule,
He doubtless feared thy presence might unman me,
And spoil the soldier he had help'd to form,
Amidst the toil and tumult of the camp.
How is it, loved one, that thou art so given
To seek seclusion, and to sigh so oft?
And when I press'd thee, thou didst turn away.
Once, *once* thou didst not so; I felt a pain
Shoot strangely o'er my heart, as thine eye turn'd—
Turn'd cold—ay, *coldly* round.

Iole.—Oh, that I had
In some dark cavern hid my wand'ring head—
Sear'd ev'ery vagrant thought, or thoughtless wish,
To view the great world and its tempting scenes.
Oh! like a basilisk, the spell-tranced eye,
With demon gaze it onward lures to sin;
Like the pale marsh-light of the reeky waste,
The sick red death lamp of the seething wold,
That hazed in dull fog in the distance peeps.
Out-throwing thin a wet and misty beam,
To cheer the lated traveller, with hope
Of cultured tract and hospitable inn,
But hangs o'er stealthy quagmire, which in wait,
Lies, like a shrouded enemy, for ill.
Was not the sun bloom'd forest,—azure length
Of distant upland, gloried eve, grey mist
Curl'd o'er the lake sleep cradled,—rocky knoll,
Gloom'd by the purple thunder cloud, whose sail
Lagg'd on the sultried atmosphere slow through,—
Sun gilded eminence, at noontide still,
Save when the hum of insect faint o'ercrept it,—
Flock of the snow flake,—gush of bubbled stream,—
Love breathing zephyr,—plash of tumbling fall,—
Wave of the green-scarf'd wood tree,—flecked sward,
O'er which in majesty its wafture swam,
And soft upsailing of the yellow moon,—
Were not such sights as these, far sweeter than
The reek of sickly perfume,—starred halls,
Gold cinctured chambers,—lull of am'rous strains,
To grandeur minist'ring,—wreaths festive,—blaze
Of dainty beauties fashion'd to the eye;
Swarth'd deep in luxury, whose ready lips,
Lisp'd empty compliment and lighter parle;
Bright eyes; gems flashing; hollow smiles; brief wit;
Encount'ring titles; knightly forms; glass'd shapes;
Light hearted laughter; and the slow parade
Of regal luxury and ostentation.

Lyndert.—And why, indeed, should I have left thee here,
To mope in solitude? my absence then
Had been but trebly irksome. I should not

Have dream'd that company had work'd this change ;
But now thou hast forsaken it, and ne'er,
Should it so please thee, shalt thou back again.
We'll be as heretofore.

Iole.—Oh God ! that we
Might be as we have been : 'tis hopeless ; no !
We never can be so.

Lyndert,—You wonder me,
Why hang these scales before my striving eyes?
We never can be so ? and why not? What
May mean this strange emotion ? Let me see—
I would—I would perceive it. I am dark !
Why feel I so translated ? The sky looks
E'en as it did before this ; but I feel
As if some mighty change had fallen on me.
Iole, my voice quivers , tell, what mean you !

Iole—Oh, look not thus upon me ; thine eye pierces ;
In pity take it from me.

Lyndert.—So ! why should
You dread mine eye ?

Iole.—I know not ;—but I do.

Lyndert (aside).—A devil thought was busy in my brain,
But I will crush it. False ? ha ! ha ! ha !
No ! no, it could not be ! Why, what a wretch
Was I to dream it !—false ? the unstain'd snow,
Ere that the ground it kisses, might I tax
As well with its pollution. 'Tis some whim :
She is so childlike, that a single thought
Might to a sin be outstretch'd : thus it is.
Why is my brain so ready to accuse ?
How many men have suffered for suspicion !
Letting the leer-eyed monster gather strength
In their deformed vision, till a look,
From guile as free, e'en as an angel's lip,
Were tortured to a proof. No let me not
Be play'd so foully on. Dear wife, rouse from
These foundless mopings : what should be the cause ?
I may relieve thee if thou tell'st it out.
There's something cross'd thee in the city. No ?
Well, I must rest in shapeless speculation,
Till that thou pleasest to lay ope thy grief.
I am but a rough comforter ; but to
Such ill as thine I may turn doctor. Heaven
Shields thee from great mishap.

Iole (aside).—That holy name
I shudder at ; it may not look upon me.

Lyndert.—The storm is past, and the pale moon looks out
From out the parting cloud-piles. Come, we'll sit.
Thou lack'st thy sister's spirit ; she, I warrant,
While thou stood'st shrinking from the thunder peal,

With eye averted here, look'd boldly forth
Upon the tempest as a thing to please.
Shall I go fetch her to thee ? now 'tis o'er
She'll lack inducement the cold air to brave.
See, as I said, she comes ! Hail, Bertha ! here

Enter BERTHA.

Is a poor trembler that may need thy tongue
To put to self-possession. Use it, girl !
Mine has hard wagg'd in vain.

Bertha.—Could she remain
Here, when such grandeur ask'd her eye without ?
I could have wish'd a three hours' longer life
To such a peerless tempest. You did look ?

Lyndert.—In sooth I did, and much did strive to make
Her, also, view it, but my pains were lost.

Bertha.—She would prefer a festal meeting. I,
Believe me, had some task among them.

Lyndert.—Sooth ?
Here has she rail'd in good round terms against them ;
So passion'd in the utterance, that I
Could shape them to no object. You are gibing.
I grew half frighted at her earnest terms,
And, but I knew her sins were ever nothings,
Might e'en have fancied some ill lurk'd beneath them.

Bertha.—Some ill, indeed ! what ill ?

Lyndert.—Nay, nay, I know not.
She must be roused ; we'll fill our halls with mirth,
And deal in rustic fetes : we will be merry ;
Chase from her mind all tinctures of the past,
If 'tis the past which irks her, which I cannot
Blame as productive of a single thing
Of likelihood to render her so ill
In mental ease, as she would make me think her.
What ! have I 'scaped so many dangers past,
To see a dear wife mope herself at home ?
When that my safe returning, quested show
Of lightsome satisfaction, and a port
Reverse of drooping listlessness. Say, Bertha;
Had'st thou a partner that, thou truly held'st
In modest measure of regard, who, when
The battle thunders hurtled round his head,
And thirsty spear-points cross'd beneath his eye,
Look'd not upon the death scene folded round him,
But on a loved face, that, to fancy's ken,
Beam'd through the hoarse din, and the volley'd clouds,
That smirch'd the far eye of the weeping day ;
Lighting him on to victory, and 'fore
His heart, love harness'd, forth extending such
A shield of adamant, that danger fled
E'en cowed by daring, and the icy eye

Of horror-steeded Death, that like a ghost
Strode the gore-muddied slaughter field, quail'd off
In chill discomforture; would'st thou with thought,
Unsettled and solicitous, with hand
But coldly decorous, bestow'd when sought,
Withdrawn when not retain'd, expressionless,
With well turned welcome, marvellous correct,
Agreeably diction'd, and drawn out by rote,
Welcome the war worn and expectant one,
That, flush'd with gladness, scarce had time to throw
His frame, joy fevered, from his steaming steed,
Ere that he press'd the angel of his life,
The one fair idol of his being, in
A long embrace, which pain'd e'en with its pleasure?

Bertha.—I know not what I might do, were it so.
Weak prove resolves, pour'd in an untried hour.
When danger's distant, we can face it bravely,
When death is distant, we can die contented,
But how, alas! shrinks in our far blown strength,
When plain reality the bubble touches.
Therefore I think that we best know ourselves,
When boasting nothing, of what can be proven
But in the sufferance. That man who seeks
By no self-vaunting to out rudely trumpet
His unscath'd fortitude, *may* front the storm,
Unshamed in person by a show of fear.
Words are but breath; we spend—they cost us nothing.
How much we owe to circumstance and time!
Our spirits are elastic; rise they will,
And yea be lighter for the weight past o'er.
The man that trembles in the hush of night,
At the low whisper of the stirring leaf,
Unstilted by the fellowship of kind,
May rush unfearing on the cannon's mouth;
We are the playthings of caprice and impulse,
The moment shapes us—we are things of nothing.

(The bugle at the Castle gate sounds.)

Lyndert.—Soft! hear you yonder summons? It is late;
Our creaking gates are somewhat unaccustom'd
To ope for visitors; but 'tis too late.
Some way-worn trav'ller craves admittance. Well!
He shall be welcome, be it peer or peasant.
If his nobility asks noble treatment,
We here will tend him, and if but a carle,
Our offices have chimnies, benches, beds.

(Enter HUBERT.)

Your message, Hubert?

Hubert.—Sir, a gentleman,
Whose panting barb some rank denoteth, asks
To wait upon your pleasure.

Lyndert —I'll attend him.
He'll stay the night through, doubtless. Dear Iole,
It will not irk thee to assist me in
His fitting entertainment. I will bring him. *Exit.*

Bertha.—Stay yet a moment, Hubert. Is this stranger
Youthful or old? Did he not mention to thee
His name or dignity?

Hubert.—Ay, madam.

Bertha.—Well!
Tell what the first was.

Hubert.—Hugo Steilfort, knight.

Iole (sinks into Bertha's arms).—I faint!—air! air!

Bertha.—Go fellow, seek for help!
Call hither—water? dear, dear sister, what
Has ail'd thee thus so sudden? lean on me!
She opes her eyes! there let me help thee—there.
Ope the near'st casement, Hubert; let the air
Refresh her pallid temples: lead her to it.
Gently, yet gently, Hubert. Call her maidens.
Why art thou not yet gone; her cheek now flushes.
Off, Hubert, off, and leave her! I can tend her. *(Exit Hubert.*

Iole (recovering).—Hark! hush! I hear them coming.
Let me rise up. Oh, Bertha, keep me not.
Oh, God, assist me!—there, another step.
Let, let, oh, let me go.

Bertha.—Where would'st thou go?

Iole.—Away! away, to my own chamber. Cruel!
Was it not true?

Bertha.—What true?

Iole (confusedly).—That—that—I know not.

Bertha.—You shudder like an aspen, and your cheek,
Pale as a statue but a moment past,
Now glows with flitting crimson; and your eyes
Fixedly glitter, while your fingers press
The palms that faintly quiver 'neath them. What,—
What can have caused this?

Iole.—Nothing,—no, no, nothing.
I am not well, nor have been—nothing—come.

Bertha.—Why pant you so?—arouse!
Shake off this causeless anxiousness: a fear
Looks from your eyes—a most strange kind of fear
That makes me wonder at you. 'Twere not fit
To wait their coming. I must give excuse
To Lyndert for her absence. Do not fear;
This visitor is messenger of nought
Of ill to thee or Lyndert. You shall rest;
To-morrow thou'lt be better; come, rest on me.

Exeunt, Bertha supporting Iole.

(To be continued.)

THE EXCURSION;

OR

A TALE OF THE HALL.

A Sketch.

By THEODORE BRUNNE.

"Talk of your German Universities," said the little old man, "pooh! pooh? there's romance enough at home, without going half-a-mile for it: only people never think of it."

PICKWICK PAPERS.

"Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable."

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

It was about the end of July, or beginning of August, in the year 18—, having left for awhile the dry and musty *leaves* of the law, for the beautiful and verdant ones of the country, and "all those pieces or parcels of arable, meadow, and pasture land" for the *realities* themselves, that I found myself whirling along on the top of a stage coach to the Town of B—— as fast as the Society for the prevention of Cruelty would permit. It was a lovely day, the intense hotness of the noontide sun was contracted by a soft and gentle breeze, whilst the pretty picturesque views which ever and anon opened to the sight and then were lost again behind a clump of trees, or the shady groves of a park inspired me with feelings of delight known only to those who have experienced them. All nature seemed gay, the little birds chirped merrily from tree to tree. The joke and the laugh sounded loud from our coach's company, and frequent and loud as the best of their jokes' cracked the serpentine thong of our driver. He was one of the present generation of coachmen, and not the true bred John Bull fellow of some twenty or thirty years since. His figure was rather stout, but well proportioned; he was dressed in a snuff coloured coat and drab inexpressibles, with handsome valentia waistcoat, a bunch of flowers, probably the gift of some enamorata adorned his left breast, high over which spread the copious brim of a "Radical" that was cocked knowingly upon his head; and from his mouth a real Havannah wafted its smoky perfumes into the faces of the passengers, whilst he handled the "ribbands" and whip in such a "slap-up" style as would make the heart of every City "'prentice" yearn for a Sunday trip in a hired *chay-cart*, and was imitated by each blue-frocked butcher's boy whom we chanced to meet driving home his master's cart from market. Merrily we wheeled along, and many a knowing nod did our driver bestow upon the pretty giggling chamber-maids who popped their heads from the bedroom windows as we passed through each town; and many a newspaper and pacquet were jerked from the skilful hand of our driver to the gaping barmaid of a country inn. Gallantly we rattled thro' each pleasant village which skirted the road-side, and often did the aged matron or rosy-cheeked damsel peer over the hatch of a cottage door, while troops of chubby-faced children chased us through the village, each endeavouring to mount behind the coach; and thus amused, the time slipped insensibly away, and before I was aware of it I found myself at the town of B—. Here I dismounted, and having performed the three first things which every traveller does on arriving at his journey's end, viz. looking to my

luggage, kicking out my legs, and feeing the coachman, deposited the traveling bag with all my goods and chattels therein contained on the back of a sturdy little urchin, and proceeded on foot up the road opposite to the inn where we had stopped, which led to my destination. I had when a child been here before, and consequently the scene was not new to me. A thousand pleasing recollections rush upon the mind while thus viewing a place which has pleased us in our infancy; and though not associated by that sweet and electrifying word, *a home*, or endeared to us by the ties of friendship and early connexions, yet still they possess an interest, and serve to draw our attention more minutely to the scene, by comparing the present with the past, and observing the alterations which the ever moving hand of time, and the laborious one of man are constantly making upon the face of the earth. On visiting a place which I have seen in former years, it always seems to have decreased in size; how this could be accounted for I know not, nor have I met with the like sensations described by those who have written of returning to the scenes of infancy, or depicted the pleasures of memory; perhaps it is a feeling peculiar to myself, or may be, as our powers of vision enlarge and increase, so the objects upon which they fall appear to have become smaller.

But to my story, every thing seemed to have remained nearly the same as when I last saw them; the mill on the right hand swinging round its ponderous sails as it was wont; a millstone was leaning in picturesque relief against the monotony of the dark and dingy sides of the round-house, whilst the clacking noise of the works so admired by all true lovers of nature awakened the solitude which reigned around.

Further on the road gradually descends, and becomes bounded on either sides by high banks or hedges, and the shingley spire of the town church is lost behind the trees. I looked, but in vain, for a little brook which had formerly rippled down the side of the hilly road, but to my sorrow it was gone: the spring had been up. It seemed as if a friend of mine infancy had departed, and nought save the earthy mound remained to mark the being which had once existed. Often have I watched its crystal stream, beaming in the morning sun, dance joyfully down the hill, leaping every pebble or other impediment which might chance to lie in its way, and then separating into various mimic channels till it at length joining into a body, discharged itself into a rivulet that meandered pleasantly across the road. Away trudged I and my sequel, and observed the old towers of the adjoining church peeping through the trees: my conductor swung open a large five-barred gate, which came to with a clang that made the old hall echo; forward I went, amusing myself by admiring the pure whiteness of the house, with the sun shining full upon it; whilst a black cloud, promising a thorough soaking to any unlucky wight who might chance to come under its evil influence, formed a fine back ground to the building, as well as the bright sunny verdure of the trees that waved luxuriantly around. It was a long plaster building, consisting of a body and two wings, with tall and narrow casement windows, built not after the "Elizabethan style," to a favourite of which queen's history states it to have belonged, but rather of plaster of that delectable smoothness" of which Harrison, the historian, says, "nothing in his judgment could be done with more exactness," and to the manifest improvement of the thatched timber buildings of former buildings.

No sooner had I passed the porch embellished with the arms of its ancient lord* and stood within the old wainscotted hall, adorned with various emblems of the chace, and ancient arms, than my olfactory nerves were assailed by that smell which truly reminds one that

"There's ne'er a luck about the house
Upon a washing day."

however, finding no one there, and hearing not a sound, saving the adjoining church clock striking the second hour after mid-day, I resolved like all *journeymen* of the present time to follow its example, and *strike too*. No sooner had the brazen knocker echoed its full tappings through the hall,

* A Lion rampant, between three crosslets fitchy.

than it was followed by a protracted howl, which ended in a variety of yappings and mappings, and finally died away into a growl. "*Cavè Curam*," as an old Roman would have exclaimed, thought I, but the caution was unnecessary, for it proceeded from a pet poodle dog who had comfortably encased himself in a capacious arm chair, and seemed to have taken his seat as a member for *Barking*, resembling many members of a certain celebrated House, who for a very great cry produce very little wool. Soon however, there came a strange sound of opening of doors, and clanking of pattens, tittering of females, vociferating of names, odours of steam, and every other pleasure appurtenant to a "regular wash;" then there appeared a damsel with bare arms, looking like Adam and Eve in Paradise, because they were *so-a(p)py* (excuse this perpetration, reader, I am a cockney) round which she was alternately spanning tightly the middle finger and thumb, drawing them quickly down to her wrist; then was the sloppy apron thrown over the right hand more sloppy to turn the handle of the parlour door, fearful of wetting the brass knob; and then this angel of the suds withdrew to inform *missus* ———— was *awaiting* in the "*best parlour*." Having received a hearty welcome, unattended by any of the formalities attendant on civilian life, I soon found myself quite at home, although some forty or fifty miles from it; and in a short time the welcome sound of a *tintinnabulum* summoned us to dinner. From the dinner table we retired to the porch to enjoy the freshness of the evening, after the shower that had previously fallen. Mine host was busily engaged in that occupation which Dr. Johnson, although (to use his own words) "he had no extraordinary skill in plain work or embroidery," used to look upon with the greatest interest, with his amiable daughter similarly employed, occupied one of the benches; and the two sons with your humble servant were seated on the other. As I do not possess an *anthropographic* pen, I shall venture nothing of their persons, but conclude this remark by saying, that the time flew swiftly and pleasantly away in conversation concerning the recent novels and most favourite songs, with other unimportant chit-chat of *ton*.

And now the sun in all the splendour of a summer's eve, "tired of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth," sunk down into his crimson couch, casting in the foliage around a brown and sombre tint. The birds were twitting their vesper hymns, which gradually died away into a dead silence, save when the nightingale told its melodious tale of love to the blushing rose, or a zephyr came lazily through the trees—and ever and anon a heavily laden bee passed drowsily along, tired with the day's work, to deposit the produce of its labours in the cell; whilst myriads of buzzing ephemerals of the day were dancing in the air, a sure prognostic to the rustic philosopher of a fine morrow. The now fading scarlet was succeeded by a golden tinge, which merged into the blue ether, and a dark wall of clouds assuming many a grotesque form rose like the barriers of a god-head's dwelling. Now night, habited in a black mantle, stepped forth upon the silent earth, decked with brilliant diamonds; while the lovely moon "wandering, companionless," rose slowly o'er the trees, casting a soft refulgent light around—

> "Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumat
> Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ."

As we went through the darkened hall into the supper room, a corner was pointed out in which a man had been mysteriously found dead, and *consequently* "all feared to pass them alone after dark, as strange noises had been heard," and every night at the witching hour his spirit was said to perambulate that apartment of the ground floor, throwing down chairs, overturning tables, and the like, yet in the morning they were always found in their proper places. Never before had I the pleasure of being in a haunted house, and therefore was very much interested in the affair, which furnished a pleasing topic of conversation during supper. The numerous accounts which were related of the domestics (for they were the *only* persons) who had seen it; the noises, the groans, the whinings and sighs which had been

heard were truly amusing, and though not credited by the narrators, yet it was easily discerned that they would not be over anxious to pass alone through the hall at midnight.

It was late ere I retired to my dormitory: being one of those sultry nights common to this season, brilliantly lighted by the harvest moon, I extinguished the candle, and threw open the casement to enjoy the beauty of the surrounding scenery. There is a pleasing listlessness which one sinks into at this stilly hour of night, a rest to the wearied mind, and doubly so to him who is accustomed to be pent up within the murky walls of a noisy city. 'Tis then that memory reverts to the scenes of former times,—

" The smiles, the tears
Of boyhoods' years,
The words of love then spoken.
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken ;"

interrupted only by the melodious out-pourings of the bird of night, or the laughing of a wanton zephyr as it passes along, 'till raising the head of some sleeping flower it causes it to sigh forth the odours that have been collecting within its inverted bell which steal upon the enraptured senses.

" From the turf like the voice and the instrument, some call this solitude! but it cannot be; there is a spirit of love and life pervading the whole universe; we seem to hold communion at this balmy hour with aërial beings, too holy and too pure to have their dwelling upon this vile earth—

" O! there are spirits of the air
And genii of the evening breeze,
And gentle ghosts with eyes as fair
As star-beams among twilight trees."

The earth, the woods, the winds, and waves, all have voices which proclaim the wonders and greatness of their Creator and Director.

" This is not solitude! 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's God, and view his stores unroll'd."

The church clock solemnly tolled forth the hour of twelve, and aroused me from the reverie into which I had fallen; being unable to sleep, I resolved to steal softly into the garden, to enjoy the beauties of the night, passing down the old staircase from a long rambling passage, I entered the hall; when the tale of the ghost flashed upon my recollection. I am, unfortunately, not superstitious; I say *unfortunately* because I think with Squire Bracebridge, that a superstitious person must live in a kind of fairy land.

* * * * * *

However, I was induced from an unaccountable curiosity to wait here a short time to see if any thing transpired, and seated myself upon the corner of an anciently carved oak table, which stands where I suppose the fire-place was in former days, but which is now blocked up. I had remained there for some time when suddenly a figure glided softly across the hall; again and again it passed—at length opening a trap door, it beckoned, and " *like the little man in drab shorts vanished down the ladder.*" Taking a brace of pistols from the wall, which I discovered to be loaded, I followed, and descended some steps into a dark passage. A chill unearthly dampness came upon me; it seems I was traversing the habitation of the dead; but I passed onward heedless of consequences and anxious to see where it would terminate. Presently I stumbled upon a flight of stone steps, which I cautiously ascended; when methought I caught a glimpse of the fugitive, and hurried onward, but to my disappointment it proved to be a moon-beam that had cast itself through an aperture in the wall, which convinced me I had risen again from beneath the earth; but where was I?—this was a mystery. It is reported that there is a passage running from this place to C——r Castle,

which every body in the village knows of, but to the great disappointment of all antiquarians none can tell where it is situated. I gloried in the idea of having discovered the secret, and with renewed energy pushed on, till I found myself in the open air, when a hasty glance convinced me that I was on the roof of the church tower. Two figures stood there, and each bent upon me "his broad sable eye;" it was no time for trifling, and thinking two to one a very unequal match, my pistol rung forth a question in a language intelligible to all nations, which was answered by a deep yell and heavy groan; but ere I could prepare the same for his companion I found myself struggling beneath the force of his sinewy arm upon the margin of the tower. The time-worn brick work on which my foot was planted, giving way, I whistled through the air almost senseless—down, down I sunk, and striking heavily against a projecting buttress broke the velocity of the fall; when— oh! reader, if I had not awoke, I should have remained asleep. The rising sun was shedding its soft early light into the hall whilst I was sprawling beneath the table from which I had just fallen; back to my chamber I crept with a head-ache, reeling and confused like a drunken man, exclaiming

"O for a good sound sleep and so forget it."

At breakfast I was entertained with an account of the various noises which had been heard during the night, and that the ghostly visitor had favoured them even up to the hour of four o'clock, a thing never before known, to the great consternation of all who now thoroughly believed in it, and it was not until I had related my ludicrous nocturnal adventure that I could convince the inhabitants of "THE HALL", that the spirit of the living and not the dead had that night disturbed them.

TO * * * * *

Yes, thou art beautiful and fair
The ray of gladness in thy eye,
Tendrils of gold thy clust'ring hair;
A scented zephyr is thy sigh.

Thy form is moulded in each grace;
Such as young poets dream they see
When wandering thro' eternal space,
They figure out bright forms like thee.

But what are forms that fade away,
Beneath fell sickness' withering power?
What the short sun-shine of to-day,
Eclipsed by midnight's darkened hour?

But thou, when death (our hour of night)
Destroys those charms, will brighter bloom
In mansions of eternal light,
Beyond the precincts of the tomb.

"JACK BURTON'S GHOST."

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.",

A pleasant and merry party were assembled one evening in December, 18—, at the hospitable board of old Admiral Blandford. The ladies had left the dining-room, and the gentlemen were gathered round the cheerful hearth, bent on doing justice to their host's well chosen wines.

The veteran himself was in high spirits,—methinks I see him now as he sat before the fire, dressed in his favourite costume, blue coat with bright metal buttons, snow white waistcoat covering his portly person, light unmentionables with large buckles at the knees, white silk stockings, and low shoes, looking the very personification of good living and kind-heartedness, and such in fact he really was—was I said, for the old man has long been gathered to his fathers.

His guests were much younger than himself, for it was his delight to draw around him the young and happy, and renew the days of his youth by listening to the many stories of his guests.

It was already late, for the lively conversation of the four or five young men who were now partaking of his hospitality had detained his good lady and her female friends beyond the usual time for returing to the drawing-room.

"Well," said the Admiral, filling his capacious glass to the brim and holding it to the candle, while the twinkling of his clear grey eye shewed the value in which he held the libation from his favourite bin of choice old port, for he eschewed weaker potations, "well, boys, here's to 'The King, God bless him.'" "The King," "The King," was repeated as each guest successively emptied his glass.

Many were the loyal and loving toasts given during the evening; some to those who have long been staid and happy matrons; others to those of whom nought, alas! remains but remembrance of loveliness now lying in the cold, cold grave; while as the night advanced conversation took a different turn, and something was said by one of the party in an under tone about "Ghosts." "What," cried the Admiral, laughing, "Walter, have you ever seen a ghost?" "Nay, my good sir, I never was so fortunate." "Why, as to fortunate," he replied, in a graver tone, "I don't know." "Surely, Admiral, you cannot believe in such foolish tales." "What think you, Henry," said the host to a young man by his side "do you believe in such folly, as our friend calls it?" "Really, my dear sir, I do not; I am quite sceptical on that point, and although a very high authority once said 'he had seen too many to disbelieve in them,' yet, as I never have, I am still unbelieving." "Well, well, Harry, you may be convinced sooner than you expect;" and, after a pause, he added, "how do you return to Seaford to-night?" "Having sent home my servant and horses, I shall walk. But why do you ask; surely," added he, laughing, "you do not expect that I shall be convinced of the existence of ghosts this very night." Without, however, giving an answer, he asked the first speaker "if he had heard of the strange death of a man of that village many years since, a noted smuggler, of the name of Jack Burton." "No," he replied, and on being requested by all the party to tell them what the smuggler's death had to do with Henry Halford's denial of ghosts, he filled his glass, and related, but in his own rambling manner, "that Jack Burton, who was one of the boldest and best seamen in the parish, was deeply engaged in the contraband trade with a number of others, that he

acted in general as mate to their lugger, the 'Sea-mew;' but upon one particular trip, when it was designed to bring over a considerable quantity of lace, besides her usual cargo of spirits, it was settled that Jack, who was not only a brave but a sagacious fellow, should stay at home to receive the party from London for whom the lace was intended, and make the necessary arrangements and signals for running the cargo.

"Jack lived in one of the small cluster of cottages on the sands, at the foot of Highland Clift, which we now know as the 'Sea-houses,' some days before the arrival of the lugger off the coast, he was often seen walking with a stout ill-looking fellow, evidently a stranger. At first they seemed to be on the best terms, but on the evening of the vessel's arrival high words were overheard between the two by the old crone who took care of Jack's house, Things seemed, however, to be made up between them towards the night, as about ten o'clock they went out together, Jack telling his servant to go to bed, as it was uncertain when they should be home. The night was cold and dark, with but little wind, and although some of the neighbours had observed the lugger's signal-light to the eastward at midnight, nothing was seen or heard of the smuggler for many days; but as the villagers knew the nature of his occupations no wonder was expressed for his absence, or fears entertained for his safety, when about a week after his disappearance, his body was found by farmer Landley's shepherd, with a deep wound in his breast, covered by a heap of rubbish in an old quarry on the east clift. It excited much interest at the time. Jack, though a lawless fellow, was a great favourite with the neighbours, but notwithstanding every attempt was made, no clue could be found to discover the murderer."

"I suppose, then," cried Henry Halford, when the story was ended, "the poor fellow 'still walks at the witching hour of night,' and I am to see him." "Ah, you may laugh, Master Harry, but so 'tis said; and although I don't pretend to have an opinion on the matter, yet several very respectable persons have declared they have seen him, and as the old quarry is close to the gate entering the down, perhaps you will return home the lower road, that you may still hold your present opinions." "No, no, Admiral, I'll certainly go the higher way, and if I see Jack's ghost, depend upon it I will not only speak to it, but tell you the result of our conversation. We are, however, much obliged for your story, but, as it is getting late, I may perhaps lose the opportunity; therefore, if you please, we will now join the ladies." Cards, although proposed, were objected to on the plea of the lateness of the hour; yet it was some time before Harry could tear himself away from the merry party he saw around him, where song and jest, and joyous laugh happily contrasted with the melancholy sighing of the breeze without; and when Annie Robertson, whose raven tresses, eagle eye, exquisite face, and majestic figure had almost conquered his stubborn heart, lent the witchery of her voice to the following trifle, light as it was—

"A blooming wreath my fingers wove,
The flowers I cull'd with care,
A type it was to mark my love,
An offering for my fair.

The perfum'd myrtle there I wove,
With blushing roses rare;
The lady smiled upon my love,
And twined it in her hair.

But wither'd is the wreath I wove,
And I should scorn to share
The shadow of departed love,
If feeling be not there.

Then, ah! the wreath,—the wreath I wove,
Can well the truth declare,
What *once* could speak my ardent *love*,
Now tells of my despair."

The exchange for the cold down seemed still less desirable, but still home he must go, so wrapping himself in his cloak, after a hearty farewell from the lively party he left behind him, and many sly cautions to take care of himself and not be too bold, he proceeded on his walk, although fancying at one time that probably the Admiral and the young fellows he had left, from their mirth at parting, may design to play him some trick and personify Jack Burton's ghost; yet ere he left the street of the long straggling village, the bright eyes and harmonious voice of Annie Robertson entirely put to flight all thoughts of a ghostly nature. Still however, heedful of his promise, he kept the higher path through the fields, while the wind, which was boisterous at starting, had almost died away, and not a sound broke the stillness of the night but the breaking of waves on the beach beneath him. He paused on reaching the top of the hollow path which led to the cliff, on hearing the clock of the church, which he had left about a mile behind him, strike twelve, and turning round, he cast a look towards the village; no light was to be seen, for the fishermen and farm labourers, who mostly inhabited it, had long retired to their peaceful slumbers: all was dark, but an occasional glance from the island light-house to the south-east, which with a meteor-like brightness broke through the gloom around. By degrees the hour, the darkness, the mournful sound of the waves, and the loneliness of the situation, drove Annie Robertson, her beauty, and her voice from his mind, and drawing his heavy cloak closer round him, he laid his hand on the gate entering the down. "Well," said Harry, half aloud, as he opened the gate, "here I am, close to the very spot," and peering through the darkness, he continued "but I see nothing; and yet," said he, after a pause, and walking towards the spot where the body was found, "there *is* some object between this and the quarry." He did not, however, quail at the sight, but determined to ascertain what it really was—ghost he would not believe it to be, though, as he approached what at first looked large and indistinct, gradually bore the appearance that Jack's ghost was said to assume—that of a stout fellow, in dark full trowsers, white Guernsey frock, and black hat; there it was to all appearance before him, larger and taller than mortal man, but bearing every resemblance to the description of those who declared they had seen him. What it was he knew not; horse or cow it could not be, the form was so unlike; and as he passed the farmer's labourers on his way to the Admiral's, returning from their work, they could have placed nothing there. Suddenly, however, a light broke on him—he heard the bleating of a sheep-fold near, and going quickly up to it, he found that a cart load of turnips, with a truss of hay on the top, had, in the present instance, personified "JACK BURTON'S GHOST."

C. A.

PARIS IN 1771.

On looking over a box of old papers a short time back, in search of some memoranda of consequence, I found several letters written by an ancestor of mine (an officer in the navy) during a visit to France in the year 1771; thinking that his descriptions of the Court and customs of that country between sixty and seventy years ago, are not unlikely to afford amusement to the readers of the New London Magazine, I have selected one of the letters for the present number, and will continue them at intervals.

C. S.

"*Paris, September* 1, 1771.

"My dear ——

"Pursuing my original plan I have headed this letter like my former ones, with the day and date of the occurrences which it narrates. The morning proving very fine and bright, at nine o'clock Captain A———, Master C———, the Abbé, and myself set off in a coach and four for Versailles, determined to see all the lions of the day that might be visible. As the road for some part of our journey passed by the left bank of the river, with several noblemen's and gentlemen's villas scattered on the right, some of them cresting eminences, and others deeply embosomed in woods and forests, we found the ride extremely pleasant, particularly the glimpse we caught of Belle Vue, formerly belonging to Madame Pompadour, most delightfully situate, now in the possession of Mons. K——, a farmer general, who is reported to be immensely rich; by the bye, those gentlemen seem to be getting into all the good houses and handsome villas in this country.

We reached Versailles about eleven, and put up at l'hotel Juste; then, like true Englishmen, our first care was to bespeak our dinner, which, in consequence of the crowded state of the hotel, could only be eaten in a garret, but that we did not so much mind, as we had, like old campaigners, taken steps to secure the needful of all things—a dinner. That point being settled, we hastened to the palace, the road all the way lined by crowds, who, like ourselves, were bent on sight seeing. The entrance to the palace from the main road is by no means striking, the whole forming an irregular mass of buildings, seemingly without connection or design, and much out of repair—we walked through several apartments all very superb, but owing to the great mass of people, we had little opportunity of making remarks, except in the Dauphiness's dressing room, (open only to a select few, and among the number to your humble servant and friends, through the interest of the Duke de Fronsac); here the toilette was laid out, and the clothes she was to wear at dinner; here also we saw the present Emperor of Germany's picture, done in needlework, a most elaborate performance, the colours so vivid that they surpassed painting; we were told it was a striking likeness: at any rate, it was an extraordinary piece of art in its way. From hence we went to the gallery of the Chapel Royal, where we had to wait two hours (oh! patience) for the King's appearance, and at length he came, with all his kingly pomps and vanities, to offer up his homage to that power who, while on earth, was the very essence of meekness and lowliness. Two large folding doors flew open, leading to his seat, which was in a gallery that took up one end of the Chapel; then "Le Roi" resounded from all sides, and eight Bishops appeared, two and two, after them the King, (Lewis the Fifteenth), followed by his entire suite. The moment he appeared within the doors, a noble band of martial music struck up, and an anthem was sung by some most

exquisite voices, accompanied by the organ. The effect was wonderful—a perfect illustration of the sublime and beautiful together. His Majesty is a very well looking dark man, tall, with his head hanging a little over the left shoulder—a habit of the Bourbon family it seems—his eyes large, black, and piercing; upon the whole I thought him handsome for his age (sixty one), and not unlike the Duke of Kingston. He was dressed in a coat of plain lilac-coloured watered silk, a waistcoat of blue silk embroidered with silk, but no jewels about him, except those of his order (the Holy Ghost). At the elevation of the Host, during the service, his guards made us all kneel, which it seems every one must do in his Majesty's presence. I felt sorry for several English ladies who were obliged to conform to a custom, in my thoughts, 'more honoured in the breach than the observance,' though I avoided it by leaning against a pillar, and thus saved myself from the hard-hearted marble with which the chapel was paved. As none other of the Royal Family were present we felt ourselves rather disappointed, but still the sight, upon the whole, was worth the kneeling penance and the tedious waiting we had gone through. The roof of the Chapel, painted by Coypel, is very beautiful, representing God in all his glory: the high altar of the finest marble, and the gallery that runs round the Chapel, nine feet wide, paved with handsome marble, and railed in with very curious iron rails, richly gilt. Just before the conclusion of the service we got out through a dreadful crowd, and took our stand in the grand gallery of the palace, magnificently painted by Le Brun; fortune threw a chair in my way, upon which, like the little fellow in the Scripture, I mounted, but not with his success, for I saw not the King upon his return from the Chapel, as he did not pass that way; however, as a sort of recompense, I got a transient view of Madame Provence, a little plain woman, her nose I think rather *à la Pug*, I beg her pardon if I am wrong, as the short sight I had of her might lead me into an error: soon after had a full view of her husband, the Count de Provence (the late Louis the Eighteenth), a tolerably handsome face and eyes, but with a stiffness in his gait, owing to a weakness in one of his knees; as he is not yet sixteen he may grow out of it. A sedan chair, waiting for Madame the Dauphin's eldest sister, I took my stand close to it, by which means I had a full view of her when she got into it; she is fair, and has a very pretty face, but is one of the fattest girls for her age I ever saw, being only twelve. From this gallery we hurried off to the Dauphin's apartments, for the purpose of seeing him at dinner; this point we gained with great perseverance, and almost Herculean labour, the want of which sent back several of my countrymen and women as bootless as they came, not chusing to run the risk of a Calcutta entertainment, or a mess of soup in their pockets—a treat which I narrowly escaped (thanks, I believe, to my uniform), till I accomplished a stand within five yards of the Prince and Princess. The Dauphin (Louis the Sixteenth) is just turned seventeen, thin, his face long and sallow, and he looked in tolerable good temper, though that is said not to be his natural failing; he did not seem to take much notice of, or speak often to, his spouse; his dress was very rich, the coat and waistcoat light rose coloured silk *en suite*, embroidered with silver and covered with precious stones; on his left sat the Dauphiness, a small well made woman, handsome, fair, with beautiful hair, hand, and arm, her eyes appeared to me rather weak; she was dressed in light blue silk, with a silver gauze over it, a large bouquet of diamonds at her breast, and her hair full of them, very prettily arranged. I remarked that they both feed indelicately, and drank frequently with their mouths full.* A Duchess performed the duty of butler, and, according to the etiquette of this Court, the service of waiting was executed by ladies only. The Swiss guards, with their hats on, brought in the dishes, which they delivered to the ladies, who placed them on the table and did everything requisite to be done afterwards. In about half-an-hour the Dauphin rose from the table to wash, which is never done as it is in this country, for which reason they say they are cleaner than us with our water-glasses and

* What would the silver fork gentry say to such feeding in these days?

napkins. After he had washed, which was the signal for retiring, we went into the gardens, from which we had a full view of the Palace. Here, I must confess, it made a noble appearance, and looked like what it is—the residence of a great King. I shall not here enter into a particular description of the gardens, fountains, water works, &c., which are beautiful and grand, though rather too formal for my ideas of what gardens ought to be; at any rate, they are well worthy of the mansion they adorn.

The appearance of an approaching storm, joined to hunger and fatigue, drove us to our garret, where we sat down to a soup that looked like the rinsings of a kettle, three half-starved chickens, and a small trout, with a dessert of the same stamp as the dinner, washed down by two tolerable bottles of Burgundy, for which they had the modesty to charge us a crown a-head: but as this kind of visit forms a harvest for the hotel keepers, we submitted with as good a grace as we could. During our dinner we had a violent thunder tempest, with rain and hail in drops as large as marbles; but as that was soon over, and the weather clear again, we made the best of our way back to Paris, and drove to the French Comedy, when the justly famous Preville (the Garrick of France) and his charming wife performed in the comedy of Le Surprise de l'Amour, in which Preville, Madame, and Bellcour were admirable. The petite piece was Le Mercure Galant in which Preville played again as a drunken soldier, a counsellor, and an abbé, and was great in all three. Returned home from thence, highly delighted, and supped *en famille* with only the abbé. To morrow we go to St. Cloud and the porcelain manufactory there, which they say is well worthy of inspection.

H. P.

PARAPHRASE.

"Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu'il croit."

He who lives free from folly's by no means so sage
As he thinks; or of wisdom there's dearth
For our sweetest companions from childhood to age
Are innocent folly and mirth.

It is folly to laugh, it is folly to sing,
And indulge in the heart's lively feeling;
Yet pleasure is floating on folly's light wing,
And joy to our hearts is revealing.

It is folly to love, it is folly to drink,
So we learn by philosopher's diction;
But in both there is practical wisdom, I think,
And in practice is perfect conviction.

Then love, laugh, and sing while there's life to enjoy
And health to give zest to the measure;
For sorrow is sadness, in merriment joy,
And in folly is life's purest pleasure.

G. F.

TO LOVE.

AN ODE.

I.

Oh! Love, thou sweet but fleeting dream,
The Poet's best and dearest theme;
Joy of the brave, the fair, the young,
In ev'ry clime thy praise is sung;
In ev'ry age, mankind obey
With willing hearts thy gentle sway;
And the celestial choirs above,
Still hymn thy praise, almighty Love!

II.

The Roman, proud ambition's tool,
For thee resigned an empire's rule;
The Poet dared for thee to tread
The gloomy mansions of the dead:
And tho' t'was music's magic spell
Which tamed the sullen fiends of Hell,
Yet had his heart ne'er felt love's fire,
He would have vainly tuned the lyre.

III.

Hail, holy Love! thou do'st despise
The bound and bleeding sacrifice,
Nor at thine altar lov'st to see
The vot'ry bend the pliant knee,
Whose icy breast can never feel
The wound which thou alone canst heal;
No! o'er the heart, and heart alone,
Love! do'st thou rear thy mystic throne!

IV.

But if, perchance, some godlike soul
Submissive owns thy sweet controul,
And bending lowly at thy shrine,
Vows every feeling only thine;
With all thy winning charms, the while,
Thou do'st his captive heart beguile,
Till soon his tears, and melting sighs,
Confess thy matchless witcheries!

THE PERSIAN ROBBER.

The plains of Teheran possessed no cottage more cleanly than that which sheltered the gentle Sulema and her widowed mother, though the hand of poverty lay heavy on them and it was with difficulty that they could by the aid of their spinning-wheel gain sufficient for a scanty subsistence. Sulema had just attained her seventeenth year and her beauty, like the opening blossom, was just expanding with modest loveliness that steals upon our senses and commands our admiration.

She was one day employed at her spinning-wheel whilst her mother had gone to the city to dispose of the produce of their joint labours, and had been for some time expecting her return, when as she turned with a look of anxious enquiry towards the door she observed an aged man advancing towards it, his head was white with the snow of many winters, yet the freshness of unexhausted health was still on his cheek. Sulema drew back on the approach of the stranger, but seeing him assume the attitude of entreaty she remained, "Gentle maid," said he, "I have traversed mountains and plains to-day without repose, spare me therefore. I beseech you, some food to recruit my strength" "Alas!" replied Sulema sweetly "the cottage of Mandara boasts not the power to give, yet if you want repose, our shelter shall be yours, and I will prepare for you a little rice that still remains." The old man seated himself in the cottage, and Sulema set before him a small bowl of rice and some dried grapes, which had been destined for her own supper. As soon as he had finished his meal the stranger rose to depart. "Fair maid" said he "thy benevolence shall be rewarded, take this ring and with it an old man's blessing; if any misfortune should befall you or your scanty means of subsistance should fail, apply to the Cadi of Teheran, and on it being shown to him, your wish shall be granted." Sulema received with pleasure the good will offering of her guest and he departed. Her mother soon returned from the city with the small sum she had recieved for her work, Sulema related what had passed with her good guest, and they were rejoiced at the thought of having relieved his distress with their simple means, and they retired to rest with those buoyant spirits that ever accompany those that relieve the distresses of their fellow mortals.

In the neighbourhood of the cottage, stood in an elevated situation a noble Castle surrounded by a fine wood, in whose umbrageous shade the weary traveller might find a rest and shelter from the mid-day sun. The owner of this noble pile had not long been a resident there, for its former possessor having died without issue it fell to the state, and its present proprietor, whose name was Kandor, had purchased it. Nothing was known of his history, for he came as a stranger and was likely so to remain, for everything except his name was involved in obscurify; he appeared to be rich, but he kept aloof from his neighbours, fortified his castle, and kept a band of armed men within its walls; suspicions were excited by these means that all was not right as many robberies had lately been committed near the outskirts of the city, and at length the officers of justice were on the alert to trace the robbers to their stronghold.

As Sulema resided near the castle she had been seen by Kandor while one day returning to her cottage. He was struck with her beauty, and from that moment he determined to possess her; he applied to Mandara for her consent to espouse her daughter, but she gave him her refusal (for she knew Sulema's heart had long been bestowed on the young and noble Zemor the son of the merchant who purchased the produce of their spinning-wheel.) He was a soldier in the Schah of Persia's army, and had seen the lovely maid in his short absence from his duties, unknown to his father, and was

charmed with her loveliness while his heart burned with the most ardent love. Sulema was not long proof against his solicitations, for a flame was raised in her gentle breast equal to that which burnt in the breast of Zemor.

He had lately been commanded on a very hazardous expedition to chastise one of the Schah officers who had broken out in rebellion, and Sulema had been very anxious respecting him, as she had not received a letter for some time. Kandor was enraged at the refusal of Mandara, and determined to apply to Sulema on the first opportunity; this was not long wanting, but she gave a gentle but decided refusal to his offer and he retired, but not without swearing she should be his in spite of every obstacle. He returned home and with a part of his retainers, when darkness had cast its shadow over the earth, and when he knew her mother was absent, he rushed into the cottage seized the gentle Sulema, and having put her before him on his horse, he collected his followers around him and set off at a gallop that would soon have brought them to the castle, but about midway they met a small party of police, that were out to attempt to trace the robbers, who accosted them, but Kandor finding himself much the stronger party instantly charged them, but though in point of number he had the advantage, yet in skill and bravery they were their superiors. They received the shock of their first onset without loss, and being advantageously posted with a wood in their rear, the battle was long and furious, but Kandor by the aid of numbers at length prevailed, and left the commander and above one half of his men dead on the field, and the rest secured their safety by flight. Kandor reached the castle in safety, when he informed the unfortunate Sulema that until she consented to be his bride she should remain in solitary confinement,

Zemor returned from the expedition of chastising the rebels who had been defeated and was promoted for his bravery. His first enquiry was for Sulema, and as it was known that the police had been defeated in the neighbourhood of the cottage, he soon arrived there, and learnt from the broken hearted Mandara of the loss of her daughter; he was almost frantic at the news, and as Kandor was supposed to be the person who had carried her off; they consulted what was best to be done for her relief. She thought of the ring that had been given her daughter by the aged stranger, and she intrusted it to Zemor to apply to the officer of justice to obtain assistance to relieve her from her imprisonment. He hastened to the city and having presented the ring, he was put in command of a large body of soldiers to storm the castle of Kendor; he divided his force into two parties, one of which was to attack the castle in front while the other, commanded by himself, was to proceed under cover of the wood to examine its strength, and assault it on the weakest side. He gained the wood unperceived by the enemy, while the other part of his force marched boldly in front of the castle. Zemor examined it with the utmost care, and at length perceived a small archway covered with trees and bushes and which was nearly filled up with rubbish. Having cleared the entrance he entered into an irregular passage, not much larger than a drain, where he was often obliged to go almost double to make his way, which was completely dark amidst fragments of stones and timbers, which he discovered by feeling around him, and having climbed over these, frequently stumbling, he at length reached a small chamber, at the end of which was a rough wall that appeared to be the boundary of the place; he with much difficulty found his way back, and having procured a torch he again entered, but found no passage that could lead further into the interior; but as the top appeared to be only boarded over he gave directions to his men to force it through, and after much difficulty it was accomplished, and they could perceive above them a spacious chamber, they applied scaling ladders and easily entered, and Zemor was much astonished to find it filled with the most costly merchandise; in one place stood vessels for all uses of the purest gold and silver, and in another the most magnificent robes were spread out, set all over with precious stones of all kinds and of an uncommon size. No doubt remained in his mind who were the robbers that had infested the neighbourhood, and that this was the apartment were they concealed their plunder; they passed through two apartments, and at the end of the second was a long passage, on one side of which

was an iron door, and on the other was a small flight of stairs. Zemor first tried the door, which was locked, but by their united efforts it was soon forced open. But who can paint the surprise and rapture of Zemor when he found that it contained the object of his pursuit, his lovely Sulema. He related to her in as few words as possible what had passed since her imprisonment and gave her in charge to some of his men, while he ascended the stairs to attempt to force his way into the interior. When he reached the top, he found an iron door which for a long time defied his utmost effort to force open, but having accidentally touched the spring by which it was fastened it flew open, and discovered a large apartment, which appeared to be in the very centre of the castle; he examined the trap-door, and found that a sofa placed on wheels hid it from view, which on being touched by the spring rolled off in some groove made for the purpose. He now headed his men, and having passed through many apartments he came to the hall, which was filled with armed men. Zemor having ordered some of his men to attempt to open the gates to those without; he attacked them, and at first gained some advantage over them, as they were taken by sruprise, but Kandor putting himself at their head, they would soon have conquered Zemor, as they were in much greater numbers, but his men having succeeded in opening the gates, the other party rushed in and soon conquered them. Kandor having fled when he found all was lost, he was followed by Zemor, and they engaged hand to hand, the contest was long and furious; but at length Zemor succeeded in dispatching him.

The castle was now in the hands of the conquerors, and he returned to Sulema and found her in much alarm for his safety, he soon calmed her fears, and told her the castle was theirs, he then enquired of her how she had been treated, and what had passed since his absence; she briefly stated to him how she had been seized, and placed in the apartment in which he found her, where she was to have remained until she consented to be his wife, but that she had been treated with great respect during the time she remained a prisoner. Zemor collected his men, and leaving a sufficient number to take charge of the prisoners, he proceeded towards the city, first conveying Sulema to the cottage and made the widow's heart happy at the restoration of her daughter; he then marched at the head of his men to the house of the officer of justice, where he found him in company with an aged man of a miserable aspect, and from the description which Sulema had given him he appeared to be the same person whose distress she had relieved. He related to the officer the success of his enterprize, and that the castle was in the hands of a part of his men to guard the prisoners. The old man advanced towards Zemor and, having thrown of his disguise he discovered him to be the Schah of Persia; Zemor prostrated himself at his feet, and the Schah having commanded him to rise, he thus addressed him. "Being in the habit of wandering from place to place to relieve the distresses of my subjects, chance lead me to the cottage where the lovely Sulema resides, I was much gratified with its neatness, and I wished to satisfy myself as to the character of its inmates, I entered and was much pleased with my reception, and on my taking my departure I left a ring, with the intention that if ever she was in distress it would be of service to her, and I gave directions to the officer of justice, that if ever the ring was presented to him he was to inform me of it, and I would repair to his house. I am likewise satisfied with the courage you have shown in attacking the castle of the robber Kandor, and as a reward for your bravery (as all his property belongs to the state) I bestow the castle and all it contains to you and the gentle Sulema, may you long to enjoy the reward of *valour* and *benevolence*."

J. B. B.

A TRIP TO GRAVESEND.

By PILLETT SMITH, Author of "A Tale of the Road," &c.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Thus says Shakespeare, and not only is it the soul of wit, but 'tis the life of everything—'tis the great desideratum; in writing, speaking, doing, &c., be careful not to be prosy or tedious cannot be too much impressed upon the mind.

"When 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

To proceed then at once; wending my solitary way down the noble street that now ornaments the eastern part of this great metropolis, and which is honoured with the title of His Most gracious Majesty, or in plainer terms, walking one morning down King William street, London bridge, a bright thought entered into my head conjured up in all probability by witnessing the greatn umber of pedestrians, as well as cabs, palanquins, chariots, coaches, buggys, light carts, Hanson's patents, &c. &c. making towards the steam-boat wharf, that as I was not particularly engaged I too would have a trip; bustling along then, shouldering and being shouldered, pushing and being pushed, I soon found myself with a motley group waiting by the starting quay, and just in time to have the satisfaction of being too late, and of seeing the half-past ten o'clock Gravesend boat leaving the wharf—*pleasant;* addressing myself to the person next to me without looking to see who the individual was, I demanded at what time the other boat started—"In half an hour she'll be alonside; in half arter that she'll be off; in one hour and a half arter that she'll be in Gravesend—that ere is wot I calls gein you a full true an particular on it." Struck with the reply, I turned, and the fashionable query *who are you* was naturally uppermost in my mind, I had not however time to vent it. "Ax pardon sir, (with a most gracious scrape of the right foot, accompanied by a flaming flourish of the flat blue cap which ornamented the pericranium of the person whom I had spoken with:) ax pardon sir for my intrusion, but being a little bit serviceable to one of these smokers, that is having a little to do in the way of fastenings, castings off, and sich like, I knows a sumat about one on em—and here she comes too; ant she a nice un! lord love ye, nuffin comes a nigh her; they calls her the Canterbury at the office, but (with a most significant curl of the upper lip) what should they clerk chaps know of a wessel? 'Taent the Canterbury your honor, but jist step here a von side out o' all this here scrouging. Hollo young ginger wiskers, jist be so good as to take that ere orcord carciss off the gangway, or else I shall take the liberty of moving it into the vater for ye, although youre so near the fire as jist to titch the *fender*." This remark caused a bit of a laugh, and as I saw I had a character to deal with I encouraged him and gave myself up to his directions. Having with some difficulty (and not without bestowing a few blessings on the devoted heads of the ragged urchins who never fail to congregate here about the departing vessel) cleared the barge with the exception of myself and the men waiting to moor the coming steamer, he waddled up to my side, but before proceeding further, here goes for a slight sketch

in the way of description, Oh! I had almost forgot, he told me his name—'twas 'Charley' yes, sentimental Charley, sometimes varied to *Philosefer Charleey*. The philosopher then was in *length* about three feet seven, and in *width*, across the shoulders, scarcely one foot less; arms reaching nearly to his knees—his hand, (a complete shoulder of mutton fist) was studded with more than one large wart, and from constantly handling the ropes worn into a substance as hard as horn, and which since the days of infancy had known no covering save the pocket of his corded *anti feminines*. I had seen a figure like Charles, and yet could not bring myself to recollect where; he somewhat resembled in shape, though on a much *larger* scale, no *less* a personage than the *Senior Don Santiago de los Santos*, the misshapen dwarf that for the last six months has been delighting the eyes of the wonder-gazing cockneys at his apartments in High street, St. Giles's, or, I beg pardon for my error, *according to newspaper reports*, High street, Bloomsbury square; his head was much too large for the body, and the body in order to keep up the proportions was much too large for the legs; as it may perhaps seem *little* to compare him to any thing *less* than himself, imagine a wine-pipe standing on a tressell, the legs of which bow gracefully, place on the top the large two gallon funnel used by the vintner, and you will have a picture of him on a scale as much too large as the Senior is too small; to hit him exactly were impossible, so reader make up for yourself the deficiency in my descriptive powers.

If I have found the figure difficult to describe, which of the gods must I invoke to inspire me with language to descant upon his face? Assist me, physiognomists, living and dead! shade of Lavater what passions and feelings read ye there? Bacchus certainly is in the ascendant; to his influence alone is to be ascribed the brilliancy of that flaming meteor that illumines the visage: the eyes then! To whom belong the eyes? Methinks supplied by chaste Diana from their smallness and their colour, and changed by her from the head of the last favourite faun which she had seen destroyed in her sylvan sport: but 'twere idle thus to attempt to criticise that face, which though made in imitation of the human race has certainly some claim to consideration for its originality, and reader, though you may not think such

"Solid flesh would melt,"

Charley has wept! yes, he may yet be seen, should you in the winter season pass that way, wiping the pearly drops of a TEAR, which *(as the late Charles Matthews used emphatically to say it)* he has just *shed*, with his no way delicate yaw from his broad grinning mouth as he leaves the bar of the Old Swan, facing the entrance of the wharf.

But enough of description, or you will exclaim, will this boat never come? "I told your honor 'twas not the Canterbury," continued my new acquaintance; "and now I'll tell you how she come by her name: ven she vas fust set agoin on trial, bless her she vopt every thin, ony one that she hadn't tried again, and she varnt slack; my old commodore vas aboard that ere smoker, (pointing to the one that fast approached the wharf)." "Your commodore," said I, interrupting him," "then you have served?" "Lord love ye aye to be sure. I sarved on board the Billyrufan, thats where I larnt my manners; gentility was always the wogue on board the Billyrufan: my old commodore saw the other kettle boiling away jist a little a head—"Clap on her, my boy," says he to the captain of our craft, aye, aye, in she goes, puff puff, vent the smoke, slap, slap, vent the paddles—in less nor twenty minutes we valked a head—now ve *Canter by yer* shouted the commodore! and so they called her, not knowing any better, the Canterbury." The boat had now reached the wharf, but before the philosophical gent. left me to attend to his duty, he touched me on the shoulder, and with a knowing look, pointing to St. Magnus, "wat is there in that churchyard, and about the grave of Alderman Dolittle like a certain lighthouse?" I was puzzled—"You can't guess," says he, "vy then I'll tell you—the *Heddistone* to be sure.

The superior speed of the *Canterbury* soon carried through the forests of masts which ornaments our goodly river, and I caught the dazzling rays of

the morning sun gilding the towers of Greenwich Hospital, when Charley came up to me and pointing towards the noble building, "Dos'nt yer honor think the old sea dogs may look big and almost fancy they're young again, barrin the short arms an timber toes; an here an there the loss o' a peeper, an the few grey straws wot thatches their polls, (and here he stroked his own scanty locks on his forehead to try and make the most of them) where they cruize about and see the best house in the vorld kept for em." "Not the best in the world, Charley," said I, "though a fine building, there are many finer even in England." (I wish I could describe the look of the man of sentiment when I uttered that.) "Come, come, yer honor, that wont do; vy vot did Boney vant to konker England for only to live in Greenwich, and he warnt the vorst judge of vat vas good; vy I'll tell yer, saving yer honor, if any von vent ashore there and said it vas'nt the best house in the vorld, vy he'd have all the fleet in chace, and could any save himself from being well ducked by jumping as quick as he liked into the water."

Blackwall we rapidly passed and entered upon that part of the Thames which constitutes its greatest beauty, 'tis here it expands and swells itself into a mighty stream, which seems to threaten as it rolls along to rush with resistless force over the surface of the low flat country through which it takes its course; the sun shone brightly though not with a deal of power, but yet 'twas sufficient to tip with sparkling brilliancy the miniature waves which danced along as the swift flowing tide sought with apparent eagerness its parent ocean. The band which had hitherto only given evidence of its existence in sundry *tuning* sound, darted in gallant style into Rule Britannia as we neared Woolwich; the sight of this great naval depot from which so many of the thunderers of old England have gone forth, added a strong link to the chain of reflection to which the music gave rise, and a fresh interest to the moving scene through which we were darting with such velocity that scarce any time could be snatched to make observations. "This must be a pleasant life, Charley," said I, turning to the old fellow at my side; "for ever passing andre-passing—for ever gazing on the glories of this splendid series of views, but time has rendered them familiar to you, and you do not feel the same emotions that a stranger who merely sees them in going down does." "Lord love yer honor, I knows every inch of the river side as well as a baby knows the smell of his bren butter, and could tell jist the zact spot ve vos in vith my eyes shut; and yet 'tis a pleasant life enuff, ve sees more nor sum people, and we does some good as is knowed. I'll tell you vot our captain did von day, an I likes him for it; ve vent on the Gravesend list there no, ve vent across to that ere French place, vot does you call it, I always thinks on a six foot dancing mastar vot used to duck and nod ven he comed into the cabin—the lads aboard give him a name, the *Bowing-longun* they called him, but sum how that's too *long* for the name of the place; *Bowlong*, that's it—vell ve started in the evening, but jist afore we left London-bridge in valks von o'the Gravesender's, and there vas a great fuss aboard along of a homan vot vas veeping like *fun*, only she did'nt look very *funny*. There's human natur in my old carcus, though mayhaps you may'nt think it," said the philosopher as he squinted up into my face, "so I goes up to her." "Vot is it my lass," says I, "but I'm blowed if she vas'nt acrying so she could'nt speak: howsomdever, some on 'em said as she vas left cos she did'nt come in time by a wessel vot sailed in the morning to Amerikey wi' all her kin, her husband, an' her children, for she vos married yer honour, an that she vent to Gravesend, but the tide serving, an' she being a packet that she ought to vent in, she'd gone down sum vay. Here vas a mess. Vell, our captain hears on it, an' spoke to her, an' I'm blessed if I did'nt see a big tear in his eyes ven she called for her little uns. You'll say, perhaps, I vos a fool, but I turned away, and gulped down my spittle. 'Come, come,' says the captain, an he tuk hold on her hand, 'you shall see 'em yet, to night too, so don't cry; I'll put you on board, so jist run on to the Canterbury.' She looked up, she did'nt say *thankee*, but she *looked* at him, an then kivered her face in her handkerchers. 'Let go that head rope.' 'Aye, aye—all gone.' Away she goes: ve cleared the pool. The captain vispers to the engine—afore ten we hailed the

wessel off Margate, and six hearts wot vas nigh broke slept in quiet." "Your captain is a noble fellow, Charley," said I, "and I envy him his feelings at the time of their meeting; but surely we have not come so near the end of our journey." "Yes, that's Gravesend, and there is old Tilbury." "And whose fine heme is this, by our side." "That, yer honour; vy, that belongs to the Dispatch." "To the Dispatch; why, how's that? To the editor, I suppose?" "Yes, yes, that's it. Can't yer tell us vy the Dispatch is like von o' our horse guards?" "No, I never guess riddles, Charley." "Why, acos its chiefest ornament is its *Harmer* (armour)."

I landed amidst sounds of joy and gladness, and I promised my quondam chaperon, that I would again take with him a trip in his favourite *Canter by yer*, which promise, gentle reader, with your kind permission, I shall most rigourosly fulfil.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

"Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

Physionomie de la Societie en Europe, depuis le xiv. sicle jusqu'a nos jours Quatorze Tableaux par Madon.

It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction we congratulate the public on the appearance of this beautiful and highly interesting work; it reminds us of former days when the chaste and elegant designs of the matchless *Stothard* adorned our books and decorated the walls of our apartments. Happy indeed are we that his mantle has fallen upon one so capable of following in his footsteps as *Madon*; a name hitherto unknown to us, but which will soon be spread over the civilized world. We sincerely hope he will go on with the good work that he has so ably begun, and that in a short time his tasteful, beautiful, and modest productions will supersede the namby pamby, unmeaning, unintellectual faces that fill the windows of our print shops; and above all will soon consign to merited oblivion, those indecent and vulgar productions—those unfeminine faces wantonly luring like so many painted sepulchres; pictures only fit to hang on the walls of a gin palace or a beer shop.

MUSIC.

"*Cruse's One Hundred Original Double and Single Cathedral Chants, affording an agreeable variety of appropriate harmony for the Psalms of each Morning and Evening Service throughout the month.*" D'Almaine and Co.

In this extensive and industrious collection we have much to admire, and consequently should have much to say, but we are obliged for want of space to refrain from a critical analyzation of the contents. Mr. Cruse's Chants are excellent specimens of chaste and correct harmony, many of which lay claim to decided originality, and are, in every respect, well worthy an introduction into our cathedrals, and of being associated with the popular chants of the most celebrated church writers.

The collection (which, by the bye, is the cheapest extant,) will be found particularly useful to the young composer, many of these chants affording curious examples of ingenuity and invention. We also recommend the work as valuable to organists in general.

"*Heigho! for the Glorious Days of Old.*" *Dedicated by permission to the Countess of Blessington. The words by* Miss Way. *The music by* W. W. Montgomery. Jefferys and Co., Frith-street.

This is a very pretty melody, judiciously adapted to very pleasing words; it deserves, and we trust will obtain, great popularity.

"*For Altar and King.*" *Words by* Lewis Way, Esq. *The music by* W. H. Cobham. Williams, Duke-street, Little Britain.

It is a fact which we think cannot be denied, that almost all of our celebrated composers are but indifferent judges of poetry, otherwise we should not be treated to such miserable rhymes as we are sometimes compelled to wade through. This being generally the case, we cannot fail to derive the greater gratification when we do casually meet with poetry so truly excellent as the words of this song. The music is likewise well adapted to them, being extremely bold and spirited. In the short notice to which, by the limits of our publication we are necessarily confined, it it utterly impossible for us to do justice to this superior compofition, and we therefore take our leave of it, trusting that our readers will not fail to procure it and judge for themselves.

THE DRAMA.

Drury-lane.—At this theatre we have no novelty to record during the past month. Mrs. Wood still continues to delight her audience in many of the characters in which the lamented Malibran was wont to appear.

Covent-garden.—Sheridan Knowles has produced a new piece at this theatre, and has been again successful. It is entitled "*Brian Borheim,*" and is founded on the early history of Ireland. We cannot say that we think it comparable to either of his former productions, nor do we imagine that it will meet with so great a degree of popularity. Its success, in our opinion, was entirely owing to the exertions of the actors, more particularly of Miss Faucit. Her conception of the character entrusted to her was exceedingly beautiful, and we never remember to have seen her to such perfection. Messrs. Vandenhoff and Pritchard both deserved the applause they received.

The Adelphi.—During the past month there have been no novelties here. The "*King of the Danube,*" and the "*Peregrinations of Pickwick,*" have continued to attract. Mr. Yates, as Mr. Pickwick, both looks and plays the character excellently: this is more than we can say for J. Reeve; he most certainly does not look the Sam Weller, and, in our opinion, does not appear to understend the character. Buckstone enacts Jingle with all his accustomed drollery, and we are sure that all our readers will agree with us when we state that he perfectly succeeded in pourtraying the character which Boz has rendered so thoroughly amusing. Dunn as Fat Joe, and Sanders as Dr. Slammer, are both entitled to our warmest praise. We need hardly add, that Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Mr. O'Smith, did ample justice to the parts allotted to them. On the whole the piece is likely to have a considerable run; and we sincerely advise all our readers who enjoy a hearty laugh to betake themselves forthwith to the Adelphi Theatre.

New Strand Theatre.—We are happy to see that the public are beginning to appreciate the exertions of the managers of this pretty little house, in catering for their amusement. The amusing pieces, by Douglas Jerrold,

"*Perils of Pippins*," "*Gallantee Showman*," and the most laughable burlesque, "*Othello Travestie*," have been the chief attractions; and when we state that the chief characters have been entrusted to the hands of Messrs. Hammond, H. Hall, Richardson, Mrs. Stirling, and Miss Daly, who have so long, and so deservedly, been public favourites, we need hardly say that these productions of the clever author have received ample justice. We cannot, however, at all approve of the plan which has been pursued with regard to "*Poachers and Petticoats*," which has likewise been produced as a *novelty*; this, however, is most certainly not the case, for the same piece was produced, under another name at the Surrey Theatre, during the management of Elliston. To prove the accuracy of this assertion, we need only refer our readers to the piece itself, which will be found under the title of the "*Roebuck*," in Duncombe's edition of the acting plays. This is certainly not as it should be.

New City of London Theatre, Nortonfalgate.—We have visited this very pretty little place of amusement, and were highly entertained with the performances we there witnessed. Among the company are some of our oldest favourites, viz., Williams, Wilkinson, Romer, &c. Our limits prevent us giving a more elaborate notice, but we shall do full justice to it in our next, contenting ourselves for the present with recommending all our readers to visit it, and they will not fail to derive the highest gratification.

MEETING OF SOCIETIES DURING THE MONTH.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

Western Literary Institution.—The lectures at this Institution continue to maintain a character deserving of the praise with which we have hitherto spoken of them. Previous to the lectures on Palestine, on which Mr. Buckingham has lately been engaged, and which, from the talent and good sense displayed in them, drew crowded audiences, Mr. Everitt (who, we believe, superintends the philosophical class at this Society) delivered an interesting lecture on the modern Discoveries and Improvements on Voltaic Electricity. Briefly narrating the early history of this science, he proceeded to detail the theory on which the many beautiful effects of voltaic action depend. He then passed on to the modern discoveries of Davy, Faraday, Ritchie, &c., and illustrated his remarks by many diagrams and experiments. By means of a powerful battery, he exhibited the combustion of various metals and other substances, producing different coloured lights, some of an intense brilliancy, and although we were rather *shocked* at the conclusion of the lecture, we came away, on the whole, remarkably well pleased with the substance of the lecture, the talent of the lecturer, and the resolution of *ourselves*.

London Mechanics' Institution.—Dr. Ritchie has been delighting the members of this most excellent Institution with a series of scientific lectures during the past month. We were much gratified with one which he delivered on the 14th, on Optical Instruments. After explaining the use and showing the manner in which those generally used were constructed, he said that in one instance science had advanced before art: he stated the advantages which would be derived from an instrument constructed so as to throw three distinct waves of light in a particular direction; they knew, he said, exactly the sort of reflection required so to do, but as yet no person had been successful in

his endeavour to form one: he plainly showed the mistaken theory of Newton when he stated that it was impossible even to form a telescope with glass, and he mentioned that that great man had endeavoured to form one of metal, in which endeavour he had completely failed: he then entered at some length into a description of the telescope made by Dolland, of glass, and which is generally used, the discovery of which, he said, he had no doubt had been retarded by the opinion given on the subject by Newton, whose authority in the days in which he lived would be sufficient to debar any one from making the attempt.

The lectures which Mr. Cull has delivered at this Theatre on that much-doubted science (if it may be allowed the expression), Phrenology, have been remarkably well attended, more especially by the ladies, throughout the lecture, which he delivered on Wednesday, the ——. He evinced a perfect knowledge of the anatomy of the scull and the brain, and he showed, at least, that no application had been wanting on his part to obtain all the information requisite to convince his hearers—he said, that in those who had the misfortune to be born without the use of speech, or blind, the powers of the mind were the same as in ordinary individuals; and he instanced the case of a man, named Mitchell, who was afflicted with blindness, and who was at the same time, deaf and dumb. This man, he said, had been examined by the most eminent men, Dr. Spurzheim among the number; all of whom gave it as their firm conviction, that he still possessed the same mind as other men, although he lacked the power of using it in the same way; and that whatever impediments that then might be to the organs of sound speech, &c. it was impossible for the mind ever to be diseased.

Marylebone Institution. *Mr. Taylor* delivered a Lecture on Vocal Music on March 20th. He commenced by remarking on the excellence of Lindley's compositions, one of which, a glee for five voices, (the words by Cowley) was sung by Mr. T. ably assisted by some of his pupils. After Lindley, the first composer of any note was Jackson, of Exeter, who principally studied elegiac vocal music. His glee "*Go feeble Tyrant*" is a fine specimen of his powers. It was given by Mr. T. and his pupils with good effect. Next came John Stafford Smith, whose celebrated effort "*Bless fair of Zion*" (words by Milton) obtained great applause.

Dr. Cooke, many years organist of Westminster Abbey, was also a celebrated composer; the lecturer instanced his glee "*Hark the lark at Heaven's gate sings.*" Dr. Callcott was next to be mentioned. This great man applied himself with the most intense ardour to the study of music, allowing not more than six or seven hours for his meals and sleep. He obtained the three grand prizes given by the Catch Club in 1785. One of his most beautiful madrigals "*Oh! snatch me swift from these tempestuous scenes*" was delightfully sung by Mr. Taylor and the gentlemen who assisted him.

After concluding this notice of Dr. Calcott, Mr. T. proceeded to comment on the productions of various other vocal composers, and to afford the audience an opportunity of judging of their merits, many of their compositions were sung by Mr. T. and his friends. Amongst them were "*Ye spotted Snakes,*" Stevens. "*Come, bounteous Maid,*" Reginald Spofforth. "*By Celia's harbour,*" Horsley, &c. In conclusion, the lecturer animadverted strongly on the exclusion of English glees and madrigals, which he characterised as a perversion of taste unparalleled in any art or country.

In any part of our kingdom, English, Irish, Scotch, or Welsh, there is not a heart but beats responsive to its national music; and it does appear strange that fashion should exert such influence over our minds as to make the head belie the heart.

PACE AND SONS, PRINTERS, BLACKFRIARS ROAD.

THE

New London Magazine.

ON NATURAL MAGIC.

Continued from page 160.

Since the invention of Printing, knowledge of all kinds has become so diffused, that an attempt to palm an imposition of a miraculous character upon any class of society, would now be immediately detected and defeated; but before that glorious discovery, books (wichh were then in MS.) and other sources whence information may be derived, were open only to the few who could afford to part with fortunes to possess them; and as the axiom "Knowledge is Power" has ever been recognised as a true one, we are not surprised to find that the "learned few" should have endeavoured by its aid to assume a dominion over the minds of the ignorant multitude which they could not obtain by other means.

For the purpose of working upon the fears, ignorance, and superstition of the early ages, figures were made to descend apparently from Heaven, as messengers from the Gods; inanimate objects were heard uttering articulate sounds; meteors, and fiery exhalations were often produced in the atmosphere; and the most horrid forms were presented to feed the gaze of the terrified multitude. Very few of these ancient illusions have been handed down to us, and those few which have escaped the oblivion to which the secrecy of their production would seem to have consigned them, are so tinged with the superstition of the ages in which they were contrived, and by consequence so imperfectly described, that our attempted solutions can at the best but be considered mere hypotheses. Yet we may shew by actual experiment some of the most wonderful of these deceptions, and if we admit strong analogical reasoning, no doubt can be entertained that the ancients used similar means to produce them that we employ.

It may be urged *au contraire* that the moderns adopt principles to produce such appearances with which the ancient philosophers were unacquainted, but it is well known that many discoveries of modern times are merely the re-production of those known to the earlier ages, but lost amid the wreck of empires, and con-

sequent prostration of learning and philosophy. When we find Archimedes and the early philosophers intimately acquainted with the powers of lenses and mirrors, it requires no unwarrantable stretch of the imagination to suppose them to have been capable of producing by means of these instruments some of the many curious phenomena (closely connected with the effects we know *they* produced), in which the practice of modern science is so prolific.

In the following pages we shall not attempt to explain any particular illusions which have been produced for the purpose of intimidation in the dark ages; but, by the explanation of many curious appearances, which may be exhibited by the aid of Chemistry, Optics, &c., we shall endeavour to prove how easily natural phenomena might be mistaken by an ignorant and superstitious mind, for appearances *supernatural*, and thence argue generally that many apparently miraculous occurrences which have been related, may be refered to natural causes.

Chemistry and Electricity, which are closely connected, present

> "A world of wonders, where creation seems
> No more the works of nature, but her dreams."

They have been in active operation in the great laboratory of nature from the earliest times; and few phenomena are more surprizing than those referable to these sciences. A very remarkable account of some effects produced by the prevalence of electricity in the atmosphere, in cold and dry weather, now occurs to us. It is related by Æpinus, in a letter to Dr. Guthrie, and it appears that during a very severe frost in Russia, this philosopher paid a visit to Prince Orloff, whom he found at his toilet, and he observed that every time his valet drew the comb through his hair, a strong cracking noise followed; he requested permission to darken the room, and when this was accomplished, sparks were to be seen plentifully following the hand of the valet, while the Prince was so electrified, that the least friction produced strong sparks from his hands and face. A few days after, he witnessed a still more striking effect of the electric state of the Russian atmosphere. The Grand Duke of Russia sent for him one evening in the twilight, and told him, that having briskly drawn a flannel cover from off a green damask chair in his bed chamber, he was astonished at the appearance of a strong bright flame that followed, but considering it as an electrical appearance, he had tried to produce a similar illumination on different pieces of furniture, and he could then shew M. Æpinus a very beautiful and surprising experiment. His Highness accordingly threw himself on the bed, which was covered with a damask quilt laced with gold, and rubbing this with his hands in all directions, the young Prince, who had then just attained his twelfth year, appeared swimming in fire, as at every stroke, flames arose around him, darted to the gold laced border, ran along it, thence to the other ornaments of the bed, and even spread to the top. To the Prince and others who were aware of

the cause of this appearance, it was regarded only as an entertaining though curious exhibition; but had this experiment been performed before the science of Electricity had attained to a degree of completeness sufficient to account for it, it could not fail to have excited the utmost astonishment, and would, doubtless, have been classed as a miraculous phenomenon.

Many of the most ordinary chemical experiments appear to a degree marvellous, although a person acquainted with this science would find no difficulty in explaining them; for instance, a chemist will easily produce from the mixture of two perfectly inodorous bodies, a most pungent compound; and will obtain fire with as much facility from two cold liquids, as by any other method. The first experiment may be performed as follows: Rub together in a mortar, equal parts of caustic potass, or quicklime, and muriate of ammonia. The potass, having a strong attraction for the muriatic acid, will unite with it, and the ammonia will be evolved as a gas, which though invisible, has a most pungent smell.

Nitric acid mixed with one fifth as much sulphuric acid, and the mixture poured upon oil of turpentine, will produce a very powerful flame in a few seconds, although the liquids are both cold.

There are other chemical experiments equally remarkable, a few of which we shall proceed to detail. Wet a piece of white calico with a solution of muriate of iron, and when dry, draw certain words or figures upon it, with strong lemon juice: suffer this also to dry, and then rince it in cold water; while wet, immerse it in tincture or infusion of galls:—the words will remain white, whilst the rest of the cloth will be dyed a deep black colour. The black produced is owing to the iron combining with the tincture of galls, forming tannate, or gallate of iron, (the substance from which common ink is made,) but the words appear white, because the lemon juice prevents the action of the other substances. This experiment illustrates the principle of dying, but it is necessary to say, that in dying cloth for commerce, the precipitation is made in the substance or pores of the stuff itself, so that it cannot afterwards be washed out. The liquid with which the cloth is impregnated before dying, is called the *mordant*; because, by forming an insoluble precipitate, it bites, or holds the colour.

Sympathetic Inks.—With a clean pen write on paper with a solution of muriate of cobalt, so diluted with water that the writing when dry may be invisible. On gently warming the paper, the writing will appear of a *blue* or *greenish* colour, which will disappear soon after cooling. A solution of muriate of copper, in like manner, forms a *yellow* sympathetic ink; acetate of cobalt a *rose* or *purple*. If a landscape be drawn, representing in its natural state a winter scene, the paper being overlaid in the places where the foliage should be with *green* sympathetic ink, then on gently warming the drawing, it will represent summer. Sky and

water may be represented with the *blue;* and corn, or the thatch of cottages, with the *yellow* ink. A very pretty variation of these experiments may be produced thus:—Paste some thick wires of different metals, as copper, iron, tin, &c., between two pieces of white paper, in a diverging direction, so that all the wires at one end may be twisted together, projecting an inch or two from the edge of the paper, whilst the other ends are at some distance from each other; or they may be formed into various devices at the fancy of the operator. Then lay some sympathetic ink on the paper over each of the wires, and when it is quite dry, heat the twisted end of the wires in the spirit lamp: as the wires become heated more or less rapidly, according to the conducting power of each metal, coloured lines will creep along the surface of the paper, presenting a very pleasing appearance.

Many persons have obtained much applause from the vulgar for their power of breathing flames, swallowing boiling oil, and performing other extraordinary feats; but, where no deception has been practised, these performances may all be referred to a knowledge of the different heat-conducting powers of various substances. We may place the hand in contact with a bad conductor of heat, such as wood, &c. (at a high temperature,) without experiencing any unpleasant sensations, whilst similar contact with a good conductor, such as iron (at the same elevated temperature,) will be productive of considerable pain. In the first instance, the motion of the caloric (or matter of heat) being slow, it is easily dissipated, but in the latter it is imparted to the hand with great rapidity, becomes accumulated, and inflicts a wound. We hence see the necessity of using wood for handles to tea-kettles, coffee-pots, and many other domestic articles to which great heat is applied. By constant exposure to a high temperature the skin of the hands will become so thick and dry as to present a good resisting medium between heated articles and the nerves of sensation. Instances are recorded of workmen employed in the smelting of copper, who could dip their hands into the liquid metal without experiencing any great degree of pain; and many servants are accustomed to take vegetables, &c. from a saucepan of boiling water with their hands, instead of using a fork or ladle. By the application of certain chemical preparations, the skin of the hand may be rendered an almost *perfect* non-conductor, and it is by the knowledge of these substances that the jugglers and fire-eaters are enabled to exhibit their imposing performances. If the hand is regularly bathed for some days in a strong solution of alum, we may for a short time handle a red-hot poker with perfect impunity; but we would advise our readers, if they feel inclined to hazard this experiment, to proceed gradually and with some degree of caution.

We shall now proceed to the curious phenomena of spontaneous combustion, and with the remarkable accounts which have been recorded of unusual occurrences of this nature, we shall conclude

our imperfect synopsis of chemical appearances of a magical character.

Many buildings have often been burnt to the ground when no cause could be discovered for their inflammation, and many persons have been branded as incendiaries, who really were innocent of the crime imputed to them, through ignorance of the very common phenomenon on which we write. In the mineral kingdom, as in the alum-pits, coal-mines, &c., these spontaneous inflammations are of very frequent occurrence; but of incomparably more importance and far less known are the spontaneous combustion of substances from the vegetable and animal kingdoms. A remarkable instance among vegetables occurred at Nauslita, in Russia, about the year 1790. A fire, which consumed great part of the village, broke out in an out-house, and was thought to have been caused by the carelessness of some persons who were attending a sick cow, but as they declared that no light had been introduced into the cow-shed, the affair was involved in great mystery. It was at length satisfactorily cleared up by the experiments of M. Rude, an apothecary at Bautzen, a neighbouring town. This gentlemen had heard that the countrymen were in the habit of applying parched rye-bran to their cattle for the cure of swellings in the neck, and from experiments he had before made, he conceived a peculiar preparation of this substance would ignite spontaneously. He was determined to prove whether his conjectures were well founded, and accordingly he roasted a quantity of rye-bran by the fire until it had acquired the colour of roasted coffee. This he wrapped in a linen cloth; in the space of a few minutes there arose a strong smoke through the cloth, accompanied by a smell of burning, and not long afterwards the rag grew as black as tinder; this shortly gave way, and the bran which had become of an intense heat, fell to the ground in little balls. M. Rude repeated the experiment many times, and always with the same result. Inquiry was now instituted, and the fire at last proved to have taken place spontaneously. Wet hay, corn, and madder, and sometimes damp meal and malt, will, it is well known, often take fire by themselves: wool and other animal products will also burn spontaneously. A fire occurred at a manufacturing town in Germany in 1781, caused by this article. A considerable quantity of combed wool had been deposited in the warehouse of a wool-comber, where it had been packed up very closely. To this wool, rape-oil, mixed with butter, had been used in the process of combing, and it is conceived that this aided the combustion which took place. Many of the men engaged in their house affirmed that some time before, a quantity of wool which had been packed closely in a cask, in a few days was discovered to be burnt to quite a black mass; and many cloth-workers have certified to like consequences. But the most wonderful and appalling circumstances connected with this subject, are those

in which the human body has been consumed by an internal and spontaneous fire. Many cases of this nature have unfortunately been recorded, and only a few days ago the death of a woman, under these circumstances, in France, was noticed in the daily papers.

One of the most remarkable, however, is that of the Countess Zangari, which has been minutely described. This lady, who was in the sixty-second year of her age, retired to bed in her usual health; here she spent three hours in conversation with her maid, and in praying; and having at last fallen asleep, the door of her chamber was shut. As her maid was not summoned at the usual hour, she went into the bed-room to call her mistress, but receiving no answer, she opened the window and was shocked at beholding her corpse on the floor, in the most dreadful condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed there was a heap of ashes; her legs, with the stockings on, remained untouched, but the head, half burnt, lay between them; nearly all the rest of the body was reduced to a cinder. The air in the room was charged with floating soot; the bed and the other furniture was however not injured, the blankets and sheets being raised on one side as though the Countess had risen up from it. From an examination of all the circumstances of this case it has been generally supposed that an internal combustion had taken place, that the lady had risen from her bed to cool herself, and that in her way to open the window the combustion had overpowered her, and consumed her body by a process in which no flame was produced which could set fire to the floor or furniture of the apartment.

As nearly all the cases recorded of spontaneous combustion of the human body have related to persons who had been accustomed to drink largely and immoderately of spirituous liquors, it is with a melancholy interest we learn that the Countess Zangari was in the habit, when she felt indisposed, of bathing her whole body in camphorated spirits of wine—a most inflammable compound.

So far we have illustrated our subject by the recital of many chemical phenomena, which, until we become aware of the action of the secondary causes which produce them, appear to be without the ordinary pale of the operations of nature. We shall now endeavour by the explanation of some of the wonderful illusions to which our organs of sight are subject, to trace many appearances, which have been considered supernatural, to the common laws by which the actions of optical phenomena are governed. Dr. Wollaston used to relate a remarkable circumstance which happened to him whilst walking one day through one of the streets of London. He was proceeding slowly, engaged in deep thought, when suddenly raising his head to the door of a house on which he was aware the name of JOHNSON was engraved, he was surprized to find that the latter syllable of the word had

disappeared. JOHN was there, but the SON had fled. In a few seconds, however, the whole word became perfectly visible. Another eminent man, Dr. Abernethy, has recorded a similar occurrence. He had been reading a book in which his own name was introduced, and had thrown himself back in his chair in a contemplative mood, when on resuming his task he discovered to his astonishment that part of his name had become obliterated, the space which this portion occupied being purely white as though the word had been misprinted. To use his own words—"There was the A and the BER, he even advanced as far as the NE, but for his life he could not reach the THY." It however subsequently re-appeared. These appearances, or rather disappearances, may be easily accounted for. At the place where the optic nerve enters the hollow of the eye (which is at the back, near the nose,) and spreads itself to form the retina (on which the images of outward objects are thrown, and from which the sensations of sight are conveyed to the brain), we are unable to perceive that part of the image which is there situated. The effect of this may be easily exhibited. On a piece of white paper lay two wafers at the distance of about three inches from each other, then closing one eye, look at the wafers with the other at the distance of nearly eight inches; at first you will see both wafers, but if you direct your attention to the right hand (supposing you are looking with your left eye,) and gradually alter your position until you obtain a proper situation, then the wafer to the left will entirely disappear, the image of it having fallen upon the optic nerve at its entrance to the eye. It will instantly be seen in what manner the latter part of the word, in the cases we have cited, falling on this point of the retina, would disappear; and no doubt can be entertained that this is the proper solution to the curious appearances detailed.

It has been found by experiment, that the sensation produced on the retina of the eye by the image of an object, remains for about one-seventh of a second, after the real object has been withdrawn, and from a knowledge of this circumstance many entertaining toys have been constructed. The "Thaumatrope," or "Wonder-turner;" the "Phenakisticope," &c. act upon this principle; and it may be observed by whirling a lighted stick rapidly round, when a hoop of fire will be plainly perceived.

The seventh of a second is the usual duration of light on the retina, but there are some cases in which the eye remains sensible of the image of an object for a considerable time after it is withdrawn. If we observe the sun intently for a short time, and then withdraw our gaze, we shall perceive an image of it for many minutes after we have ceased to look upon the real object. Sometimes this spectrum will last for hours, and even (in more than one case recorded) for years. Another very curious property of the eye should be mentioned here. When the retina is pressed it

gives out a kind of phosphorescent light; we see this on receiving a sudden blow, and it may be witnessed by gradually pressing the eye backwards with the finger, by which means the minute threads or nerves which compose the retina are compressed. This may be observed in a state of health, but in illness, as in headache, or nervous affections, this phosphorescence becomes very apparent, and is often produced by the mere pressure of the blood vessels in the head. When we consider how very easy it is even in a healthy state of the body to imagine in the glowing embers, as we sit around the fire in the gloaming of a winter's eve, various distinct forms appearing and disappearing, and even the defined features of persons with whom we are acquainted; it is easy to conceive, that by the exercise of the same power, the dim objects of the darkened chamber of the invalid, and these varied lights floating before the eye, may be converted into the many fantastic, and sometimes terrific figures which so often haunt the couch of illness.

We will now turn our attention to some of those phenomena sometimes observed in external nature, which although they are to be explained by known optical laws, do not come under the class we have hitherto considered of extraordinary appearances caused by the illusion of our senses. The MIRAGE of the African desert is a phenomenon which has excited much wonder and astonishment. Travellers in passing over these vast tracts of sand often perceive before them extensive lakes of water, with the waves apparently rippling from the effects of a light breeze. Sometimes trees will appear growing on the banks, or forming small islands in the centre of the water. Scorched beneath an almost vertical sun, they press forward to inhale the cool air which there seems to waft the branches of the trees from side to side; but when they arrive at the delusive spot, they find the lying vision exchanged for no other reality but sands more dry and barren than those they have already traversed; and many a wretch with just strength enough to crawl to the apparent situation of these lakes, but unable to regain the caravan, has miserably perished. These delusive appearances are so similar to real objects, that the guides who accompany the caravans find it impossible to persuade the travellers to the contrary. They are caused by the refraction of the atmosphere, aided by the heat of the sand and other local circumstances. A similar appearance may be observed over the boiler of a steam-carriage, or over a large furnace. The heat causes a gradual variation of density in the atmosphere, which then acts as though it were a concave lens throwing distant objects out of their true positions, and the heated air, rising, appears to set the whole of the objects seen through it in motion. When we look at a distant green field over the boiler of a steam-boat, it has precisely the appearance of a pool of water agitated by the wind; and this curious property of the air may be more easily tested by

heating a poker to redness, and observing along its edge a pin placed upright on a table at some distance; the pin will appear deflected or bent in the middle nearly to a right angle. A similar appearance to the MIRAGE has been often observed at sea. When not a vessel has been discernable upon the ocean, images of ships have been seen apparently sailing in the air; and Capt. Scoresby relates, that on one occasion he beheld a vessel in the air, which was so distinct, that he could make it out as his father's ship, which he found by comparing notes afterwards, was at that time 30 miles distant, and actually hid by the convexity of the earth. These appearances have received the name of LOOMING, and they may easily be explained. If we place a concave lens against the window of an apartment, and retire some distance from it, we shall find that objects will be perceptible through the lens which we cannot perceive through the plain glass of the window. This is caused by rays of light from the outward objects falling upon the lens, and then being so much refracted, as to impinge upon the eye of the spectator, who is otherwise without the range of the rays which proceed direct from the objects. A glass prism might be employed instead of the lens, and with a similar effect. Now it is easy to suppose that the sun, and the cool sea, or other local circumstances, might create such a variation in the density of the strata of air, as to produce a species of aerial prism; for as the heat will rarefy, and the cold condense the air, of course an optical instrument (if we may so call it,) would be formed analogous to the glass prism used in the experiment. The FATA MORGANA, or the appearance sometimes observed in the straits of Messina, where the houses and buildings of the the town are seen floating in the atmosphere, is a phenomena closely allied to the preceding.

The limits of our little work will not allow us to extend our observations to a great length, and we can only therefore observe, that the Magic Lantern, and various combinations of mirrors, (particularly concave mirrors,) may be made productive of much amusement by the extraordinary effects which they are capable of producing; no department of optics being more worthy of the title of magical, than the illusions which may be effected by these instruments.

In our introductory paper on this subject we laid down a certain plan for our proceeding, and we proposed, after explaining a few chemical and optical phenomena, which might be considered of a supernatural character, to detail some cases where aural illusions and mechanical contrivances have been employed to impose upon superstitious and easily duped individuals; but the laws of acoustics must be so well known to our readers, that we should doubtless incur their censure, were we to occupy their time by the relation or explanation of illusions effected by that

science; and with respect to mechanical contrivances, it is a subject which, were we once to attempt a detail, would go on lengthening and extending until we should find it impossible to break off. We must therefore advise those of our readers who take an interest in such matters, to consult works which are not confined with regard to space, and which have the benefit of copious illustrations, in both of which we are deficient. Among these, none will be found more interesting than Sir David Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, published in the Family Library; but to those who wish to extend their enquiries into the constitution and action of the *mind* with respect to Spectral Appearances, &c. we would recommend the perusal of Mr. Hibbert's Work on Apparitions, and Sir W. Scott's Essay on Demonology, both highly instructive, amusing, and talented productions.

W. F. T.

EVENING.

At this lone hour of calm repose,
How sweet the bow'r at ev'ning's close!
The breezy glade, the murmuring rill,
The silent shade! so hush'd and still;
The sylvan haunt, the moon above,
The holy chaunt, of vocal love;
The inward thought, the scene on high,
With visions fraught of extacy:
The dead, who speak in wisdom's school,
The wise who break the bigot rule;
The patriot's sigh for those oppressed;
The downcast eye for those who rest;
The hermit cell, the quiet home;
I feel the spell of life to come;
And hope that softens all the past,
Breathing sweet music to the last!

THE GENIUS OF MELO-DRAMA.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

We hear people complain every day about the decline of the drama, but are apt to overlook the particular in which that decline is most to be perceived. Folks ever had a peculiar partiality for the '*has been*' and '*to be*,' in contradistinction to the '*is*.' The drama, some years back, was in its "high and palmy state;" it may possibly, some years to come, redeem its lost character, but every body has agreed that it is, now, very down in the world indeed, and, though elastic enough from natural causes, they are determined to throw the weight of popular opinion upon it, and so keep it down, until the current changes, or the body they malign starts up with a jerk and tosses off the nightmare under which it has been groaning, and which has been so near effecting its strangulation. "Bad times! bad times!" were ever the words, bandied from mouth to mouth from the time of Noah downwards, and yet people flourish, grow rich, enjoy themselves, *look as if there were nothing the matter*, even under circumstances so extraordinary and so infelicitous. One would fancy there must be here something like health in disease, if such a paradoxical position can be appreciated,

"Life in despair; vitality in poison,"

or the evil so universally complained of, would be *seen* and *felt*, as well as *heard of*. Let people understand in what the decline of the drama consists before they break out into such loud, and long-winded complaints. We acknowledge, ourselves, that there is a very rapid decline—nay, a very galloping consumption—but we beg to intimate they have not yet found out the seat of the disease, and have been falsely affiliating and attributing it for some time past. Tragedy, some cry, is in a woeful state, forgetting that tragedy is almost out of fashion, and that the fashion is set:—fashion is often preposterous, and this is one of its instances. Comedy, say others, is dead and buried, forgetting that people and things seldom die of themselves, but are sent out of the world either directly or indirectly. Opera, echoes a third party, is, at the present moment, nothing but

"*Vox clamantis in deserto*,"

but they forget that they are themselves among the first to carry themselves out of reach, and leave dulcet tones and elaborate cadences to be

"Howl'd out, e'en in the desert air
Where hearing does not catch them."

Orpheus sang to rocks, trees, and stones, but our modern professors must warble to things more dignified, though less susceptible to the *moving* powers of harmony. But he (poor fellow!) had not his bread to get, and could afford to lounge away his time by cool rocks, shady fountains, and murmuring rivers. By the bye, we are always mystified with the term *murmuring* rivers: we *had* supposed them to be rather *placid* than otherwise.

In what is the decline of the drama most apparent?—in the falling off of melo-dramas. Let not the reader fancy our opinion unadvised:—crying is out of fashion, and, as tragedies are, or ought to be, affecting, they are justly voted a bore. Laughing is just so vulgar: everybody laughs, except those to whom it is new, and who, therefore, laugh *on the wrong side of their mouths.* Laughing is common: Aldermen laugh, and retired citizens and country bumpkins have the loudest laugh of all. We really think the fashionable world will leave off eating and drinking by and bye,—it has always been so *de*-cidedly general!

Alas! alas! for the mutability of human affairs. "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis;*" things change and we change with them:—the day of melodrama is gone by. That sublime specimen of the decided, original, and romantic—that treasury of excellencies—that concatenation of profundities—that ingenious association of causes and effects—that illustrious and prolific magazine of virtuous sentiments, noble principles, wonderful events, mysterious interpositions, startling occurrences, deserved punishments, and well-earned honours. Is the world blind? Has it forgotten those lights of other days, those buried dignities, those ancient glories of the earth, those ornaments of literature, and elevated flights of genius? Does it slumber? Does it sleep? content amidst the dross that is daily proffered to its debased and degraded taste? Has it lived on to the second childishness of age, forgetting the things that delighted its manhood? Is the rattle and bells *now* pleasing? and the sword and diadem thrown aside? Has it outlived the sunshine of the height of its sense and reason, and does it now survive in the fog of fatuity? Our objurgations are useless! our regrets vainer than our objurgations! Alone are we doomed to mourn the greatness of the former days: alone are we destined to weep for the bright things that have faded into darkness; the voices which have sunk into silence; and the conceptions that found their way to the heart, that made our eyes open, our ears tingle, and our bosoms throb, and that now only survive in records perishable as the matters they commemorate, and in memories the strength and precision of which are declining, like light clouds in the summer evening sky, from twilight into darkness! We hover around, and lament over, like departed spirits, the prostrate remains of ancient grandeur. But our tears drop unheeded; our sorrows unseen! Alas! for the days that shall never return; alas for the degeneracy of modern taste, and the obstinacy of modern prejudice! The voices of the dead only are round us—the living have fled. *We sit, like Marius, among the ruins of Carthage!*

There is something delightfully *sui generis* in melo-dramas—something that looks like original, and has intrinsic powers of attraction. They are perfect stage romances; abbreviations of those singularly fascinating compositions that, by some means or other, find their way into our hands before historical novels. Never was there such a tiresome thing as fact, or any thing that takes fact for its basis: it would be saying something delightfully new to remark, that after we are tired with toying our imagination, we take up with our reason and our judgment. But are *we* to blame? Imagination is a nymph that takes us tenderly by the hand and smiles in our face; but Reason is a crusty old beldame that snaps us up when we look about us, and tells us to look only straight before us, saying nothing, that we may'nt be wrong, and nailing our eyes to that straight on that we may run no risk of getting out of the way.

Perfection, so says the saying, is nowhere to be found. We deny it? 'tis to be found in a melo-drama. Perfection pervades every one of them; perfectly beautiful ladies, perfectly devoted heroines, perfectly honest peasants, perfectly valiant heroes, and perfect villains. Folks talk of the increased morality of the times and the diminution of crime; let them talk no longer, till they have routed out every rascal in a melo-drama; robber chieftains, wicked noblemen, blood-thirsty assassins, cut-throats, padders, and all of the same kith and colour! "Example is betterth an precept;" it may also be worse: remove all stage villains as soon as possible; and people, from want of seeing villains and villany, may cease to think of either one or the other, and *forget* themselves into honesty.

Magicians are decried for having, in former days, had something to do with the devil—business which stood in need of an *active partner*; but the world forgets that there are men, before their very eyes, holding quite as much communication with him. Look at melo-dramas, and see if their authors do not most scandalously, and most barefacedly

Deal with the very *Nick* of time!

Verily! the writers of melo-dramas must calculate chances with the most singular exactitude and delicacy. A poor fellow is thrown to the ground, after a battle tough enough we will allow, and there lies, with half a yard of steel *going down* his throat, unless, indeed, there should be some forethought in the case, and a nice *cut across* he preferred. Just in the nick of time, a bullet from somebody that's to be *seen out of sight*, somewhere in a corner, behind a bush, or piece of rock, comes snugly to *settle the difference*, by proving a *set-off* to the party taking the law into his own hands, and *making the distress*. Swords drop down from the clouds, sometimes, to men chained in a prison. Trap doors give way under the feet of ruffians, just as they are on the point of committing themselves. All the *dramatis personæ* seem to be ubiquitous: they know by heart just the very time when they ought to come in, and how long they must put a guard upon their passions, till the stage climax works up to the *boiling point*. A moment later, the ebullition would be *gone over*; a moment earlier, the exhibition would end in steam!

We might prolong our observations *usque ad nauseam*; but, as

> "Brevity is the soul of wit,
> And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—"

we will clip our wings, and present an abstract of a melo-drama, compiled after the most approved models.

NOTE.—A dark scene is always best to open with; something that looks *very awful*, and has plenty of fierce looking people in it, with a sufficiency of black beard, dark eyebrow, curling mustachio, sable plume, conical cap, dagger, desperation, and diabolicality. Take the following for instance:—

Winding Caverns of the Black Banditti, situate among the Impenetrable Recesses of the Black Forest. Powder Magazine, approached by ladder, in centre. Overhanging Rocks in all directions. Trap Doors in holes and corners. Labyrinthine passages. Natural collonades. Iron Gratings fitted to Entrances in the Face of the Rock. Bronze Lamp depending from Craggy Roof, casting a dim, blue, and sepulchral light on all within its influence. Rest of the scene gloomy as Erebus. Pistols, daggers, swords, muskets, musketoons, carbines, blunderbusses, and arms of all other descriptions, decorating the walls, or lying about. Plunder in heaps, in cells as dark as

coal-cellars; chests, glittering attire, gold and silver plate, rich armour, and every species of (what the lawyers call *personal* or *transferable*) property scattered about. Money in bags; mountains of coin; urns of ancient specie. Disguises of all kinds, black masks, &c., &c. Pickaxes and spades to dig graves for murdered victims: crows, dark lanterns, and powder horns. Grinning sculls hung up *in terrorem*, &c., &c.

The Banditti discovered drinking and carousing around a coarse oaken table: some standing, some sitting on rough stools, chairs, and benches; others extended on the ground, and seemingly asleep.

Trio and chorus of the whole body of Banditti.

"When the black clouds drive o'er the struggling moon,
And the wolf howls long and grimly," &c., &c.

At the conclusion of the song, the Robbers flourish their goblets, and thump them on the table in a fierce dare-devilish manner. When the echoes are dying away, a whang of the Gong is heard to reverberate, and

Zingrano Scalezzi, surnamed "The Red Hand," or "Forest Devil," appears in the gloom of the back ground, with a musketoon in his hand of immeasurable bore. The Robbers fall back towards the wings, and pay their homage.

Scalezzi, after suitable pantomime, dilates upon his wrongs, draws forth his sword, and vows vengeance on the head of the Count Corteleina, and

"All unfortunate souls
That trace his line."

He challenges the fidelity of his followers, and proposes an oath

"Indeed, upon his sword, indeed."

The Robbers vow to follow him to the death, in confirmation whereof they lay their weapons upon that of their chief, and withdraw them with a theatrical fence in the air.

Grand Flourish, Robber's March, and Exeunt Omnes to the Drums and Cymbals.

SCENE II.

Gothic Hall in the Castle of the Count Corteleina. Wassail of the vassals, in celebration of the marriage of Phrosinia Rosabella, the Count's daughter, with the young Facio Florelli, an interesting orphan, under the protection, and patronage of the Baron Borellenberg. Veneration of the Peasantry. Benediction of the Priest. Modesty of Phrosinia Rosabella. Love of young Facio Florelli. The Count enlarges on the rejected suit of the Mysterious Stranger, who wasted two moons in dalliance at the Count's Castle, under the name of Aspasio Rosarini, the Knight of the Silver Crescent. Bridal Festivities continued. Wreaths of roses, lamps, glitter, gold, silver, spangles, wine, smiles, ostrich feathers, *pas des Sylphides*, *pas des Guirlandes*, baskets of fruit and flowers, coloured lights, multifarious illuminations, music, masks, &c.

SCENE III.

Antique Chamber in the Castle of Corteleina. Affecting leave-taking of the Count, Phrosinia Rosabella, and Facio Florelli, the latter of whom depart for the Baron's Castle. Presentiments of the Father, regrets of the Daughter, consolation of the Bridegroom, and melancholy of all.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Impenetrable Recesses of the Black Forest. Cloudy Sky. Trunks of Trees, old Oaks, and Oceans of Foliage. Increasing gloom. Storm without: very loud Thunder, very bright Lightning, and very large Hail. Music solemn, sometimes startling. Figures sculking in the distance with expressive pantomime. *Hawks abroad!*

Enter Zingrano Scalezzi, Splintherio (his Lieutenant), Rubaldo, Gasperio, Sanguino, Zingaro, Cuthroatio, Scullerio, Ibando, and Bloodbonio, Banditti, with masks, black mantles, dark lanterns, *sombreros*, with red cock's tail feathers, studded gauntlets, leather belts, brass buckles, cinnamon colour warming-pan topped boots, and glittering daggers.

Dumb show follows, wherein a great deal is expressed *in the obscurity*. They disperse to the music, with many significant, but very mysterious motions. Thunder and Lightning continued.

Enter, from the other side, Phrosinia Rosabella and Facio Florelli, all in consternation and dismay. Way lost!—strayed goodness knows where! —got into a very terrible place! &c. &c.

As they are hurrying on, a crash of the music takes place. The Banditti rush on, surround the travellers, make ugly faces and motions, and seize upon their hands. Facio Florelli struggles, hands up and hands down, between Splintherio and Rubaldo, with a couple of naked daggers at his bare neck and embroidered collar. Zingrano Scalezzi, surnamed "The Red Hand," or "Forest Devil," carries off Phrosinia Rosabella in triumph!

SCENE II.

Rocky Amphitheatre, among the Impenetrable Recesses of the Black Forest, used as the Robbers' Place of Burial for their super-eminently Miserable Victims. Sculls and Skeletons disposed about in profusion. Leg Bones fettered to Rocks. Ready-made Graves, &c. Phrosinia Rosabella, and Facio Florelli, discovered chained to the craggy wall of the Amphitheatre. Music very dolorous. Enter Zingrano Scalezzi: makes vehement love to Phrosinia Rosabella—kneels—protests—threatens to stab himself if disdained, wisely determining, however, to send Facio Florelli before him; releases her; throws away her fetters, indignantly. Phrosinia Rosabella, meanwhile, runs to Facio Florelli, who shakes his fist rudely at Zingrano Scalezzi. Zingrano forces them asunder. Grand struggle, Rattle of Chains, and *Tableau*.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Vaults of Zingrano Scalezzi's Castle, beneath which are the winding Caverns of the Black Banditti. Enter Splintherio, (Zingrano Scalezzi's Lieutenant,) looking very ominous, with half a dozen scrolls in his belt. He intimates his ambition to rise in the world, supplant Zingrano Scalezzi, and transfer the Chieftainship of the Black Banditti, to his own proper person. After looking grim, and flourishing his hands sufficiently, he produces a monstrous key, unlocks one of the Iron-bound Doors, and brings Phrosinia Rosabella abruptly forward. Phrosinia Rosabella casts Piteous Looks upon him, seeming the very Picture of Despair. Splintherio, however, having a very flinty heart, is not to be moved with blarney. He makes significant

gestures, the which he does not condescend to expound, and Displays a Scroll, on which is written in Large Characters

"WILL YOU BE MINE?"

Phrosinia Rosabella instantly draws forth another, and with indignant haste displays the emphatic word

"NEVER!"

Her inconsiderate rejection brings its own dire consequence. Splintherio displays a third scroll, with the laconic denunciation

"THEN BEWARE!"

After which, he shakes his fist in her face, doubles up his speeches, and exits, all in a huff, and in a terrible hurry.

SCENE II.

Exterior of Zingrano Scalezzi's Castle. Grey Towers, Pepper Box Turrets, Moat, Barbican, Drawbridges, Rows of Battlements and Embrasures, Portcullises, Horn at Gateway, &c. Wooded Mountains in the back ground. Blue Moonlight, and Rocks tumbled together in all directions. Enter Rhadamanthea, (disguised as a Pilgrim, with a grey great coat, slouched beaver, long hair, sandals, Palmer's staff, and scallop shells,) the deserted *chère amie* of Zingrano Scalezzi, surnamed the "Red Hand," or "Forest Devil," who, the Devil having grown tired of her, thinks herself ill-used, maliciously dogs his footsteps, and vows a very signal, and terrible vengeance. She encounters Splintherio, the disaffected Lieutenant: these two lay their heads together, and determine Zingrano's destruction, but with slightly different views—Splintherio only putting the Robber Chieftain out of the way, in order to exemplify the old-fashioned proverb, "dead men's shoes," &c., and Rhadamanthea intending, at the same time that she annihilates her *quondam* flame, to leave, as Macbeth says,

"No rubs nor botches in the work,"

to blow Gang, Castle, Dungeons, Winding Caverns, with furniture and tenants, all up to the moon together. According, therefore, to the approved means of bringing about the catastrophe of melo-dramas, her designs are all *in a train* for taking the most satisfactory effect. Felicitating themselves upon their coming revenge, Splintherio and Rhadamanthea exeunt severally. In the mean time, Zingrano Scalezzi is observed, taking a cool walk upon the battlements, to look at the moon, play the sentimental, and give a serenade, accompanied by himself, upon the flute, beneath the grating of the dungeon in which he has confined the adorable Phrosinia Rosabella. Much to his surprise, Phrosinia Rosabella is to be discerned making her escape from Zingrano Scalezzi's Castle by means of the sheets and counterpane! Facio Florelli waits her below, having freed himself from his fetters, but in what particular way is uncertain. Zingrano Scalezzi, beholding his beloved being thus surreptitiously abstracted from his protection, very naturally gets into a passion, leaps down from the battlements, and intercepts the fugitives *just* as they are about to effect their escape. Both draw their weapons, and prepare for

A GRAND BROADSWORD COMBAT.

Both parties pause in attitude, and look steadily at each other for five minutes; then, to the time of the drums and cymbals, cross from the ex-

tremities of the stage, giving a *single clash* as they encounter in the centre. Pause succeeds pause, attitude attitude, and clash clash. The music changes its time: the terrific clink of the broadswords fills the theatre; every eye is bent upon the combatants; every heart throbs with its hopes, fears, and anticipations. The fortune of the fight varies. Zingrano gives a blow that paralyses his antagonist, takes advantage of his confusion, seizes Phrosinia Rosabella by the *left* wrist, and swings her round to his own side! Facio Florelli recovers himself, deals a doughty blow upon the head of his enemy, seizes Phrosinia Rosabella by the *right* wrist, and swings her back again!! Alternately is Phrosinia Rosabella obliged to change sides, as the arguments of her champions become convincing or get overruled. The matter, however, is decided. Facio Florelli loses his sword, tumbles on his knees, and is about to be exterminated, when Phrosinia Rosabella seizes Zingrano's dagger, as he pauses with uplifted sword, and is about to plunge it, not *in*, but *at*, his breastplate, and Rhadamanthea, still in Pilgrim's weeds, rushes between the Victim and the Avenger, and holds a scroll before his dilating eyes, bearing the awful words,

"He is thy son!"

Zingrano staggers back—appears unmanned. Phrosinia Rosabella seizes the opportunity, and, drawing a paper from her girdle, kneels on one knee, and displays the words

"Oh! spare us——we are wedded!!"

Zingrano's astonishment and fury is not to be painted in the most passionate speech: he thinks so likewise, fumbles in his bosom, pulls out a placard, and displays to the eyes of the wondering auditory, the single, singularly emphatic monosyllable

"D——n!"

The devil, his namesake, in short, gets the better of him: he sounds his bugle, calls around the Banditti, exercises the authority of a magistrate, and delivers over all whom he thinks have conducted themselves,

"*Contra pacem* (of himself and) *Domini Regis*,"

into their immediate custody. But his triumph is of short duration. Just as Phrosinia Rosabella and Facio Florelli are about to be offered up upon the Altar of the Demon of Vengeance, Rhadamanthea fires the train, and a

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION!!!

shatters the best half of the Castle. Drums are heard rolling without. Soldiers rush in—(pity! that they didn't come before.) Zingrano Scalezzi and his myrmidons fight upon the ruins. Turrets fall. Bridge gives way. Grand combat of twelve. Tremendous sword and shield combat in centre, the tune of which runs as follows—clash, standing for the clashing of the swords, and clatter for the blows upon the shields. Clash!—clatter. Clash! —clatter. Clash! clash!! clash!!! and so on, *quant, suff.* Zingrano Scalezzi combats with Facio Florelli; Splintherio with Rhadamanthea; Soldiers with Banditti; and Phrosinia Rosabella with—nobody. Red fire streams out of the castle windows. Bricks fall in profusion. Fire-works go off—wheel!—fiz!—pop!—crack! and bang! all in the smoke. An overpowering scent of gunpowder. Shots!—noise!—huzzas!—drums!—cymbals! &c. &c.

The hands of Phrosinia Rosabella and Facio Florelli are joined by Rhadamanthea. A thunder-bolt tumbles upon the head of Zingrano Scalezzi; his dependants "*follow their leader*" in all directions; the curtain falls with the bodies sinking in bright blue fire, and the whole concludes with the

Perfect Preservation of the Good!
and the
Total Destruction of the Wicked!!

The reader must throw in all the little touches and peculiarities that he can think of, to make the *vraisemblance* complete. Highly honoured do we consider ourselves in being thought worthy to chronicle the sublime mysteries of productions so super-eminent. Happy shall we be, if our poor and insufficient laudations and observations should recal attention to those partially forgotten efforts of genius, and spur on the public taste to once more appreciate and seek after them.

We are often astonished that the public should pass so over things which court their notice at every turning, lacking, perhaps, the obtrusive impudence and pretension of matters, which by dint of brass and self-assumption, force themselves upon the public eye, and thrust themselves, like forward children, into popularity. There is that ancient and meritorious exhibition, ycleped Punch and Judy, for instance. Highly wronged is Mr. Punch, indeed, and good reason, in faith, has he to complain of the injustice of the public! There is a foreign fellow hight Signor Fantoccini, who has almost thrust him out of his own dominions, viz. the streets of London. I appeal to the British people, and especially the inhabitants of the Metropolis, whether they have not done wrong in allowing one of their most amusing and devoted servants to be brazened away,

"Even there where people most do congregate,"

to make room for continental trickery, French hops, and Italian capers! Punch may very well grieve at the decline of popularity; the bitterness of the reflection, too, is aggravated by the consciousness that it is entirely undeserved. John Bull is, in truth, too easy:—he lets the fashion get the mastery over him, and, like a domineering wife, whose unjustifiable assumption of a dominion properly belonging to the other sex, is passed over, and winked at, with a kind of indolent, good-humoured acquiescence, she abuses her usurped authority. Let Mr. Bull remove the cobwebs from his eyes, and rouse himself out of his lethargy! Time, indeed, it is that he should see that all goes right about his house and property. He does not see how he makes himself responsible for the sins of omission and commission, which ought properly to be saddled upon his servants, dependants, and followers. Let us hope that he will take the hint in the self-same spirit in which it is given; and in the meantime, let the public at large thank us for blowing a trumpet blast (*tin* trumpet some may say, perhaps;—but *n'importe*,) in their ear, in favour of melo-dramas, and melo-dramatic heroes and heroines.

"WILL THE WATCHER!"

"He had been a sailor in his youth, and fought
"In famous battles."

About a mile from the pretty little hamlet of "Arne," on the west coast of England, and a few hundred yards from the sea, lived many years since William Warren; or, as he was more commonly called, "Will the Watcher." He had been a seaman in his youth in the merchant service, but had left the snug craft in which he had served his apprenticeship, for a "Crack Frigate" then fitting at Plymouth for the West Indies, and from that time to the period our tale commences, little had been heard of him at his native place. Old Ben Block, it is true, when he returned with the loss of an arm, which had been carried off by a shot in a severe action between two of our cruisers and a superior French force, spoke of his gallant conduct in the engagement, by which he saved the life of his captain; but at length his name was almost forgotten, and not a little surprised therefore were some of his former neighbours, as they were sitting one fine Summer evening under the shades of the old tree before the "Fisherman's Hut," a neat though small house of public entertainment, enjoying their pipes and ale, to see him trudging down the hollow winding track that led from the turnpike road; and though somewhat aged, and considerably bronzed by tropical climates, yet the same fine straight sturdy fellow he was when he left home seventeen years before. He took up his abode at the "Public," where after staying some days, he learned that the stone-built cottage near "Arne's Mouth," the name of the little stream that empties itself into the sea, or rather is lost in the sands near, was for sale, with its productive garden and orchard, of which, much to the surprise of the gossips of the neighbourhood, he became the purchaser. How he possessed so much money was often canvassed by his acquaintances without success, until they were at length obliged to rest content with the supposition, that it was the unspent accumulation of his prize money, while such unusual prudence in a sailor caused the envious to shrug their shoulders, and *hope* such was the case, while they darkly hinted at "Sea Robbers," and for their parts could not understand why *he* should return better off than Jack Topsail, or the other chaps of their own or neighbouring parishes, who came home pennyless, though merry fellows, only to be laid up in "Ordinary," as they expressed themselves, in the Dock Yard where they were launched. How Will really got his money was unknown for many years, as he was somewhat moody and irascible, and would bear little questioning on anything, much less inquiry on such a subject. That he had not expended all his means in making the purchase was evident, as he had no apparent mode of earning a livelihood, yet his servant, a little damsel of some dozen years old, was fond of boasting that *her* master lived as well or better than Farmer Stock of the Manor House, or even 'Squire Beagle himself, and the savoury steams wafted from their tidy little kitchen, between the hours of twelve and one, their usual dinner-time, gave such strength to the assertion, that she was readily believed. Thus they went on quietly and contented for many years; and here often might the old man and his smiling attendant be seen in the warm Summer nights, after their evening repast was ended, sitting beneath the foliage of a flowering honeysuckle, which covered with its rich luxuriance the cottage wall, and nearly hid the roof itself, while the old man was delighting his youthful listener with tales of the dangers he had passed in his early life, or singing to her the songs of his beloved Ocean, in which it must be confessed he shewed more taste in the selection than his young companion; for while his favorites

told all the striking incidents of "Battle and of breeze," her's was of a more soothing character. The following she would often coax him to sing—

"The shuddering landsman trembling fears
The Ocean surge to brave;
But oh! give me a trusty bark,
To cleave the rising wave.

He lives a life of dull tame ease,
To Earth a shackled slave;
While free as air's my blissful life,
Upon the mountain wave.

He lies him down in quiet sleep,
Though wild winds round him rave;
While I am rock'd by the tempest blast,
Upon the foaming wave.

He dies—and fills his loathsome bed—
A dark and narrow grave:
While *I* lie in a coral tomb—
Beneath the Ocean wave."

which Will declared must have been made by some "Shore-going" fellow, although for his part he must own that the chap's notion of a "Coral tomb" he didn't dislike, as he would much rather be launched into "blue water" when his "log" was run, than be shovell'd up with a parcel of dirt to rot under the foot of any idle "lubber," who didn't know a "mainboom from a marlin spike."

His gainful occupations consisted only in digging in his garden, and deep sea fishing, in the latter of which employments he was very expert; and most fine evenings during the season, when there was a slight ripple on the water, might he be seen bending his steps towards the beach, with Sarah caring a little basket containing his beautifully finished lines, in the manufacture of which he not a little prided himself, declaring that even Captain Parsons, though he had the "*name*," could not exceed his in make; nor was a small old-fashioned square bottle forgotten by his careful companion, lest her kind master should be tempted to stop out late.

Will never sold the fish he caught, but would give the surplus away to his poorer neighbours; and many were the prayers offered up after a plentiful meal had blessed the otherwise scanty board of some old and feeble widow, for the welfare of one, rude and wayward as he often was, who in his abundance did not forget the wants of the "poor and needy;" nor was the cheerful voice and sweet smiles of his little messenger less prized by the grateful creatures who benefitted by his bounty, than were the more substantial contents of her basket.

Although these employments took up much of his time in fine weather, yet was he not idle during the more boisterous parts of the year, for as sure as there was a gale of wind was he to be seen wrapped in his rough "Norwester," pacing the sands from "Arne's Mouth" to the ledge of rocks which running far into the sea, formed a bold headland about a mile to the westward; there, unmindful of the fiercest gale, or the gathering shades of night, would he wander hour after hour, gazing with steadfast and anxious eyes on the long rolling billows as they fell heavily on the shore, or dashed themselves in whitening foam upon the rocks before him, and from this practice he soon became better known as "Will the Watcher," than by his own name.

After living thus for several years, keeping up little or no intercourse with any, Will was supposed suddenly to have become poor; he was seldom seen in his garden, and the Autumn passed away without his having been once on the fishing ground; his boat too, the "Lively Sally," named after his little inmate, of which he used to be so proud, was missing on the beach, and two lovers who had taken a late ramble on the East Clift, reported having

seen some strange men, whom he accompanied, launch and row her away, leaving him behind. From these and many other little circumstances his considerate neighbours began, as the Winter set in with unusual severity, to discuss the probability of his being obliged to sell the cottage, and their kindness even went so far as to find a purchaser in Simon Stanley, a young mason, and who was known to possess a few hundred pounds, which he had inherited from his miserly uncle; they also doubted if the old man would not be eventually obliged to apply for parish relief, while some amongst them, who had saved a few pounds, looked forward to the sale of his "goods and chattels," that they might add sundry articles of household furniture to their own scanty stock, on better terms than Tom Bicknell, the village carpenter, would construct them for. No longer did Sarah, now grown a fine and handsome woman, stop to gossip as she made her purchases at Dame Yearbury's shop, so that the good Dame too, kind-hearted as she was, began to remark that her visits were less frequent, and her purchases less abundant than heretofore, while the younger women thought her vastly shabby in her old gown and shawl, and wondered she was not ashamed to appear so before "his honor the Rector" at church. Little did she care for the tattle about herself, but if she overheard a word whispered against the man whose roof had sheltered her from the hard fate of a parish workhouse, who had taken her, a poor and houseless orphan, to his cottage, and, harsh as he sometimes was to others, had even treated her with the kindness of an affectionate parent; then, if any anger could ever ruffle her gentle breast, would the heightened colour and quickened step shew that the illnatured remark was neither unheeded nor unfelt.

As the Winter advanced she was heard less of; sometimes a whole week passed without her being seen, and the old man too, although the season was most tempestuous, was never to be met with at his accustomed haunts. Months thus passed, and as the Spring drew on no change was to be seen in the conduct of the inhabitants of the cottage.

One morning in the early part of March, the Shepherd of Farmer Stock was out before day-break to attend to his master's flock, which was folded on the sheltered side of the rising which forms the summit of the gigantic Clift, that towers in frowning majesty high above the ledge of rocks to the westward of "Arne's Mouth." There, while hanging over its dizzy edge, he fancied he heard some sound beneath, and fearful for the safety of one of his charge that might have strayed from the flock, or fallen over the precipice, he called his trusty dog and sought in the darkness the narrow, but well known path, that led to the rocks below. This undertaking, which to the timid would have been dangerous in day-light, was of little peril to one who had climbed the rugged sides of those sea-washed hills from his boyhood, for Jeffery Hayman was an expert "Crags-man," and in ought but the deep-rooted belief in spirits, and the "good people," as the "fairies" were called, was a bold and determined fellow, and was not to be deterred by a little personal danger from attempting to save one of his flock from a watery grave; besides, at the foot of the path that led to the rocks was a small patch of greensward, that sometimes afforded for a few days in the Summer, pasturage for his sheep, and he was in hopes that he might there find the straggler. Sending his dog before him in search of the wanderer, he carefully descended the winding track and soon found himself at the foot of the hill; there seating himself on a massive fragment of rock, which in the day-light would have commanded the whole of the plot of ground and a small sandy bay beside it, formed by an indented hollow in the reef of rocks before him, he remained awhile listening to the sighing of the wind, which now almost lulled, came softly from the Ocean, while ever and anon the breaking of some mighty wave on the rocks around told of the late force of the now spent gale; sometimes, too, a vivid flash of lightning would light up the whole expanse of the Ocean, looking like a vast caldron as its troubled waves tossed the white foam on the shore. He had been seated but a few minutes before he distinctly heard a long wild shriek, then his dog's quick bark, followed by a howl of pain, and ere he could start up to

seek the cause, the faithful animal rushed towards him, and crouching at his feet, no efforts could induce him to leave the protection of his master. Jeffery Hayman, as we have before said, was bold in ought of this world, but from the bad character of the place, said to be haunted by the ghost of a ship-wrecked mariner, whom the lawless dwellers on the coast had murdered for the valuables he had about him, and feeling certain that the unearthly cry he had himself heard was that of the murdered seaman, he quickly retraced his steps and made the best of his way to his own snug cottage on the other side of the farm, which he reached just as the sun had struggled through the heavy clouds that had hung like a veil on the hill tops. Shortly after the Shepherd had sought his home, Sarah was awakened by the heavy step of her master on the stairs, followed by his calling to her to strike a light, and come down. What was the cause of his early summons she never told; but that they were astir betimes on that morning was known by some of the villagers seeing a light through the crevices of the window-shutters as they passed the cottage before day-break on their way to the beach, to look out for any of the wreck of a ship that had been seen in the offing the evening before, and was reported to have gone to pieces, or foundered during the gale of the previous night.

The following week Sarah was to be often seen at the Dame's shop, who, kind-hearted soul, began to think that her previous absences could not have arisen from poverty, but that the old man had gone to the market town for his supplies unknown to the neighbours; and though the poor woman felt the dignity of her establishment somewhat hurt by such an idea, yet the now smiling Sarah, buying a new Sunday gown, and hinting about choosing silk for a best bonnet as the Spring drew on, soon set matters to rights with her and the rest of the inhabitants of the hamlet. One day she told the old lady that her master had been gone a week to see an old friend at Plymouth, who was ill, and that she expected him home that night, and on the following morning she called again, all life and spirits, and astonished her by saying, that Will had come home the evening before bringing with him a little girl, the only child of his friend who was dead, and that she would in future live with them. As years passed on less and less was seen of "Will the Watcher;" for after the morning of the Shepherd's flight from the rocks, he was never on the beach, and by degrees too, even his garden ran wild, shewing how little pleasure he found in his former favourite occupations; rumours also were circulated that he had taken to drinking; and the kegs of contraband spirits that his neighbours knew were left by the smugglers at his door, gave an appearance of truth to the tale which his haggard look and tottering steps, if by chance he was seen outside his cottage, fully confirmed.

A change too came over the once light-hearted Sarah. Her laugh was now never heard as of old by the fishermen, as they returned from their evening tasks; and, if asked if she was unhappy, her faint smile gave but weak denial to the supposition which the traces of tears in her swollen eyes too often confessed. Annie, the child, seemed the only happy one of the three, and even she checked her merry laugh whenever the old man was near.

Things thus went on, when one dark and lowering night, about ten years after Annie's arrival at the cottage, William Warren and Sarah were seated, looking out on the storm which began to rage around the house. He had been long ill, and his constant attendant feared that the Spring would find Annie and herself the only inhabitants of the cottage, in which in her early life she had spent so many happy hours.

"Sarah," at length the old man feebly said, "it was just such a night years' since, when ——"

"Nay, nay, sir," exclaimed his companion, "Why think of that dreadful night! and besides," and she said, rising from her chair, and soothingly taking his hands between her's—"Besides, you know, sir, you have often told me he was dead before he reached the shore?"

"*Dead!* who said he was not?"—and then he said after a pause, in a low

hollow tone—" For no eye saw it, and yet, look !" At that moment a bright flash of lightning shewed distinctly every bush and tree in the little coppice before the house.

" Yes ! yes !—*one* eye saw the unhallowed deed !—and covering his face with his hands he continued—" Yes, *His* eye that *now* looks down on the murderer ! through the veil of night, in the self-same manner, shewed me his pale corpse lying on the cold—cold strand."

" Oh ! no," cried the agitated girl, " Recal those dreadful words ; I am sure you did not—you could not murder poor Annie's ship-wrecked father ?"

" Sarah," said the wretched old man solemnly, " My time is come—my race is nearly run, and you must now listen to the horrid cause that has driven me to brutal intoxication, to stifle the voice of an accusing conscience that has made my last few years a hell upon earth ! Oh ! gold ! gold ! what torments here, and ah ! what ten-fold torments hereafter !—that hereafter on the very threshold of which I now stand ! do I not owe to thee—but I am rambling, and short is the time left me to make, however slight, some atonement for my wickedness ! You know, my poor girl, that I returned from sea with wealth, as some supposed, but how acquired none knew ; well, that wealth, for such it was for one in my station, was honestly, nay, honourably won ; was the savings of my hard-earned prize money from many a desperate battle, through many a lagging year, far from my home and kindred—but enough of this. I bought this cottage, orchard, and garden, and had enough left to live in comfort the remainder of my life, but I trusted it to a banker, who fled to America, and left me a ruined and heart-crushed man." Then, after awhile he continued : " before that time, partly for occupation, and partly from a vague hope that somewhat might be cast on shore, I often used to pace the beach during our wintry gales : after my loss, however, I became a changed man, and was never to be seen at my old haunts, until that dreadful night, when a large homeward bound ship foundered off the coast. On that evening, as you know, I had gone out about dusk, and staid wandering up and down the little sandy bay at the foot of Thurston Clift, when, as the morning approached, a flash of lightning shewed me something on the strand, which I found to be a man and a child lashed to a spar. At first I thought both were dead, but a faint groan convinced me of my error. The thirst for gold then possessed me. I had not a shilling in the wide world : for weeks before starvation had been staring me in the face. Here, for his purse was heavy, here then was life, was luxury before me. The fiend whispered, none could see : one blow ! one shriek ! and it was over ! When stooping down to follow up one murder by another, the forked lightning flashed on Annie's little face, looking up smilingly on the slayer of its father, and restrained my hand, My appearance with her, the tale I invented, and induced you to tell, of her being the child of an old friend, you know ; and now, Sarah, when I am gone, which will be in a few short hours, for even the small remains of life is too heavy for me to bear—when I am no more, you will go with Annie to our good Rector's, state all I have told you, and in the oak chest in my bed-room, you will find the necessary papers to substantiate her claim to the name and riches to which she has a right ; and murderer though I am, spurn not the protector of your childhood, though later years have rendered me less kind." But the last words were unheard by his companion, who, on hearing his fearful story, had fainted on her chair.

" Well, perhaps it is better," murmured the old man—looking kindly on her inanimate form—drawing a pistol from his bosom and putting it to his head—William Warren rushed uncalled to his last awful account ! His cold and mangled body was found extended on the floor by his servant on recovering her senses.

The necessary steps having been taken for Annie's recovery of her rights, she left the cottage with her sincere, though humble friend, Sarah, who had been her companion in her infancy ; while a little mound, covered by a massive fragment of rock, beside the cross-roads at the foot of the hill leading to " Arne's Mouth," marks the earthly resting place of " Will the Watcher !"

C. A.

SONG.

Who will sing of Flowers or Sighs,
Maiden's smiles or Maiden's eyes;
Love or Beauty, Faith or Fame,
Glory, Honour, Crime, or Shame.
Every theme hath had its day,
There's nothing new now left to say.

Sing of Pleasure, Joy, or Mirth,
Grief and Pain, of Death or Birth;
Meeting, Parting, Hope or Fear,
Manhood's pride, or Childhood's tear:
Every theme hath had its day,
There's nothing new now left to say.

Sparkling sunbeams, Moon-lit Seas,
Breezes whispering 'mid the Trees;
Flowing Rivers, Forests rude,
Festal scenes, or Solitude:
Every theme hath had its day,
There's nothing new now left to say.

Princes, Pages, Knights of old,
Boughs of yew, and Crowns of gold;
Swords and Steeds, and Trumpets' blast,
Have been sung for ages past:
Every theme hath had its day,
There's nothing new now left to say.

Hunting, drinking, Hill and Dale,
Music's Echo star-light pale;
Harps and Lutes, and Birds and Flies,
Lowering Clouds, and azure Skies:
Every theme hath had its day,
There's nothing new now left to say.

Hapless Poets! hope no more,
Days for writing Songs are o'er;
Struggle as ye may, 'tis vain,
Fame ye never will obtain:
Nor enwreath your brows with Bay,
Till there's something new to say.

E. E. W.

AEROSTATION.

"What is the use of these new balloons?" said a wise-acre to Dr. Franklin.—"What is the use of a new-born infant?" replied the philosopher, "It may become a man."—*Anon.*

At the present time, when balloons occupy so much of the public attention as to warrant the prosecution of a scheme for surveying the African shores, and visiting the interior of that continent by means of these machines, a brief outline of the principles and history of the science of aerostation, may not be considered altogether devoid of interest.

We find from the earliest annals of philosophy that the idea of progressing on high through the atmosphere has often been entertained; yet it was not until the year 1783, when Montgolfier constructed the first *balloon*, that the idea seems to have been prosecuted with any considerable success. Before that time, however, there were many projects afloat for effecting this important object, some of which appear to have been in a degree realised, although we have no detailed account of the apparatus by which the object was proposed to be attained. Hooke, in the year 1650, had invented more than thirty different methods by which a man might support himself in the air, and even imitate the action of aerial animals so far as to fly, or to move himself independently of the earth. He is also reported to have constructed a "flying chariot," which was buoyed up by the atmosphere. Before his time the Marquis of Worcester, in his well known "Scantlings, or a Century of Inventions," mentions a machine "with which a man might fly:" and states that he is quite certain of its success, for, with a model of it, a boy was enabled to fly across a large barn, the floor of which he had taken the precaution to strew with new mown hay. Regiomontanus, a German philosopher who flourished in the fifteenth century, made a wooden eagle, which flew from the city of Nuremberg on the occasion of a grand triumph, met the Emperor Maximilian on his road to the city, descended and saluted him, and then returned to the place whence he started. Still earlier, Leonardo da Vinci, who is scarcely less celebrated for his knowledge in both theoretical and practical science (especially mechanics, on which he has written largely) than for his genius in painting—appears to have devoted some attention to the subject; for, in a collection of drawings by this artist, in the possession of Signor Vallardi, which have been engraved and published at Milan, are several sketches of apparatus, with the manner of adaptation to the human body, intended for the purpose of flying; and, with reference to this object, he appears to have observed minutely the structure of the bat, in many of the ideas which he has delineated. These instances may show that the possibility of flying is not an idea of very recent origin; but, if we extend our inquiries to still earlier eras, we shall find that it has occupied the thoughts of many eminent philosophers even of those times, among whom we shall only mention the names of Archimedes, and Archytas of Tarentum, who appear to have cultivated with some success this interesting pursuit. Many flying automata are recorded to have been made by the former philosopher; and the latter is said to have constructed a wooden pigeon, which performed many of the operations of animated nature, and among them, very perfectly, the action of flying.

But we have already said that we know not how these effects were produced; no drawings or descriptions of the parts of these automata have been handed down to us; and, from the knowledge of the mere fact having

taken place, or reported to have occurred, very little influence can be supposed to have been exercised on the progress of the science of Aerostation. The first experiment which seemed to argue any success in the long cherished desideratum of navigating the air, was that of the brothers Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, of Annonay, in France, who, observing how smoke and other vapours ascended in the atmosphere, proposed to enclose them in some case of a light substance, such as silk or paper, to which other objects might be attached, and which they supposed would rise with some power in the atmosphere. Accordingly they constructed a hollow globe of silk, having an opening of some inches width at the lower part, below which was hung a slight tin brazier for holding chopped straw and wool, which, when burnt, sends forth a very thick smoke. Having lighted this, the smoke rose into the silk bag, distended it, and carried it to some height in the air, bearing with it the tin brazier; and it was not until the smoke ceased that the machine descended.

With the principle on which this result depended mankind had been long acquainted; for it is well known that a body which is specifically, or bulk for bulk, lighter than a fluid in which it is placed, will be buoyed up, or ascend in that fluid; and, if the morale of this experiment be examined, it will be found that the air in the interior of the silken bag, or balloon, as it is now called, having become heated by the fire beneath, it expanded until it had attained so rare a consistence as that the difference between the specific gravity of the air in the interior and that on the exterior of the balloon was more than sufficient to counterbalance the weight of the materials employed; and the extra degree of lightness bore the machine aloft. Now it would appear that the Montgolfiers knew not to what principle this experiment owed its success, for, by using straw and wool for the combustibles, they produced a vapour, lighter certainly than the external atmosphere, but considerably heavier than might have been procured by the use of other materials. They seem to have had an idea that the result depended on some palpable smoky vapour obtaining entrance to the balloon—not considering that the reason of smoke ascending in a chimney is because it is air *heated*, and consequently lighter than the cold air without. Provided the internal air of the balloon *is* heated, it matters little by what it is effected. But if the Montgolfiers did not know the principle on which their machine acted, other philosophers soon found it out for them, and other means were proposed for attaining the same object. Indeed, before this time it had been suggested by Bishop Wilkins, Joseph Gallien, Friar Bacon, and others, to exhaust the air from thin copper balls, thus rendering them so light as to rise in the atmosphere; but this had been found impracticable owing to the outward pressure being so great as to fracture the thin pellicle of copper. But when the success of Montgolfier's experiment had arrested the attention of scientific men, it was proposed to fill some similar machine with a gas which should be lighter than the atmosphere; and as hydrogen gas, the lightest substance known, had just been discovered, it was considered peculiarly applicable to the occasion.

But whilst a balloon was being constructed for this purpose, the Montgolfiers had prepared a gigantic machine for public exhibition, which they proposed to raise by the same means that they had lately employed, viz., the rarefication of the air by means of heat. The cover was an immense bag of linen lined with paper, containing, when dilated, upwards of 23,000 cubic feet, and having an aperture at the lower end. To this linen globe was suspended a receptacle for combustibles, which were composed of chopped straw and wool. When these were lighted the balloon began to swell, and after a short time it had acquired so volatile a power, that it ascended to a height of more than 6,000 feet, bearing with it a weight of 500 lbs., exclusive of its own materials; and, when the interior air became condensed from consumption of the fuel, it fell at a distance of 7000 feet from the place it had left. This experiment was performed at Annonay, before a large concourse of people who viewed the exhibition with the most intense astonishment.

The receipt of this news at Paris, where the machine to be filled with hydrogen was already in preparation, only served to increase the exertions of the promoters of the new undertaking; and MM. Roberts and Charles, who had been appointed by the Academie des Sciences to superintend the work, after surmounting many difficulties in finding a substance light and strong enough for the cover and impervious to the air, and in making the gas for filling the machine, at length constructed a globe of silk, called lutestring, of 83 feet in circumference, which they varnished with dissolved elastic gum. It had only one aperture, to which a stop-cock was applied; the weight of the whole machine when empty being 35 lbs. On the 23rd of August, 1783, they began to fill the globe with hydrogen gas, or inflammable air as it was then called, but on account of the hindrances they met with, chiefly arising from inexperience, it was not properly inflated until the 26th, when the whole balloon and its contents were 35 lbs. lighter than an equal bulk of atmospheric air. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th, the balloon was disengaged from its fastenings in the Champ de Mars, and rose majestically before thousands of anxious spectators, who had waited for hours in the midst of copious showers of rain, which fell with greater violence as the balloon vanished from the straining eyes of the populace. In less than two minutes it had ascended to the height of more than 3,000 feet, and after remaining in the air only 43 minutes, fell in a field about 15 miles from Paris, its descent having been caused by a rent in the cover, owing to the expansion of the gas when it had attained a less dense part of the atmosphere. This exhibition fully answered the expectations of the proposers; for although two or three mishaps had occurred, they only resulted from inexperience, and were such only as could be remedied on a future occasion. But Joseph Montgolfier proceeded to Paris, and, having constructed another "fire balloon," as he called those of his invention, repeated his former experiments before the Parisians; on this occasion, however, sending up with the machine, in a wicker cage, a sheep, a cock, and a duck. It ascended to a height of 1,500 feet, and fell about two miles from the place of its departure, where it was found in about eight minutes, the animals perfectly uninjured, the sheep being in the act of grazing quietly near the balloon.

Soon after this experiment, M. Pilatre de Rozier offered to make an ascent in a wicker cage or car, similar to that made for the animals. For this purpose Montgolfier constructed a new machine of an oval form, about 74 feet high, and 48 in diameter. A wicker gallery, three feet broad, with a balustrade three high, was attached to the aperture, from the middle of which an iron grate was suspended by chains, and so contrived that a person in the gallery might supply the fire in the grate with fuel, and regulate the dilatation of the air enclosed in the balloon at pleasure. The weight of the aërostat, exclusive of that of the aëronaut, was 1,600 lbs. On the 15th October, the fire being lighted, and the machine inflated, M. P. de Rozier placed himself in the gallery, and rose to the height of 84 feet from the ground, and there kept the machine afloat for some time by repeatedly throwing straw and wool on the fire. On this occasion the balloon was secured by ropes, but soon after, the intrepid adventurer, accompanied by the Marq. d'Arlands, determined to make use of the machine without its being confined. On the 21st November, 1783, these gentlemen took their respective posts in the gallery, and the machine being unmoored from its fastenings, ascended calmly and majestically in the atmosphere, the voyagers waving their hats to the astonished multitude, who saluted them with the most deafening shouts; but they soon rose too high to be distinguished, and are conceived to have attained to the height of 3,000 feet. They were at first driven horizontally by a N. W. wind over the Seine and Paris, clearing the steeples of churches and high buildings, by increasing the fire; but in rising they met with a current of air which carried them southward. Having remained in the air about half an hour they descended very gently in a field about five miles from the city.

The success of this experiment increased the enthusiasm with which the

supporters of the fire balloons had asserted their superiority, but the ardour of MM. Roberts and Charles, the conductors of the former experiment with hydrogen, continued unabated. A violent contest arose between the partisans of the Montgolferian mode of inflation and those who preferred hydrogen gas; and the opponents of the former method determined to bring the affair to a practical test. Accordingly, Messrs. Roberts and Charles volunteered to ascend in a balloon constructed after their own directions. The machine used on this occasion was formed of gores of silk fastened together, forming a globe 27⅓ feet in diameter; the whole being covered with a varnish of caoutchouc. A net was spread over the upper hemisphere, and fastened to a hoop which passed round the middle of the balloon. To this a sort of car was suspended a few feet below the under part of the balloon; and, in order to prevent the bursting of the machine, a valve was constructed, by the opening of which some of the inflammable air might be occasionally let out. The gas having been supplied, the aeronauts took their seats at two o'clock, on the afternoon of the 1st December, 1783, and immediately the balloon was released from its fastenings, and rose majestically in the atmosphere. They continued above the earth for nearly two hours, at the expiration of which time they alighted at a distance of 27 miles from Paris. As the balloon still retained a great quantity of gas, M. Charles determined to take another voyage by himself; M. Roberts accordingly got out of the car, and as the machine was now lighter by about 130 lbs., it arose with such velocity, that in a few minutes the aeronaut discovered by the barometer that he had attained a height of 9,000 feet. During this second voyage a most magnificent scene presented itself. Rising from the valley where the balloon had descended, and leaving the evening mists and gloom far beneath him, he appeared to have entered the domain of some Eastern enchanter. All terrestial objects had disappeared from his view: the luminary which had cheered him on his previous excursion, but which had set below the horizon before he had re-ascended, against burst on his enraptured sight with all the richness of an autumnal sunset. Vast masses of vapour rolled beneath his feet, and as the billows of cloud appeared to mount over and over each other, the different tints which they displayed gradually became more diffused, until the last ray of the sun disappearing, rendered the whole one vacillating sea of uniform obscurity; the only object exhibiting the effect of the sun's light being the machine in which the spectator was seated; even this, elevated as it was, in a few seconds became deprived of the immediate influence of the sun's rays. M. Charles beheld a second sunset; and the moon, which had by this time attained some height in the heavens, now shed a flood of pure cold light on the aërostat and the sea of vapour over which it floated.

Recollecting, however, his promise to return to his friends in half an hour, the adventurer opened the valve, and having suffered the gas gradually to escape, he calmly descended about three miles distant from the place whence he had departed. By the calculations made he appears to have ascended in this voyage to a height of 10,500 feet, somewhat higher than the summit of Mount Etna.

This voyage established the superiority of the hydrogen balloon; and in the many remarkable excursions which have since been made, we do not find the Montgolfier or fire-balloon to have been employed.

Many improvements have since been effected in balloons, and a vast number of plans, good, bad, and indifferent, proposed for rendering the science of aërostation more perfect. In the infancy of balloons a plan was suggested, and tried by M. Garnerin, a celebrated aëronaut, for preventing the unpleasant concussion of the car of the balloon on descending to the ground. This was to be effected by means of a *parachute*, a machine somewhat in the form of an umbrella: it was formed of canvas of about 30 feet in diameter, made to fall in folds around a long tin tube, but capable of being expanded. To this tube, and, by means of ropes, to the edges of the canvas, a wicker basket was attached in which M. Garnerin placed himself. This machine was connected with the balloon above by a rope passing through the tin tube, so

that by severing the rope, the aëronaut could disengage the parachute and basket from the balloon, and the machine in falling downwards would, it was supposed, be opened by the resistance of the air, and would then descend gently, and without rebounding from the ground. At six o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st September, 1802, the balloon, with the parachute, and M. Garnerin hanging to it, ascended from North Audley-street, amidst the acclamations of innumerable spectators. The weather was exceedingly beautiful, and a light breeze carried the balloon to the north-east. In about eight minutes the aërostat had ascended to an immense height, and M. Garnerin conceived it to be a favourable opportunity to cut the rope, which he accordingly effected, and in an instant he was separated from the balloon, trusting his safety to the parachute. At first, namely before the parachute opened, he fell with great velocity, but as soon as it was expanded, which took place in a few moments, the descent became very gentle and gradual, but accompanied by a vibratory motion, which sometimes nearly threw the aëronaut out of his basket. This instrument, however, failed with respect to the purpose for which it was designed, for on coming to the ground it rebounded considerably, giving M. Garnerin some pretty severe shocks; he, however, fortunately sustained no material injury in the experiment, although his spirits were rather discomposed. A descent has lately been effected by means of a parachute, with more success than attended the exploit of M. Garnerin. On the occasion of a balloon ascent at the Surrey Zoological Gardens on the 10th of May, in the present year Mrs. Graham, the aëronaute, took up with her in a parachute, a monkey; having attained a sufficient height, she cut the rope, and the machine descended with great ease to the ground. The "imitation of a man" experienced no ill effects from the ascension which he repeated on the following day.

Many attempts have been made to progress through the atmosphere by means of wings placed in the car of the balloon, but none of them have succeeded in the least degree, and it would therefore be useless to give a description of any of the instruments contrived for this purpose.

Since the introduction of carburetted hydrogen gas for lighting cities, it has quite superseded the use of pure hydrogen gas for the purpose of inflating aërostatic machines, both on account of its superior cheapness, and the ease with which it may be obtained. Although not so light as the pure hydrogen, it is sufficiently buoyant to raise a balloon in the air beyond the reach of human vision; and as aëronauts find thousands of persons willing to pay for witnessing a balloon-ascent, the exhibition has of late years become a highly lucrative profession; for a balloon may be filled by any of the gas-companies with carburetted hydrogen, for about 5*l.* or 10*l.*; and, as many as 5,000 persons, each paying one shilling, may be assembled "in the season" to witness the ascent.

To cause his balloon to descend the aëronaut is obliged to allow the gas to escape; and if he does not alight near a gas manufactory, it is difficult for him to re-ascend, should he wish it, without much delay. As this will prove a considerable drawback to the success of an itinerant aëronaut, and will be likely to retard the prosecution of aërostation as a commercial speculation, to which this science, (which was to open a new field for research in Natural Philosophy, but which has proved of little utility,) has now, or shortly will become, exclusively confined; we think we may recommend, as it has been represented to us, the use of a gas for the inflation of balloons hitherto unemployed, which will render the operations of ascent and descent easy and expeditious.

Ammoniacal gas is the substance we allude to. It is easily and cheaply procured from bones and other animal substances: its specific gravity is only about one-thirtieth more than that of light carburetted hydrogen; and it possesses the property of being absorbed by water to an immense extent; so much so, that a pint of cold water will absorb nearly 700 pints of this gas, which will be again given out upon the application of a slight degree of heat. The consideration of these qualities will shew of what great utility this gas might prove on aërial excursions. A balloon filled with it would carry nearly

as great a weight as if inflated with carburetted hydrogen. A communication, capable of being closed with a stop-cock, might be made between the interior of the balloon and a vessel of cold water in the car; then, on opening this communication, and, by means of a syringe, throwing the water into the balloon, a considerable quantity of gas would be absorbed; and the specific gravity of the whole being thus increased, the machine would begin to descend. The water, after this operation, having fallen into the receptacle in the car, the mere application of a small fire, or even a lamp, would cause the ammoniacal gas to be evolved, which, rising into the interior, would render the balloon capable of re-ascending.

Our correspondent in suggesting to us this plan, also favoured us with a statement of the comparative weights, and ascensive powers of balloons filled with different gases; shewing the ease with which this new project could be carried into execution. From this we shall extract the following passage:—"The balloon may be supposed to contain 50,000 cubic feet. This quantity of air would weigh 4,650 pounds. The same volume of hydrogen would weigh 318 pounds; of light carburetted hydrogen 2,610 pounds; and a like quantity of ammoniacal gas 2,730 lbs. Then, supposing the balloon and apparatus to weigh 1,000 lbs., it would, if filled with hydrogen, have an ascensive power of 3,332 pounds, being the difference between the weight of the machine and contents, and that of 50,000 cubic feet of air. On the same principle, if inflated with carburetted hydrogen, the power of ascension would be equal to 1,040 lbs.; and if with ammonia, it would rise with a power of 920 lbs. Then the extra apparatus for the ammoniacal balloon, (including water, fuel, &c.) would probably weigh 800 lbs.; which would leave an ascens ive power (sufficient for all ordinary voyages,) of 120 pounds, and the quantity of water required to absorb this, and cause the descent, would only occupy a space of three cubic feet."

With this we shall conclude our notice of the science of Aërostation; a science which, although it might appear destined for higher purposes, has yet only ministered to the wonder of the multitude, and the pockets of its professors. If this "child" is really to become a "man," as Dr. Franklin predicted, it is either very backward in its growth, or its manly qualities are not so fully developed as that philosopher imagined they would be.

W. F. T.

THE WALL OF SEVERUS.—"And this then is the Roman wall," he said, scrambling up to a height which commanded the course of that celebrated work of antiquity; "What a people! whose labours, even at this extremity of their empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur! In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, how few traces will exist of the labours of Vauban and Coehorn, while this wonderful people's remains will even then continue to interest and astonish posterity! Their fortifications, their aqueducts, their theatres, their fountains, all their public works, bear the grave, solid, and majestic character of their language; and our modern labours, like our modern tongues, seem but constructed out of their fragments."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"We are not made of wood or stone, and the things which connect themselves with our hearts and habits cannot, like bark or lichen, be rent away without our missing them."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

It was during the period when St. Domingo was a flourishing French colony, that a vessel from Bordeaux was about setting sail from the island upon her homeward voyage.

The name of the ship was the "Faustina," and she is reported to have been of great burthen, and remarkable for fast-sailing, and was moreover acknowledged to be a very active traveller, having taken soundings in every bay of the Indian coast, and the inspection of her red and brilliant copper sheathing, was sufficient to prove that neither barnacles nor weeds, which are in the habit of attaching themselves to sluggish wanderers of the deep, had been able to produce any effect upon her indefatigable keel.

The captain was what is commonly termed a *sea wolf*. His country was the ocean; the waves had cradled him in his infancy; his limbs had become strong amidst the sea breezes, and he roamed throughout the waters free and unconfined as the fish that dwell therein. His destiny could award him, to a certainty, no other death than that arising from shipwreck. It may, therefore, be easily imagined that he detested dry ground as an alderman hates water; and a lengthened stay upon shore would, in all probability, have caused him *land sickness*, in the same manner as sea sickness overpowers the unlucky wight who trespasses upon the domains of father Neptune. As a necessary consequence, neither ship nor captain liked repose. Neither the mind nor the body of which the man and the machine might be said to be jointly formed could become habituated to the quiet of harbour or anchorage; both required an extensive field of operation: an operation always new, always receding; in short, that drama of a life of alternatives between the acts of which arise frequent intervals of serenity and of danger, leading both man and vessel to an unknown and unexpected termination. Hence it may easily be inferred, that the stay of the "*Faustina*," in foreign and homeward ports, was never of greater duration than was absolutely necessary.

At the time of which we are writing every thing was in readiness for getting under weigh, and the moment was approaching in which, all sail being set, the impatient captain was to take his final leave, when a boat heavily laden was seen slowly advancing from the shore towards the *Faustina*, whose flag was already hoisted, and whose long pennant was twisting and flapping at the mast-head, like the whip of a postillion about to start.

The signals made by the boatmen left no doubt as to their destination, and the importance of so tardy a visit; the Bordeaux captain was therefore obliged to repress his impatience, and await the result.

After tugging long and with difficulty, owing to the heavy loading of the boat, they at length came alongside. The ship's company then perceived that it contained eight or ten large cases of solid construction, marked, numbered, and packed with all possible care, forming a shipment despatched by a religious brotherhood long established in the colony, consigned to a community of monks of the same order at Bordeaux, and recommended to the especial care of the captain by the head of the fraternity, under engagement to pay a handsome rate of freight. The cases were brought on board, and their contents were stated by the agents of the monks to consist of the bones of holy brothers, who had died in the colony, martyrs to their zeal for the propagation of the gospel among the natives. These sacred remains were addressed to the general of the order, for the purpose of receiving in their native land those funeral rites and honours which were due to relics so holy and so precious.

Although somewhat surprised at this strange statement, the captain took charge of the boxes, ordered them to be stowed away, and delivered a re-

ceipt to the agent. In commercial parlance such a receipt is called a *bill of lading*; it declares the nature of the shipment, as made by the shipper, and the captain usually places the words "contents unknown," before his signature of the document. Upon arrival of the merchandise at the port of destination it is delivered to the consignee, upon the production of the bill of lading, which is usually forwarded to him by another channel, and if the articles are found conformable thereto, and in good order, the receipt is given up, and the transaction ends. The captain, therefore, signed as having received on board a certain number of cases stated to contain bones or relics, but adding in the usual form, "contents unknown."

The ship set sail, and the boxes were soon forgotten like any other part of the cargo; but on reaching the middle of the voyage, which was not accomplished without difficulty, owing to the tempestuous weather that prevailed, the *Faustina* experienced some derangement of her stowage, and as changes had to be made with respect to such portion of the cargo as was near at hand, the captain was obliged to remove the packages belonging to the brotherhood. The heavy nature of the cases, and the great disproportion between their weight and their declared contents, gave rise to reflections in the mind of the captain which had not occurred to him in the confusion attendant upon his departure from St. Domingo, and the hurry which prevailed during the shipment; but the reiterated recommendations of the ghostly agent, and the extreme importance which, unconsciously perhaps to himself, had marked his proceedings, created from that moment a thousand suspicions, of which our navigator felt strongly disposed to ascertain the reality. The devil was no doubt at his elbow, for now he could no longer resist his desire to ascertain the contents of the mysterious packages, and he yielded to the temptation. He called a council of his followers, and by the help of good tools an opening was made in the solid joints of the cases which did not yield without an obstinate resistance to these efforts of curiosity; but what was the surprise of the captain and his friends when, instead of thigh bones, toe joints, and skulls, the cases were found to contain splendid church ornaments, valuable plate, consisting of candlesticks, crosses, lamps, chalices and other articles adorned with precious stones; besides entire bars of gold, evidently melted down from ornaments out of use; and lastly, several cases entirely filled with dollars and other coins. The captain, be it remembered, was a shrewd fellow, and well acquainted with monks and missals. At the sight of so much wealth an idea crossed his brain, whereat, it may be supposed, that Satan chuckled with glee, and which we shall proceed to detail. Meantime the cases were nailed up, and a place allotted for them much more secure than that which they had previously occupied, the vessel continuing her course.

On the approach of the *Faustina* to the European coast, the captain had no difficulty in finding a plausible pretext for running into a port of Spain. The bad weather that prevailed during the voyage had caused some damage, which the captain declared must of necessity be remedied before he could expect to reach his destination; no observation was therefore elicited from the ship's company in consequence of this determination. Upon putting into port the cases were landed with other goods, with which, for a while, they remained intermixed. A pretended examination, and subsequent repair of the vessel took place, and during this operation the valuable contents of the cases were exchanged, and rendered conformable to the declaration in the bill of lading. The immense wealth they had previously contained was placed in safe hands, and the vessel again set sail for Bordeaux. It is not, perhaps, necessary to state, that a share of the spoil, proportionate to the value of the secret, was guaranteed to the performers who took part in this drama.

The *Faustina* at length reached Bordeaux. As soon as her arrival was known, the holy brotherhood, corresponding with that of St. Domingo, assembled in solemn conclave. The consignment had, no doubt, been long looked for by the expectant friars, and the news of the apparent consummation of their hopes filled their minds with a pure and holy joy. A procession

was formed with the ostensible view of paying honour to the return of the saintly relics from a foreign land, and the whole chapter, preceded by cross of gold and embroidered banner, set forth with solemn music, and its accompanying chaunts, to receive the fortunate *relics* arrived from beyond sea. The cases were landed, covered with palls of velvet and rich stuffs; and being placed upon biers, they were borne upon the shoulders of the most fervent of the members of the sacred congregation. The delivery being completed, the captain received an acknowledgment in due form, and the procession returned to the convent, escorted by the entire population of the city, after which, according to all appearance, the interment took place in consecrated ground. But as soon as this religious effervescence had subsided, and when the monks saw that the auspicious moment was arrived for the enjoyment of the long anticipated sight of the vast riches so fervently announced by their brethren of St. Domingo, great was their amazement and their grief, instead of inestimable treasures to find nothing but worthless bones, a heap of vile refuse of various animals, among which were so many heads with horns, so many feet with hoofs, that no doubt could be entertained that the captain had perpetrated a wicked and criminal exchange. They never for a moment supposed that their holy brethren of St. Domingo had any hand in the cheat, and their despair was in consequence more intense, since they could have no means whatever of establishing a claim; for how could they, without the utmost shame, confess the sacrilegious plunder, covered as it was by a pretended removal of saintly relics? Besides, it would be very easy to guess the answer to be made by the captain:—"What did I receive on board? Bones, relics; the bill of lading so states it. What then was I bound to deliver, and what have I delivered? Relics! Here they are; you have received them—buried them: hymn your vespers, ring your bells, and trouble me no more.

The poor monks were obliged to resign themselves to their lot, and in so doing shewed their wisdom and their logic. Whether the chapter excommunicated the old sailor is not recorded. The remains of the oxen, the horses, the dogs, and the goats, were placed in a vault of the church in order to save appearances. We have only to add, that the captain became sole owner of the *Faustina*, and continued his voyages to St. Domingo, with which island he carried on an extensive business, and prospered accordingly.

L. L.

EPIGRAMS.

"Your poem must *eternal* be
Dear sir!—it cannot fail—
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And wants both *head* and *tail*."

"Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons *die* before they sing."

S. T. Coleridge.

TO ——.

"They told me, with their feelings bitter,
That in your wealth your beauty lies;
And I believed them, for there glitter
Ten thousand diamonds in your eyes."

F. M. Reynolds.

AN AWKWARD ANTIPATHY.

I am not one of those who abominate the idea of a family dinner, nor will my name ever be down as a candidate for admission into that club, whose members offer a man their card, in return for his hospitality of shoulder of mutton and pudding; on the contrary, I always find plenty of gleanings from the fields of fun in such *réunions*, and surely in this long-faced, much-eating world, a mouthful of laughter is more valuable from its rarity than a surfeit of *ragout*. With such sentiments, therefore, I was not offended, when, on a short visit to London in the dead season of the year, to arrange some law affairs, my man of business asked me to honour his table with my company, —"We shall make no stranger of you"—said he—"quite alone—only ourselves."

I am not an illnatured person, and hate to put any one out of his way; so punctually at the hour of five I presented myself at the "Villa," one mile the other side of Brompton, where my friend's family luxuriated in the idea of *country*, and was ushered into the drawing-room. Now, why should I attempt to catalogue the furniture of this unique apartment, when it told its own tale of having been picked up piecemeal at auctions, alternately neat, old fashioned, or gaudy, as it happened? Or, why should I add to the nervousness and hurry of my hostess, by saying she looked as if she knew by ocular demonstration that the kitchen fire was in capital order for *boiling*? or bring a tinge upon the pale cheeks of the daughters, by hinting that the bear's grease had rather encroached upon the forehead, and the ringlets bore the impress of the curl papers on every turn?—these were mere trifles to a hungry man, and ought not every man to be hungry, when the cry of *Ba-a-ker* at the gate gives notice that the savoury dinner has been making mouths water all the way from Mr. Crusty's oven round the corner? Such a cry had evidently been for some time expected, for it was immediately responded to, by the whole family rising, and Mr. Parchment himself exclaiming,—"Puddings are bad things when cold; suppose we go to the dining room, and prepare our *opening claws*." A general titter declared that all capacities were ready, in due deference, to receive and understand the accustomed pun; and in a few minutes we were seated before the table-cloth, looking into each others faces, and waiting the catastrophe.

Our party was now increased by two—Eh— —what shall I call them?—boys—or young—no *little* men, who were not introduced, but whom I at once suspected to be those anomalous animals, y'cleped, domestic clerks.

An anxious silence was kept up, except by Parchment himself, who favoured me with a slight discussion upon the enormity of church rates, interrupted only by an audible whisper from the youngest, and, therefore, spoilt girl, who, poor child, could not help just touching her mother, with the question, "Ma, *is it a roly poly pudding?*"

The master now portentously took out his watch, and looking towards his wife, "My dear," said he, "it has struck five ———." Her answer was prevented by a boy, (just entering upon an acquaintance with his page's dress, and not quite up to a ceremonious friendship with his coat,) bringing in a well grown dish, to which all eyes were in a moment turned, discovering a curious composition, something like a boiled arm, well bruized, length about eighteen inches, diameter ten inches. Nothing could exceed the nicety with which Mrs. Parchment divided this among the party, leaving two pieces upon the dish; but it was some minutes before I could decide what were really the materials of the long roll, jacketed with the prints of the bag in which it had been boiled; however, I at length satisfied myself that it was a suet pudding, with a scattering of currants in it, and no uneatable thing either, if I might judge from the expedition with

which it disappeared, however curious as a first course. As I was putting the last subdivision into my mouth, Mrs. Parchment, balancing one of the remaining pieces upon her fork, enquired if I would take more?—*more!* On my refusal, Mr. P. sent up his plate for *that same*, and the end was given to the little girl, a kind of perquisite, I suppose, which the two clerks, certainly by their looks, envied. The servant then put before his mistress a dish of potatoes; on the side near me some opae gravy in a boat, and opposite, a ditto to match, filled with sauce, while Mr. P. sharpened his carving knife in readiness for a—*large sucking pig!*— —The dish is a good dish, and I have no peculiar Hebrew antipathies to the breed, but there *are* similies—*mais n'importe.* I begged for a piece of the leg, (as I confess the little ribs, scarcely assuming the *form* of bone, gave me a slight—a momentary squeamishness, such as Don Juan felt when he flung away the pinion of the learned Pedrillo,) and very contentedly began masticating a chip of "the Epidermis of this infant Mammalia of the swine species," (as the head quill-driver had just informed us the squeakers skin was properly denominated,) when—"Trackem," said Mr. P. to the junior clerk, who had never taken his eyes off the little snout, as it gaped towards him, "I think you are fond of the breast part, or shall I give you half the head, you will find some nice picking?" I looked at the poor man, wondering why he did not answer, and saw him desperately rub down his hair, as if vainly trying to efface the officious bump of "Philo-progenitiveness," that stood (strange chance!) in the way of his mouth; then turning almost yellow with fear and disgust, he whined out, increasing the emphasis with every pause,

"None for me, sir, thank you—I can't bear the sight of it,"—and then roaring out, "And I never could!" he burst out of the room, as if ten thousand slaughtered babes were at his heels.

I shall never forget the looks of the horrified family; but I didn't laugh—*at least not then.*

S. L. H.

"Le Sage resided in a little cottage while he supplied the world with their most agreeable novels, and appears to have derived the sources of his existence in his old age from the filial exertions of an excellent son, who was an actor of some genius. I wish, however, that every man of letters could apply to himself the epitaph of this delightful writer:—

Sous ce tombeau git Le Sage abattu
Par le ciseau de la Parque importune;
S'il ne fut pas ami de la fortune,
Il fut toujours ami de la vertu."—D'Israeli.

Disinterested Grief.—Benserade, the French poet, on the death of his patron, Cardinal Richelieu, gratefully made this epitaph:—

"Cy gist, ouy gist, par la mort bleu,
Le Cardinal de Richelieu,
Et, ce qui cause mon ennuy,
Ma pension avec lui!"

THE MENDICANT.

A Tale of the French Revolution.

By the Author of "Passages in the Diary of a Surgeon."

At the principal entrance to one of the most handsome of the churches which abound in the good city of Paris, an aged beggar was accustomed to take his stand at the hour for the celebration of mass, to solicit charity of the devotees. For years he had never failed to repair to the sacred edifice, and take his seat on the self-same spot; in fact, he was so accustomed to be seen there, that he was well nigh considered as one of the ornaments of the porch. His conversation, address, and bearing, plainly told that he had received a superior education; and wretched as he ever appeared, he possessed a certain dignity of manner which revealed to the observer that he had at other times been accustomed to move in a far higher sphere. Amongst the crowd of beggars, too, who daily thronged to solicit alms of those who attended the celebration of mass, he possessed great authority. The kindness with which he ever listened to their complaints, and the sympathy which he showed for their sufferings; the benevolence which induced him to share the alms which he had received with those who had been less fortunate than himself; the zeal with which he always endeavoured to settle their disputes, and appease the angry feelings, which were sometimes engendered amongst them; all contributed to raise him in their esteem and affection; nevertheless, to all of his companions, even to those who were most intimate with him, the history of his life, and the misfortunes which had reduced him to beggary, were unknown. One thing alone was certain; he never stepped within the threshold of the church, yet he was a Catholic; and at the moment when the sacred rites were being performed, when the pious chants of the priests echoed through the hallowed dome, when the deep and solemn tone of the organ pealed along the aisles, the aged mendicant would join with devotion in the holy rites, and raise his feeble voice in prayer and thanksgiving to the Almighty Ruler of the world. And often when listening to the discourse of some pious priest, tears would course down his furrowed cheek. It was evident to all who knew him that he had some great cause for sorrow, yet to none would he confess the grief which preyed upon his mind.

The curate of the church, who was accustomed daily to celebrate mass therein, was descended from one of the most ancient families of France. Possessing an immense fortune, he delighted in giving from out his store help to the needy and oppressed. The old mendicant had been a particular object of his solicitude; and the Abbé C. never failed, as he entered the church, to place in his hand an alms, rendered doubly valuable by the kind and encouraging words with which he accompanied the gift.

One day the old man was missing from his accustomed seat; a second and a third passed, yet he did not appear. The good Abbé, fearing that some misfortune had happened to the mendicant, determined to seek him. Accordingly, having finished his religious duties, he enquired out the abode of the old man, and without loss of time betook himself thither, and found him stretched upon a wretched mattrass in the last stage of existence.

The priest on entering the miserable apartment was struck by the luxury and wretchedness which it at once displayed. A magnificent gold watch was suspended by a rusty nail over the chimney piece; two pictures, in

handsome gilt frames, but covered with crape, hung from the damp-stained walls; a crucifix, beautifully carved in ivory, was placed at the foot of the bed, and by the bedside of the invalid stood an old table, on which was lying within reach of the old man's hand, a missal splendidly bound and secured by clasps of pure gold. With these exceptions, every thing plainly denoted the most abject misery.

The entrance of the good priest re-animated the dying man, for instantly recovering himself he exclaimed, with joy beaming from his sunken eye—"Father! you do then condescend to remember the wretched beggar, and to enter his miserable abode?"

"A priest never forgets the miseries of his fellow-creatures, my son," replied the Abbé. "I have come that I may know if you stand in need of assistance?"

"Alas! no;" rejoined the mendicant. "I have no earthly wants to satisfy; death will soon release me from my miseries. 'Tis my conscience alone that torments me."

"Your conscience! What mean you, my son? Have you then any fault to expiate?"

The old man rose with a supernatural effort from his reclining posture, and exclaimed with fearful energy, "A crime!—an enormous crime!—a crime for which my whole life has been one cruel but useless expiation! a crime to which, alas, no pardon can be extended."

"Blaspheme not, my son," said the Abbé; "doubt not the promises of the Almighty; whatever be thy crime, still may'st thou hope for pardon—the Divine mercy is greater than all the sins of man."

"But for a wretch, whose crimes have been of the blackest dye, whose soul is stained with the blood of a fellow being—what is there to hope? Pardon! There can be no pardon for such a one!"—and the old man burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"There is pardon, even for a sinner so great as this;" exclaimed the priest, with enthusiasm. "I tell thee, my son, the doubt of the Divine mercy is a blasphemy greater than all thy crimes. Our holy religion opens wide its arms to the repentant sinner. Listen to the words of the Redeemer—*'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest!'* Old man, prostrate yourself in prayer before him and he will not forsake you. Come, my son, I will hear your confession!" The good priest took a seat by the side of the mendicant, who, after a short pause, thus began:—

"I am the offspring of a poor farmer, who cultivated a small plot of ground under a family of the highest distinction. My father had a large family, and his circumstances being far from affluent, I was removed from my parental roof to the mansion of our master at an early age: through his kindness I received a superior education, and the progress that I made was such as to raise me to the rank of his secretary. In this situation I passed my days in the greatest happiness, and years rolled almost unheeded by. When, however, I had attained my thirtieth year the revolution broke out in all its fury, and scattered desolation over our native land. In an evil hour I listened to the seductive discourse of a person with whom I was slightly acquainted, who had himself embraced republican principles; he placed in my hands some of the republican journals of the day. I read them—my ambition was roused; I became weary of the monotonous life I had led, and conceived the idea of forsaking the roof which had so long sheltered me, for the toils and tumults of the camp. Would that I had done so; for although I should have been guilty of the sin of ingratitude, yet should I have been spared the committal of more atrocious crimes. Ere I could carry my project into execution, my master, fearing lest he might be arrested, dismissed all his domestics with the single exception of myself, and with his whole family fled to Paris, taking with them only a few things as a memorial of the joyous hours which they had passed, but which had now fled for ever. They took up their abode in the most obscure part of the town, trusting that the seclusion of their dwelling might preserve them secure from the fury of their enemies. I followed them; and it was I alone that possessed the secret of their retreat. Their

goods were confiscated, and a reward offered for their apprehension, but for this they cared not. They were united and happy; and they looked forward in the hope that brighter prospects would ere long dawn upon them. Vain hope! The only person who could reveal the secret of their retreat, and could tear them from their now humble, but still happy, home—was he who had been reared from infancy beneath the shelter of their roof, who had eaten of their bread, and received unnumbered benefits at their hands—he, forgetful of all the ties of gratitude which bound him to them, denounced them to the officers of justice. That traitor is now before you.

"The father, mother, three daughters!—(there was another, but she was absent on a visit to a relation in a distant part of the country), with a young boy, of ten years,—were consigned to all the horrors of a dungeon. They were brought to trial; and although in those fearful days the most frivolous accusations were sufficient to condemn the innocent to death, yet the public prosecutor was at a loss to procure sufficient evidence against this noble family. But, alas! this was not long wanting. He to whom their very thoughts were known, to whose honour the secrets of the family had been entrusted, presented himself as their accuser, and tortured the most innocent acts into proofs that they were guilty of conspiring against the liberties of the people. This false witness—this perjured monster, was I.

"The fatal sentence was pronounced against them; and with the exception of the young child already mentioned, they were all condemned to die upon the scaffold. With the utmost resignation, this amiable family awaited the execution of the sentence By some mistake, however, the order for their execution was not delivered to the proper officer: and had there been no one to take notice of this error, they would have escaped the doom which had been awarded them. But there was one, who, burning with impatience to enrich himself with the spoils of their abode, attended before the revolutionary tribunal, and caused the error to be rectified. The order for their execution was instantly dispatched, and ere the sun had set they had ceased to live. Need I say that it was I that procured their death.

"The reward which I received for my crime was three thousand francs, and these precious articles which you now see around you. Shortly after the death of her parents, the eldest daughter, who, as I have already informed you, was on a visit to a relation, returned, full of anticipations of the happiness she should enjoy with those to whom she was so devotedly attached. Her feelings at learning the fate of her relatives I need not describe, they can be far better conceived. It is only necessary for my purpose to state, that I saw and loved her; but 'twas with a wild, unholy passion. I continued to visit her in the abode from which her parents had been torn to meet their untimely fate, and at length I offered to make her my wife; but, although she was ignorant that it was through me that all her hopes and prospects had been blighted, and her relatives hurried from existence, yet she appeared instinctively to abhor my very presence, and she resolutely and unhesitatingly refused my offer. This refusal at once roused in my heart the worst passions of humanity. I determined not to be baffled by a mere girl, and resolved that at all hazards she should be mine either in wedlock or dishonour. With rage flashing from my eyes I seized a knife which accidentally lay on a table near me, and brandishing it above her head, vowed that nought but consent to my wishes should save her from death. Her cheek blanched not, her eye quailed not, at the death which appeared so imminent, but with firmness and resignation she awaited the deadly stroke. Her calmness for a moment disconcerted me, and unintentionally I allowed the knife to fall from my grasp. With the utmost eagerness she seized the weapon from the ground, and ere I had time to avert the blow, the steel was dyed deeply with her heart's blood.

"After this crime I endeavoured, by rushing headlong into dissipation, to drown the stings of conscience, but this could not last long; and as soon as the money I had received was spent, I became a prey to remorse. No projects which I formed, no enterprise I undertook, no work in which I engaged were attended with success. I sank gradually under the weight of my mis-

fortunes, till at last I became poor and infirm. On the charity of those who frequent the church, in whose porch I have taken my place for so many years, I have depended for subsistence. The remembrance of my crimes has been such, that despairing that the Divine mercy would ever be extended to a wretch like me, I have not dared to cross the threshold of the holy edifice. The alms which I have received has allowed me to accumulate the sum I obtained for the betrayal of my benefactors. These articles of luxury by which you see me surrounded—the watch, the crucifix, the missal, the pictures—were the plunder I obtained from their abode."

The old man paused for a few moments, and tears, hot, burning tears,—the index of the agony of his mind,—coursed down his aged cheek. But the pause was of short duration.

"Oh! how long has been my repentance, how bitter have been the tears which I have shed for my crimes, But alas! how vain are they all: nought can ever wash my soul from guilt."

"My son," replied the Abbé, "your crimes are indeed horrible. A whole life passed in tears and prayer is scarcely a sufficient expiation. Nevertheless the treasures of divine mercy are incalculable; and, full of confidence in the almighty goodness, I think I can assure you that your repentance will procure you pardon and peace."

No sooner had the good priest spoken than the aged mendicant, starting from his bed with a supernatural energy, exclaimed eagerly—

"How blessed, how consoling are your words, father: but ere I can recieve pardon let me relieve myself of the fruit of my crime. Take all these things, sell them, distribute their produce amongst the poor."

As he uttered those words he touched the various articles to which he alluded, and, in so doing, the crape which covered the picture fell, and revealed it to the gaze of his ghostly comforter.

"Those," said the old man, "are the features of my betrayed master."

Scarcely had the Abbé viewed the picture than exclaiming—"My father, my father!" he sunk on a chair overcome with emotion. He covered his face with his hands as if to shut out the sight of that which could not fail to bring to his mind the recollection of the untimely fate of his relatives, and burst into a flood of tears.

The aged mendicant not daring to meet the gaze of the son of his victim, whom he already viewed as a terrible judge prepared to launch his curses against him, rather than a holy priest, full of pity for the crimes and frailties of a fellow mortal, and in the spirit of Christianity breathing forgiveness to his enemies, threw himself at the feet of the Abbé, clung to his knees, and bathed them with his tears.

"Was I not right," he exclaimed. "Am I not a monster, whose crimes are beyond the reach of pardon? I know well, that even religion herself would turn with abhorrence from a wretch like me."

Recalled to himself by these words, the priest, by a powerful effort, repressed the grief that was swelling at his heart. The struggle between filial affection and his duties as a minister of Christianity, instantly ceased. For one instant he had given way to all the weakness of humanity—'twas but for an instant. He took the ivory crucifix, and placing it before the eyes of the mendicant, he exclaimed in a clear and loud voice—

"Old man! is your repentance sincere?"

"Yes!"

"Then I forgive you; and may you likewise receive pardon from Heaven." He extended his hand to raise the aged man from his knees, but it was vain. The shock had been too great—and the spirit of the mendicant had fled for ever!

G. T. F.

FROM CASIMIR.

Original Translation.

ODE 19.—Book I.—He aspires to the celestial abodes.

"Urit me patriæ decor."

The glory of that spirit land
My native country, fires my soul,
And glowing in the ethereal strand
The watchful stars that ceaseless roll;
The moon's soft light, the night's lamp sets
Around heaven's golden minarets.

Inflame my soul. O sacred choirs
That wait on night, O torches sworn
To follow with your holy fires
The sceptre by your mistress borne;
O beauteous aspect of my home,
And guardians sweet of heaven's bright dome!

O wherefore do ye still behold
Me exiled from your star-lit clime?
O why, alas! must I grow old
Shut out from heaven too long a time,
And born of that bright clime a guest,
Still, still to earth be downward pressed?

O strew me here a grassy bed
Ye inmates of the shining sky;
O here your spotless lilies shed
To deck the tomb where I would lie.
Here am I from death's fetters loosed,
Freed from my dross, though still but dust.

Of this too lingering body, here,
O here, the wretched spoils dispose
The sad remains of me whate'er
Survives the parted spirit's loss.
Away, away to boundless skies,
The rest of me impatient flies.

CLASSICUS.

A LOVER'S MISFORTUNE.

Gentle reader, have you ever been in love?—No! then you have never seen Miss Angelina Fordyce. But I have, and my heart was not proof against such a concentration of graces, such an unequalled assemblage of charms, as these burst upon my view. I was first introduced to her at my Aunt Mordaunts, and endeavoured to secure her notice by the exercise of all those ingenious pantomimic manœuvres for which Ladies' Gentlemen have gained so much celebrity; I danced with her, handed negus and cake to her, snuffed the candle at the Piano when she was going to sing, (warble I should say) turned over the music pages while she *was* singing: in short, did the amiable the agreeable, the delightful, every thing that I thought could possibly forward me in her estimation. My attentions were not, I had good reason to suspect, altogether unnoticed; for I occasionally observed her eyes rest upon me with something like interest—I will not say love. My aunt gave a ball shortly after my first introduction to Angelina at which I ascertained she was to be present and no one longed so much for the evening of the Ball as I did, I dreamed of it every night, and sometimes even twice in the same evening, while in the day-time I amused myself with writing sonnets to her eyes, lines for her album, and preparing trifles for her scrap book. The intervening days I employed to the best advantage, making a complete circle round the zodiac of tailors, drapers, glovers, perfumers, hosiers, jewellers, &c., and, in addition to which, I equipped myself with a pair of the most exquisite pumps, resolving to take every advantage that might be derived from a good external appearance. Now many persons are not aware of the importance which attaches to a good shoe on a small foot; but, knowing it to be my invariable custom to glance first at the face and then at the foot of the party under my scrutiny, and thinking others might act on the same principle, I prepared myself accordingly.

The wished-for day did at length arrive, and with it a cargo of apparel of various kinds—pumps of most enchanting fit, even to tightness, coat of the newest cut, waistcoat of the latest pattern, and trousers ditto; to say nothing of kid gloves that might have rivalled the driven snow, or even the forehead of Angelina herself. I was pleased at the airy castles which floated before my mind's eye; I foresaw the conquest I was about to make, and in my extasy

"See the conquering hero comes"

burst spontaneously from my lips. But alas! vanity, like love, is blind. I now repaired to my toilet, and selecting the best razor (one of Palmer's) I began mowing the embryo stumps of a would-be beard. Oh! fate, fate, why were beards ever made to degrade the chins of men. But ah! I saw not my reflection in the glass, I only saw the fair and amiable Angelina, the handsomest in the room, and myself, the most envied, leading her through the dance. Was it possible that I was so blest as to touch her hand; did I indeed gaze upon her radiant countenance? I apparently *was* so blest, so happy; and, in the moment of my joy I could not restrain my hands from bestowing a visionary pressure upon the delicate hand of Angelina. Poets may say what they please about the language of eyes, but it is my firm opinion that the language of the hands is equally expressive. I am straying, however, from my mirror, in which I beheld my imaginary felicity, when—horror, I was recalled to myself by the acute tickling of my chin. Reader, if thou knowest what real agony of feeling is, fancy mine at that unhappy moment—it was the very *acme* of agony; I had cut my—throat? no; would it had been so; I had cut my chin, and the "purple tide" was rolling its ruby drops on the lawn front of my snow-white shirt; one which

had been chosen specially for the occasion, I stamped, raved, and rung the bell till the wire broke, with the full intention of sacrificing the first person who appeared to my vengeance.

"James you rascal," shouted I, still grasping the infamous instrument, as my valet made his appearance; "James, you rascal, fetch me another shirt."

But ere I had finished my command the wretch had vanished, for my appearance was so ludicrous that he feared I was insane and had severed my throat. I called in vain for assistance, till at length it came in the persons of three policemen and a surgeon, headed by my recreant valet. They secured me, and bound my hands; and a consultation was then held as to how I was to be disposed of. Some recommended Bethlem and various other places of the kind; but it was at length determined that I should remain where I was that night, with the surgeon and my valet to guard me. Esculapius began examining my neck, to see what harm had been done, while I in vain endeavoured to convince him of his mistake; but, alas, he seemed totally heedless of my remonstrances, and proceeded forthwith to bleed me, which he did to no slight an extent, as I soon discovered by the weakness which followed. Totally exhausted with vexation and loss of blood, I gave myself up in despair to the most agonizing feelings; for I was well aware that a rival aspirant to the hand and affections of Angelina would be at the ball, and I doubted not would make the most of my absence to improve his suit. Thus I lay, the victim of the most acute and galling disappointment, until I sank unconsciously to sleep.

It was not until two days after that the mistake was discovered—when I was released. I resolved to take summary vengeance on the scoundrel valet who had thus thwarted my most pleasing anticipations, and forthwith made up my mind to discharge him and all my household; but, fearing lest such measures might be construed into a return of the fit, I was compelled to forbear. Just then my old acquaintance and bosom friend, Anthony Prate, Esq., called in to see me; and, in the course of conversation, I learnt that Angelina had taken my absence so much to heart, and my rival had made such good use of his time, that she had at length consented to become his bride, and the marriage had been fixed for that day fortnight.

Fire and fury! this was unbearable; that, through cutting my chin I should lose the handsomest of women, with a large fortune to boot; that all my fancied success should be thus annihilated by the magic touch of a vile razor. 'Twas too much for man to endure. I fainted outright, fell into a fever, and was placed in a sick bed for two weeks, from which I have just risen, to write this heart-rending narrative, and see the detested marriage announced in the columns of the "Morning Post!"

C W. H.

A PASSAGE FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EPHRAIM COLLINS, ESQ.

"One more entry," said I exultingly, "one more entry, and"—here my thoughts became too ecstatic for utterance—and having debited Mr. Plumptree with his last purchase of indigo, I locked up the whole tribe of ledgers and day-books, and pocketed the key with the air of a man who had concluded some vast business, which ensured to him future leisure and ample means of enjoying it. My condition was not quite so enviable, but I had before me a week's absence from business, which I was determined to spend —how, I had not exactly decided, but at all events in pleasure. I had been at some pains to keep clear of all positive engagements, in the hope of spending the greater part of the time in the society of one who for some three months previous had been the light of my eyes—the breath of my nostrils—the blood of my heart,—and whom I began to entertain thoughts of inviting to become bone of my bone, though nothing approaching to a formal declaration of my intentions had up to this period escaped me.

I had kept clear of all engagements, but I had two letters of invitation yet to dispose of which somewhat puzzled me. One from my aunt, Isabella, with whom I had always been an especial favourite, the other from my uncle Freeman, who had always treated me as one of his own children. I had seen neither since I left Hampshire; and my aunt, kind soul, unmindful of the difference which half a dozen years make in the tastes of a youth springing into manhood—especially in London—endeavoured to allure me to her quiet domicile, by a glowing description of the grapery and orchard! My uncle's letter afforded a striking contrast; for, excepting the customary compliments from my cousins, it spoke of nothing but powder, percussion caps, and partridges. I entertained a high respect for both; and not knowing how to excuse myself, had postponed writing till the last moment, thinking that half an hour's head-ache, or ten minutes' bile might occur, to be magnified into reason sufficient for declining their kindness. I had reached the end of my tether, however, in perfect health, and was under the necessity of writing what might be summed up into three lines of "regret," two of "previous engagement," and one of "happiness at some future time." Having completed which weighty matter, and made a few fastidious alterations in my toilette, I hurried to St. Paul's churchyard, and mounting the stage, was in due course deposited at Knightsbridge.

I need not point out the exact spot in Knightsbridge to which I bent my steps:—let it suffice, that I arrived at the door at which I had never knocked without a slight tremor, to be converted into pleasure or disappointment, according to my reception, by one of the inmates. I was admitted by the servant with that knowing half-smile—so fatal to half-crowns—which I had so often encountered, and without much ado found my way to the drawing-room. Every thing looked propitious for a tête-à-tête. The senior Mantons were absent on a visit—brother Tom had gone to the theatre—Emily and Fanny were busy with their books—and Julia was seated at the piano-forte, from which I entreated her not to rise. With something very like the familiarity of an old friend, I took a seat close to the instrument, and the time passed pleasantly between Mozart and Rossini, till a lengthened dissertation on their respective merits by some means got diverted into a channel far more interesting to myself, and, as I hoped, to Julia also. I was just verging on that state of mind in which young gentlemen are apt to do things ridiculous, when I was suddenly recalled to a sense of realities. I had been using all my eloquence to make apparent the necessity of herself, with her sisters and brother Tom joining me in an excursion on the following day, when, rising and taking her hand to render my persuasions more impressive,

I observed that her finger was illumined by a circle of brilliants; and as my arguments appeared to be by no means convincing, I ventured a digression upon the ring, intending to resume the main subject on the first favourable opportunity.

"Pray, Miss Manton, excuse my impertinence—what a very handsome ring you have on your finger—and valuable, too, is it not?"

"It is very neat," she replied, "and valuable to me as a mark of affection from the donor."

"Oh, Julia," said her youngest sister, Fanny, who had overheard at least this part of our conversation, "do tell Mr. Collins what Mr. Hobday said when he placed it on your finger."

"Nonsense, Fanny!" exclaimed Julia, in some trepidation, and blushing slightly.

"O, pray tell me," said I, with as much gaiety as I could assume; for the juxta-position of the name of Hobday, and the affection mentioned by Julia, did not strike upon my ear with peculiar harmony.

"You must excuse my declining to do that, sir," answered Julia in a tone which seemed to indicate that it was an affair with which I had no concern; and my spirits were reduced to gravity, and I began to ruminate.

At this moment the parent Mantons returned, and a coldness in their greetings, which I had never before experienced, confirmed the startling idea which had just flashed upon my mind,—that Julia was destined for another! I felt the muscles of my face contract forcibly—my countenance fell to the length of a Cremona—my heart beat a coffin-maker's tattoo upon my ribs—my tongue refused to do more than splutter—a dense November fog came over my eyes—and I should doubtless have sunk into the earth, only that the drawing-room had not a clay carpet, and I therefore resumed my seat upon the chair. Fortunately, my disorder was not observed; and after sitting a few minutes in moody silence, I took a solemn leave.

I had arrived in the classic neighbourhood of Leicester-square, on my way home, and was crawling along, cursing my own folly for not being more explicit with Julia and her family, and debating the advantage which drowning possessed over hanging, and shooting over both, when my studies were interrupted by a hearty slap on the shoulder, and a familiar voice shouted in my ear, "Why, Collins, what ails you that you won't answer a fellow when he speaks to you?"

It was my boisterous friend Hampton, who, it appeared, had addressed me half a dozen times without effect. I, of course, apologized; and after talking some little time, *al fresco*, acceded to his proposition—though not partial to such exhibitions—of taking a glass of grog at an adjacent tavern. The room we were ushered into contained but one other guest—a rotund, benign looking, middle-aged gentleman—who immediately upon our entering paid for what he termed his "finish" of brandy, hiccupped a good evening, and zigzagged his way out. My friend's volubility, *and the grog*, exercised so salutary an influence upon my nervous system, that by the time the second glass was disposed of, I was enabled to ask, with apparent indifference, if he was acquainted with Mr. Hobday; to which inquiry I had the pleasure of receiving an answer in the affirmative, accompanied with the gratifying intelligence that he was a dashing spirited fellow, and quite irresistible among the women.

"But, I'll introduce you," continued Hampton; "you'll be delighted with him—meet him to-morrow evening at my rooms—what do you say?—we'll have a steak and a glass of punch together?"

"I'd rather meet him," said I, "in some snug meadow where I might put a bullet through his head, or be indebted to him for a similar kindness?"

"Why?" asked Hampton, in the utmost surprise.

To which *why*—after several attempts at evasion—I was obliged to make replication the wherefore above narrated.

"You must be mistaken," said he.

"Impossible," I rejoined—"quite impossible!"

A silence of some minutes ensued, during which I made a desperate at-

tack upon the contents of my tumbler, and then in that peculiarly impressive manner induced by the use of such a stimulant, I resumed the subject.

"I ask you as a friend now, Hampton—what would you advise me to do?"

"Why, if I were you, I'd order in another glass, and ——"

"Nay, now, be serious."

"Well, seriously, I would do so—and when you've finished that, you'll be in prime order to settle other matters; but if the lady has determined to cut you, you may rest assured that shooting Jack Hobday will not postpone it for an instant."

"But what can I do?—Must I sit down ——"

"Fiddle-de-dee!—Win the lady if you can; if you cannot and are convinced that she is the only fine woman in the world, and that you cannot possibly survive the not gaining her, why then, you know, you can fret yourself into a consumption, or enter the navy as an admiral—or the army as a field-marshal; or, as you are a fine young man, you can consult the East India Company, perhaps they'll make you a nabob. But are you so devilishly smitten, Collins?"

"Sir," replied I, growing rather choleric, "I will not suffer you to ——"

"Now, don't be angry; how can I prescribe if I do not feel your pulse a little. You must try a dose of absence. Meet me on board the Eclipse tomorrow morning, and we'll talk over the matter more fully when we reach Ramsgate."

Just at this juncture the waiter yawned audibly, and we departed—it was late, or *early*. I recollect experiencing a moment's exhilaration, but besides that I have a very confused idea of any thing that occurred till six o'clock the next morning, when I discovered myself in bed at my lodgings with a clammy parched mouth, a feverish skin, and a sensation very nearly approaching to a head-ache. On rising, I found that my pockets had been disencumbered of all they contained, except a card of terms of the packet before-mentioned, which Hampton had given me when we parted! Not knowing how much amusement or annoyance I might have afforded to my landlady and her household, I wrote a note saying I should not return for some days, and about half-past eight slipped quietly out of the house with my portmanteau, and a short time found me gliding with a favourble tide in a wherry, towards the spot designated "off the Tower." Two minutes later, and the Eclipse would have left me in town; as it happened, however,—— but as this and all other circumstances attending the voyage are already sufficiently described in my four hundred and thirty-ninth occasional poem, I take the liberty of *shortening* the narrative by subjoining it here. It is entitled—

RAMSGATE AHOY!

Dense clouds of smoke obscure the sun—
The work of magic is begun—
The open valve, the gushing stream,
Denote the bark can breast the stream,
Nor will she long abide:—
The clashing waters lave her hull
[Pull, waterman,—you devil, pull!]
The signal's made—unmoor, unmoor!
Her bonds are loosed—she leaves the shore
Defying wind and tide!

"The steam is up!"—the laughing spray
With brilliant spangles strews her way,
And glancing from her gilded prow
Careers in silver foam below
With murmured mystic song;
The dancing waves behind her sweep
In joyous circles o'er the deep,

And tell the loit'rers on the shore
[I thought to get on board before]
How gay she wends along.

Away she flies!—take heed, take heed,
Ye sluggish barks—mark well her speed—
Nor cross her bows with reckless tack,
Lest cordage fail, or canvass slack,
And ruin overwhelm;—
For though at utmost need she may
Her arrow flight a moment stay,
Yet in the pause sore peril lies
For only while her wings she plies
She answers to the helm.

Away she flies!—collision—wreck
No longer holds her powers in check
Behind her sinks the fading shore
The glorious ocean lies before—
She rides its regal waves!
Exult! upon the bounding main—
[What giddiness has seiz'd my brain!
Some brandy, stew'rd—no chops—no steaks!]
The gale of Britons' freedom speaks—
They "never will be slaves!"

—Fresher, stronger grows the breeze—
In bolder surges roll the seas—
The spray in wilder eddies towers—
[I'm paralysed in all my powers!]
But still with giant speed
The vessel dashes through the waves—
Both adverse winds and currents braves—
[There goes my hat!—Oh dear, this swell
Has made me, captain, so—unwell!]
Oh well she earns her meed!

Night steals along the western sky
Deep purple clouds th' horizon dye
But on their darkling bosom, lo!
Where specks to chalky hillocks grow—
It is the destined shore!—
The sun yet faintly gilds the land—
We near apace the crowded strand—
The anchor's dropt—[I'm half asleep
But into yonder boat I'll creep,
Thankful the voyage is o'er.]

My friend Hampton being too late for the Eclipse, did not arrive till the next day; and it happened, as we had appointed no place of rendezvous, that we followed each other about at some half-hour's distance for three days, but never met, and he returned to town, while *I* remained behind, in high dudgeon with him and all the world, till the end of my allotted week, when, having quarrelled for want of more potent enemies with all the waiters in the place, and treated all the bar-maids with sarcastic remarks on the sex, to their unspeakable satisfaction I deposited myself again in the steamer, and was borne back to the "great metropolis."

I arrived in town in no better humour than I left Ramsgate. Business of all kinds I felt to be a nuisance, and my leisure hours I contrived to fill up with most interesting street rows, till on the fourth evening I chanced to be rescued from the clutches of five ladies of the sister kingdom, whom I had managed to offend in passing through Drury-lane, by the hands of Tom Manton, who, when the affray was fairly ended, invited me with much cordiality to sup with him at home.

It was not without some hesitation I entered the dwelling of my lamented

last one—but I assumed as cheerful an air as I could, and was greeted by Mr. Manton with—

"Ephraim! well, how are you? I thought you'd forgotten your old friends! Where have you been this——how long did you say it was," turning to Julia, "since Mr. Collins was here?"

"Now, father, how can you tease one so?" she replied, and blushing deeply ran out of the room; in a few minutes, however, she returned, ushering in a visitor—the same benevolent Pickwick-looking old gentleman whom I had met in the tavern near Leicester-square, and to whom I was immediately introduced—'twas Mr. Hobday!

Need I say that—

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream"?

Words cannot describe the pleasurable feelings I experienced. Mr. Hobday, it appeared, was the parent of my friend Hampton's dashing acquaintance of that name, and being both friend and jeweller to the family, had, in the latter capacity, furnished Julia, by the desire of her father, with the ring which had occasioned me so much uneasiness; and on submitting it for approval, gave utterance to a pleasantry upon *plain gold* rings, which she declined to repeat in the determined manner before intimated.

The remainder of this part of my history may be readily imagined by the initiated in such matters; but as some few may exist guiltless both of love and matrimony, I beg to refer them to the *Morning Post* newspaper for the first of the month, of which this is the twelfth anniversary, where they will find the catastrophe duly chronicled. They may likewise consult the register-book of the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, if the *Morning Post* be not authority sufficient.

April, 1837. H. T.

A LETTER FROM FRANCE IN 1771.

Calais, Saturday, August 17th, 1771.

Dear M.—You will learn from my present address, that I have safely landed on the Gallic shores, having exchanged the comforts of roast beef for soup maigre; and John Bull's *bon hommie* for monsieur's *gaietie de cœur*. Whether for the better or the worse, time will show; *nous verrons*, and here, my dear friend, let me premise, that had I not given you my promise, had I not, as Shylock says, "a vow registered," it is scarcely probable that I should have put pen to paper upon this occasion. Sailors are but indifferent scribes, and though accustomed to keeping the *log*, are not at all adepts at the *diary*; however, to my task, without further preamble.

Captain Philip Affleck (Mentor) and myself, (Telemachus), having resolved (like the two Greeks in Fenelon's charming tale) to set off upon our travels, not in search of Ulysses, though our errand was rather courtly, being that of a visit to the great king, departed from Will's Coffee-house on Thursday last, at six o'clock, in a post-chaise and four; a delightful morning, the sun shining brightly, without a spot or cloud to cover it; the air balmy and fresh, and all nature smiling and serene. We reached Dartford by eight, and Rochester by ten, where we ordered breakfast, and in the interim of its preparation, strolled past the ancient cathedral, with its curious time-worn entrance porch, up to the castle, whose massive strength has outstood the shock and wear of ages, and which, I think, might still be made a grand residence, if its owner would be at the expense of re-establishing it. As I looked from the open windows of what was once its grand range of apartments, being the third in height from the ground, and beheld the magnificent prospect spread out on all sides round me, I could not but reflect upon its former days of greatness; when armed bands of Knights, Squires, and Retainers, thronged its halls; and when the lord

who held it was, as it were, a feudal king. By-the-bye, it is reported, that its architect was a priest, no bad judge of buildings, it should seem; though the priests of former times were our best architects, as witness the noble remains of their skill not only here, but throughout all Europe, unrivalled and unequalled to the present hour. But I must return to my breakfast, or we shall not reach Dover before night. *Allons!*—Having breakfasted, we started like "giants refreshed," and changed horses again at the Rose and Crown, Sittingbourn; again at Canterbury; and by five o'clock arrived at La Ville de Londres, in Dover: ordered dinner, and sent a note for Mr. Mann, who had formerly been lieutenant of the Ætna, under my command, and was residing there *en attendant*. Strolled about the town, and viewed the Castle, harbour, cliffs, &c. Thought upon Shakespear, and his beautiful description of the cliff, so justly honoured with his name. Bought Sterne's Sentimental Journey, by way of a refresher to my memory; and then to dinner, "with what appetite you may:" and our ride had made ours pretty tolerable, as the landlord can testify. After dinner Mr. Mann joined us; in the evening walked with him on the pier, talking over our former adventures together, until the wind and rain (for the clouds had gathered, and the weather changed from its morning brightness, to gloom and drizzle), forced us to seek shelter. We were sorry to find all the packets on the other side. However, as luck would have it, a vessel arrived from Boulogne, the master of which agreed with Affleck, to sail for that place the next morning, at daylight. That affair being arrange to our minds, away to bed.—*Je vous souhaite le bon soir;* or, in plain English, "Good night!"

Next morning (Friday, the 16th, proved cold and windy, with a sharp rain. Up by five; and by six were on board the Three Friends, William Merriton, master, sailing out of Dover Pier, and no sooner out, but found it blowing very hard at W. S. W. with an ugly sea. However, we stood over upon a wind, in the hope that as the day advanced, the weather would change, and the wind abate, but were greatly disappointed on finding the wind increase, as the day grew older, so much so, that by noon, we were close reefed with storm jib, &c., and even that almost too much for us, so we were obliged to bear up for Calais; but being rather early for the tide, we lay to about a league to windward of the harbour, tumbling about in a hollow sea; and your two humble servants, Mentor and Telemachus, like two sick girls. Hear it not, ye gods? for you must know, my dear friend, that a sailor who is accustomed to plenty of sea-room, and long stretches of wave, becomes as bad as a cockney in a narrow strait, with a short baffling sea. The difference between the two being something like that (in comparison) between the short trot of a pony, and the noble gallop of an Arab.

At half-past one o'clock we pushed for the harbour, the wind having now increased to a downright gale, which made us apprehensive for the mast, when we came to haul the wind, but there was no alternative—carry sail and get in, or lose the mast and founder; a horn of the dilemma not quite so pleasant to persons who were easy and comfortable in every other respect. Fortunately for us, we got hold of the other horn, and by two o'clock our feet were placed on Calais Quay. "*Pas mal d'etre ici!*" said I to Mentor. "*Vous avez raison,*" said he, to Telémachus. Still we were wet, cold, and comfortless, and both looking like knights of the rueful countenance.

However, we were not long in gaining my favourite Sterne's acquaintance's hotel; and glad were my eyes to see Monsieur Dessein, though he returned but half the compliment (having but one, and faith that's a piercer, as Mentor's pocket can bear witness, *ou il a fait ses recherches*). "Ah! Monsieur Dessein soulagez nous!"—"Nous avons froid." "A votre service, Messieurs."—"Du feu une soupe!" "Du vin de Bourgoigne." "Qu'on le depeche—allons vite!" Each of these orders were met by bows and scrapes on the part of Monsieur, in the midst of which a gentleman in an English general's uniform, came into the yard. Affleck, who immediately recognised an old friend, General Coote, hastened to meet

him, and after a hearty mutual embrace, the general told him he was going to set down to dinner in an hour, which he begged he would partake of, and bring his friend along with him. Accordingly, I was introduced to the General, Major Dow, the historian of Hindostan, and Captain Thomson, the General's aid-de-camp; all these just arrived from the East Indies, chiefly over land.

As I had but a short time to look about me, I cannot give you any very particular account of this ancient town, which has so many associations with our history; for who can forget the memorable siege of it by the brave Edward the Third; the gallantry of Eustace de St. Pierre, and his five companions, who the king had resolved to hang up for their obstinate resistance to his power; or the benevolence of the Queen Philippa, who interceded for, and saved them.

The Cathedral is a massy Gothic building, in its simplest form; I had but time to look upon its exterior. The Town Hall is in the Place d'Armes, and an object to strike the eye of every traveller, as it stands directly in your road from the pier to the hotel. In short, the whole town looks like a place that has been of note in its time; the Key (as it was called in former days) of France; and to hold which Key, many a serious conflict has been fought by our earlier kings. Mary the First, of England, was so chagrined at its loss during her reign, that she is reported to have exclaimed, "After her death they would find 'Calais' engraved upon her heart."

But I must now return to Mentor and my dinner, which was a very good one; and the wine *pas mauvais*—while an excellent wood fire blazed in the spacious chimney. So that by four o'clock, what with the kindness of the general, and the attentions of the ever-polite Monsieur Dessein, Mentor and myself had as totally forgotten our fatigue and danger, as though they had never been.

About five o'clock the Prince of Croix, Governor of Calais (having heard of the General's arrival) came to pay him a visit of respect, and a very sensible, well-bred little gentleman he was; somewhere about sixty years of age. A great lover of mathematics and natural history, on which he told us he had written some volumes. He brought with him a map of the world, and Bougainville's Journal, over which we chatted near a couple of hours. He then left us with offers of his service, and we all sallied forth to take a view of the town.

It was fortunate for me, that I had taken a cursory view before dinner; for the weather proved so unfavourable, that after passing through a few of the streets, and seeing the gate which Hogarth has immortalized in his admirable picture, we were glad to return to our lodgings; spent the evening and supped together, and were most agreeably entertained by the General with an account of his journey over the Desarts—

> "Wherein of waters vast, and desarts *wild*,
> Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heav'n,
> It was his hint to speak."

At eleven o'clock took leave, and to bed for early rising; our apartments on the ground floor; but very excellent beds.

Ever yours, faithfully,

H. P.

ON THE WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION,

PALL MALL EAST.

BY AN AMATEUR.

In our youthful days, about the year 1805, we had the pleasure of visiting the first exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, at their rooms,

Brook-street. From that period to the present, we have witnessed with delight their progressive improvement, and seen with increased zest every succeeding exhibition. We have as periodically looked for the opening of their rooms, in anticipation of renewed pleasure, as we have hailed the return of spring on the blossoming of the cowslip, the carrolling of the lark, and the song of the cuckoo. The establishment of this society has not only formed a most auspicious æra in British art, by proving that water colour drawings can vie with oil paintings, in depth of tone, beauty of colouring, and brilliancy of effect; but it has had the merit of extending the love of art; and water-colour drawings (*les aquarelles*) are now eagerly sought after in every part of civilized Europe.

The founders of this society, were Shelly, the miniature painter; Wells, a landscape draughtsman; Pyne, author of "the Microcosm;" and Hills, the animal painter. Considering the great service this society has rendered to British art, by infusing a love of nature, and of native talent, we hope and trust, that in the National Gallery, a room will be appropriated to contain a selection of the talented productions of the Water-Colour Painters of Great Britain, and that portraits of the four founders will decorate the walls of the apartment, and thus be deservedly handed down to posterity as public benefactors.

Two only of the founders survive; Pyne, a most talented writer as well as painter, and Robert Hills. With the works of the latter gentleman (the only founder, now a member of the society) we shall commence our critical notice, thinking, in that respect, he is entitled to priority. Mr. Hills is one of the few, amongst our cattle painters, who understands the anatomy of the animal; and in this respect we really consider him superior to Paul Potter or Berghem. No. 39, "Cattle on a Road, sunset" is a delightful transcript of nature, the cattle are most admirably grouped and beautifully coloured, and the effect of the stormy sunset, is equal to any thing of Barret. Mr. Hills is a follower of the sound advice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, for he always does his best, and we cannot but regret, that the public do not sufficiently appreciate the great pains he takes with the accessories; in his drawings there is no plastering to produce effect, all is well done. No. 45, "Stags;" No. 53 "Mill at Gommershall, Surrey;" 92, "Roebuck;" 98, "Cattle, sunset;" 247, "Barn, near St. Helier's, Jersey;" 254, "Oak in Knowle Park;" 259, "Fallow Deer;" 293, "Farm Yard, near Harrow;" and 332, "Mountain Scenery, with Cattle," are all good; particularly No. 332, which possesses all the excellencies of this pains-taking and highly talented artist.

Our old favourites, Cox and De Wint, ever bring before us the unsophisticated charms of English scenery. These gentlemen, though treading the same path, see with their own eyes and depict with their own pencils. It has always appeared to us that Cox has more versatility of talent than his able compeer, though we cannot help thinking that the figures of De Wint, particularly his reapers, are superior to those of any other artist. In 21, "Crummock Water, with a corn-field in the fore ground," we have the fine old sturdy English peasantry; they almost appear to move in following their daily labours. 26, a Hayfield is true to nature. 41, View of Lincoln, from Washingborough, is a glorious landscape. 48, Hoar Frost, at Castle Rising, Norfolk, made us shiver while looking at it; as did the Snow-storm, No. 108. Some years since we remember the "Lancaster Sands," a large drawing by this gentleman, which, in our opinion has never been equalled. No 30, by Cox, a Mountain Road, Infantry on their march, is a grand drawing; the figures are excellent. Nos. 138, 139, 142, are charming bits of true English landscape; as are 151, a Heath scene, and 152, Goodrich Castle. 161, Windsor Castle, morning, is extremely beautiful. 188, Market people crossing Lancaster Sands, has all the mistiness of nature. 302, "Lancaster Sands," evening, possesses, in a very high degree, all that is excellent in landscape composition.

Mr. Copley Fielding has some charming productions. No. 61, View from Bow Hill, near Chichester, brings before us the downs of Sussex. 65,

Loch Acray, is very beautiful. 78, The Fairy Lake, too much reminds us of the Enchanted Island, by Danby; highly as we admire Mr. Fielding's landscapes, we regret to see his figures so flimsy—we want the square manly figures of Cox and De Wint.

Barrett, whose "Curfew tolls the knell of parting day," is ever present to our imagination, has some delightful pictures, particularly No. 121, English Pastoral, which is so like sunshine that we saw a gentleman put his hand before his eyes—Claude was never paid so high a compliment.

John Byrne, the son of William Byrne, one of the best landscape engravers this country can boast of, has some charming drawings. 52, Atrante, near Amalfi, is excellent. 75, Pont Neuf, with part of l'ile du Palais, Paris, reminds us of the best time of Girtin. 110, The Italian Goatherd; 165, Gonzano on the Lake of Nemi; and 226, Group of Italian Peasants, will, we hope, make this gentleman what his high talents and pains-taking entitle him to be, a member, not merely an associate. We shall ever remember a large drawing of Twickenham, with cows in the water, exhibited a few years since; we considered it one of the finest drawings ever made, and regretted that our scanty means would not allow us to purchase it. We miss the wondrous flower-pieces of this gentleman's highly-gifted sister—her compositions were equal to those of Baptiste.

W. Turner, of Oxford, is true to nature, though somewhat too strong in the outline, and somewhat too fond of a glaring green; we wish he had some of the atmosphere of his inspired namesake. No. 106 is awfully sublime; so is 224, Scene on Otmoor; and 236, The River Cherwell; the water-lilies are the flowers themselves; the kingfisher, whose weight bends the reed on which he is perched, seems to be admiring them. This drawing would be perfect were the trees not so green, and more, more atmosphere.

Nesfield possesses talents of no ordinary stamp. No. 5, On Loch Leven, is really warm with the sun; the figures are just what figures ought to be. 33, Insulated Rock on the Tumel, is as terrific as Fuseli would have painted had he been a landscape painter. 158, Chatsworth Park, is the place itself; the deer are most admirable. We should like to see a drawing by this gentleman as large as No. 37, The Raft, by Bently, who has prodigiously improved since the last exhibition.

Evans, whose father many on Etonian remembers with delight, is an artist of the first-rate excellence. In No. 25, Scene in the Joyce country, is very beautiful; his figures are not sufficiently rustic, they have too much of the blarney of gentility about them. 73, Between Achill and Newport is admirable, it is quite up to the mark. We remember, some five-and-twenty years since, an artist of the name of Evans, whose landscapes we greatly admired, who turned portrait painter; are we to use the *relative* case in this instance, and say *par nobile fratrum*?

Frederick Nash has wonderfully progressed; his Windsor Castle, from Clewer, No. 83, is true to nature, as is 95, Windsor Castle, from Slough. 100, Carnarvon Castle, Twilight, is quite a bijou. 131, Windsor Castle, and the Brocas Clump, morning, is freshness itself; and 176, Rivaulx Abbey, Twilight, the knell of parting day, is before us.

No. 174, Venice, by Harding, is indeed grand, worthy to be the residence of its merchant princes.

Prout has several drawings, all good; 72, Bridge of Sighs, Venice, is particularly excellent.

John Varley is himself again. No. 86, Mountainous Scenery, is a magnificent production; we were inclined to write under it, Joannes Redivivus. May this talented artist ever in future paint under so favourable a conjunction of planetary influences.

Joshua Cristall, whose Arcadian Landscapes and figures the departed Stothard so greatly admired, has some marvellous drawings. No. 56, Market-day, is native simplicity—not merely pretty features, but an union of kind heartedness and intelligence; how we regretted that the price was above our mark. 112, Girls ascending the side of Snowdon, possesses all

the excellencies of this great man—a romantic landscape, true to nature, with figures simply graceful.

As a marine painter, Chambers is unrivalled. No. 230, The Victory breaking the line, Battle of Trafalgar, ought to be placed in the National Hall of Greenwich Hospital. In No. 29, Rotterdam, the water is wonderfully transparent.

We have ever considered Finch a man of first-rate ability. No. 178, An Ancient Tomb, is poetically beautiful; we wish this gentleman would exert his talents on a larger scale—Cicero at his villa, we think would just suit him.

Gastineau, is a pains-taking and improving artist. 31, Pille Priory, Pembrokeshire; and 52, Kynance Cove, Cornwall, possess some of the highest requisites of art. We congratulate the Society in having Holland among their associates; we remember a picture by him of a chateau, in Paris, equal to any production of Bonnington, 18, Venice, evening; 125, St. Georgio de Greci, Venice; 173, Acrolo, pass of St. Gothard, are most talented performances.

Thales Fielding is a rising artist. 116, Cattle, with a distant view of Greenwich Hospital, is most admirable, so are 132, Cattle, with distant view of Plumstead Church, and 181, Cattle, with a distant view of Snowdon.

We regret seeing none by our favourite Cotman; we hope that his professorship at King's College, does not occupy so much of his time as to prevent him from gratifying the public.

As a painter of fruit and flowers, the drawings of Bartholomew are extremely correct and beautiful. No. 215, Dahlias, and 183, Fruit, are the objects themselves. We shall never forget his Sparrow's Nest of last year.

The Trumpeter, by F. Taylor, is very talented, as are 115, Sportsmen going to the Moors, and 170, Highland Pastoral. We wish Mr. Taylor would look to the cattle of Hills, and give us a little more finish.

In speaking of the figure painters, as in duty bound, we shall begin with the ladies. Mrs. Seyforth and her sister, Miss Sharpe, have some beautifully high finished productions, as No. 191, an Evening in Miss Stewart's Apartments; 209, the Soldier's Widow; 212, by Miss Sharpe, from Miss Edgeworth's "Madame de Fleury," are wrought up with all the care of miniature painting. We hope not to be considered ungallant in recommending these ladies to look to the intellectual gentlemen and ladies in the productions of the great Stothard; in his procession of the Flitch of Bacon, for instance, they are not male and female dandies, not merely pretty faces, but soul breathing countenances, where mind breaks forth from under its covering of skin and muscle.

In the exhibition at Exeter Hall, is a Roman Peasant with Flowers, by Fanny Corbeaux (we cannot *Miss* this lady, she is too great to be *missed*), which possesses all the excellencies we have been recommending.

Hunt is not only an admirable figure painter, but he can paint anything that is before him, andso true are his pictures, that the *vraisemblance* of the object is before you, whether it be the human form divine, a bird,s nest, a bunch of grapes, an interior, an old tree, the rags of a beggar, or the highest work of art, devotion, the creature addressing the Creator. Mr. Hunt is a most extraordinary man, he is, indeed, an omniologist.

No. 1, An Oak Tree, near Guildford, is excellent. 4, and 6, a Cowhouse, and the Interior of a Kitchen, are the places themselves. You forget size, and imagine you have a cowhouse and a kitchen before you. 14, the Chapter-house, St. Mary's, Guildford, is a fine drawing; but we suspect the artist has been somewhat satirical in his figure of the priest, for, instead of our learned and excellent friend the worthy rector, Mr. Beloe, he has given a portly, well-fed gentleman, very like a mayor, after a corporation dinner. 62, Jim Crow, will live when his theatrical namesake is consigned to oblivion. No. 69, a Puffer, we hope will be purchased by Morrison, the pill merchant. 90, the Toilet, three gipsies, is a picture equal to any thing of Murillo. We congratulate the worthy citizen who has had the good taste to purchase it. 105, Piety, is above mere praise,

the spirit of devotion seems pouring forth its aspirations to the Great Give of all things: had we a private chapel, it should fill a compartment of the altar. We hope Mr. Hunt will often favour us with such high works of art, as Devotion of last year, and Piety of this. 109, the Day of Rest, a lad asleep in a church, is beautifully treated; but we cannot help thinking that such subjects are not calculated to do good; we speak now in a moral point of sense. 169, Grapes, surpassingly excellent, superior to the fruit of Van Huysum. 184, Fetching a Light, is a beautiful Rembrandtish picture. 195, A Poor Shivering Laddie, makes you cold to look at him. 237, A Flycatcher, should decorate the room of the Entomological Society. 251, the Barber, if we may judge by the looks of the boy, is a very *barbarous* man. 255, A Lover of Art. 286, Very Sleepy; and 347, a Ticklish Subject, are the perfection of water-colour painting.

J. M. Wright possesses great comic powers. He is the Hogarth of the Society. How we were delighted with his picture of the Burning Shame! Would he always do his best, what might he not be? 79, Village Choristers Rehearsing, is full of genuine humour; it only wants more finishing.

John F. Lewis is always excellent. 146, a Fiesta Scene in the South of Spain; Peasants, &c. of Grenada dancing the Bolero, is as sunny and delightful as such a subject should be; the glorious Christian principle of making happy and being happy, is here illustrated with the pencil of a master. We suspect that Mr. Lewis has some design against the clergy of the Holy Catholic Church, for he always represents a jolly Friar John ogling a pretty black-eyed brunette. We are told that this is not at all in accordance with the practice of the Catholic priesthood, who are exemplary in their moral discipline. The lady is the same arch-looking damsel that we remember last year and the year before; she seems a great favourite of the artist, a prima donna in his studio, we suppose. 269, The Sacristy of a Cathedral in Spain—Devotional Peasants, &c., is treated with the reverence such a subject demands; friar John is properly excluded. 316, A Spy of the Cristino Army brought before the Carlist General-in-Chief, Zumalacarregui, is one of the most powerful of Mr. Lewis's masterly productions. You have before you the horrors of civil war, with all the malignant passions engendered by so unnatural a warfare: we never saw any thing so demon-like as the look of the General.

Cattermole, though not so tremendously awful as last year, is yet very powerful. 120, the Horn of Egremont is an appalling picture: the sounding bugle has conscience-struck the guilty band. The dropped cup, the trembling limbs, the frenzied looks, all say—See to what mental misery crime can reduce that noble creature, man!

No. 83, The Widow, by J. W. Wright, is one of the finest drawings in the exhibition; it is replete with feeling of the highest order. The lady is wholly absorbed in grief, while the lovely child, unconscious of its bereavement, is playing with a butterfly. 173, Cottager's Family, very clever, but the figures too refined. 303, A Young Lady, possesses mind as well as beauty. We hope Mr. J. W. Wright will favour us with a large historical picture; he is every way equal to the task.

192, Scene from Macbeth, by Frank Stone, is very powerful; you almost imagine you hear the child say, "Thou ly'st, thou shag-eared villain!"—The lady is well-imagined, but somewhat too young. 240, Lady and Duenna; and 298, Spanish Girls, are very ably depicted.

We congratulate the Society on their acquisition of W. Lake Price. 38, Othello relating his Adventures, is a capital performance; the painted window, the furniture, the costume, all are in unison. 24, the Farewell. 67, The Elizabethian Staircase, &c. by this gentleman, too much remind us of the early works of the great Cattermole.

216, Lady Jane Grey going to Execution, by Chisholm, is extremely talented; the clergyman is full of feeling: and 238, by the same gentleman, is every way worthy of his great powers.

Joseph Nash has wonderfully improved. 20, In the Cathedral of Bruges, the architecture is what it ought to be, broad and effective; the figures are

equal to Cattermole, without servile imitation. 46, is not so successf Falstaff is not Shakespeare's Jolly Knight. 294, is better, but in our o nion not at all equal to No. 20.

Richter has a great vein for humour, sometimes painfully so, as in Tight Shoe. 305, the Young Zoologist, and 323, Reflection, though ve clever, are not equal to what we have seen, and never shall forget.

Stephanoff has some elaborate drawings. 225, the Triumphal Entry Don Quixotte and Sancho; and 231, The Antiquary in his Sanctum, ably conceived, and beautifully executed. The arch smile of the neice never been surpassed.

In concluding our critical labours, if those can be so called, which the offspring of love and gratitude; great love of art, and gratitude to the intellectual spirits, who have annually furnished so many sources of r enjoyment, we have endeavoured to avoid, what has ever appeared to an anti-christian spirit, the love of finding fault. This is our first attem at criticism; perchance it may be our last; but, be it what it may, we ha endeavoured to do as we would be done by. In taking leave of this N tional Society permit us to breathe forth the wishes of our heart, and s most fervently,

Semper Floreat.

May, 1837. R. C.

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

No booming gun peal'd o'er the grave,
Where lay in calm and peaceful sleep,
Upon the marge of Ocean's wave,
An ardent lover of the deep;
No melody in pensive sound
From that sad tomb arose to Heav'n;
But for his loss, by all around,
The tributary tear was given.

No sculptur'd marble there is seen,
No last memento of the brave;
But mem'ry ever views it green—
And lowly flow'rets deck the grave:
And Fancy oft shall plume her wing,
And fly across the dark blue sea,
Whose sad and gentle murmuring,
Shall wake up fondest thoughts of thee.

That stranger land will soon forget
Thy death, thy tomb, thy very name—
But kindred hearts will treasure yet
Thy virtuous acts, thy honour'd fame.
Yet for awhile, still slumb'ring lie
Death's silent sleep shall break at last,
Then we shall meet thee—where no sigh
Shall linger over friendships past.

Sweet be thy sleep, lost Mariner!
The winds may blow above thy breast—
But tempests raging from afar,
Shall ne'er disturb thy quiet rest.
The ocean weeds, too soon entwin'd,
May hide from view thy lowly grave:
But thou for ever art enshrin'd,
Amongst the unforgotten brave. S. J.

*** The above lines were suggested by the death of Capt. Richard Pa tridge, of the "Orion," from fever, at Jamaica.

END OF VOL. I.

2.

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BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

A gallery of living literary celebrities, such as we are endeavouring to present to our readers, would be very incomplete without the name of Benjamin Disraeli, who, if not the greatest intellect of the day, is perhaps the most remarkable *man* among contemporary writers.

That his name has not been earlier introduced into our list may be chiefly attributed to the circumstance that his reputation is not exclusively literary; though, perhaps, not one among those whose biographies we have already sketched is more indebted to his literary achievements for the eminent position he occupies, both in society and in the minds of men.

In forming an estimate of his character and of his works, it is especially necessary to bear in mind his personal history. That he was the son of Isaac Disraeli, a clever, thoughtful man of letters, whose works are appreciated by every student of English literature; that he is descended from a race of Spanish Jews, who afterwards settled in Venice, till his grandfather came to England, and made this henceforth the adopted country of the Disraelis; that the subject of our sketch was comparatively without fortune, or worldly influence of any kind, and never embraced a profession. Such are the generally-known facts, which we must never *forget* in reviewing what Benjamin Disraeli has done and what he has written.

It appears that he was somewhat delicate in health during childhood, and this has been the case with almost every man of poetic temperament of whom we have any record. He was first sent to a school in the neighbourhood of Islington, and it is said that one of his fellow-students was Milner Gibson. At a later period he went to Winchester, his father having embraced Christianity. At eighteen he left England, on a tour: visiting Germany, Switzerland, and other countries.

In the year 1826 (Disraeli being then twenty years of age) "Vivian Grey," a novel, made its appearance. Many a year had passed since anything in literature had aroused the public attention as did this extraordinary book. To talk of it as creating a "rage" is to describe it weakly: old and young, men and women, statesmen and dandies, young ladies in boarding-schools and old ladies in turbans, all devoured with avidity the racy, sparkling, startling pages of "Vivian Grey." It was not altogether a political novel, yet it had enough of politics to satisfy those who cared for nothing else; it was not a love story, yet there was sufficient of the tender passion in its scenes to make fair ones

sigh or weep over it; it was not a mere string of stirring adventures, yet it had action of all kinds, enough to furnish forth the plots of half-a-dozen ordinary novels; it was not merely personal, nor egotistical, yet it was seen to contain many portraits taken from the life, and it was suspected that much of the author's own character was shadowed forth in that of the hero. Who was he? Such was the ever-repeated question of the day, and the answers were varied. Scarcely a celebrated writer then living but was named as the author of "Vivian Grey;" and great was the astonishment of clubs and coteries, and of the world beyond them, when the truth was announced that this "diabolically-clever" book was the production of a young gentleman of twenty, just returned from his travels—Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, son of the author of "The Curiosities of Literature."

The time for criticism of "Vivian Grey" is gone by, for it was emphatically a "book of the day." We who live in 1854, and were scarcely able to lisp our mother tongue when this work appeared, cannot be fair judges of all its merits: we have not seen the originals of its portraits; and though we may not be unfamiliar with the same class of society as its principal scenes depict, we cannot forget that few things have more changed than the *tone* of society, among the high or fashionable (it is a vile word, but we want a better) ranks, during the last thirty years—and nearly that space of time has elapsed since Disraeli's novel made its first appearance. But we can still appreciate the brilliancy and wit of the composition, and cannot doubt the accuracy of pictures so artistically executed.

A great deal has been said about the "immorality" of "Vivian Grey." It is almost a waste of time to notice so absurd an accusation. We are presented with the character of a youth of wonderful quickness of intellect—one of those prodigies whose intuitive perceptions, and that inestimable quality of the mind called *tact*, supply the place of the experience of older heads. That such a youth should form an undue estimate of the excellence of intellect, and occasionally forget the more modest claims of moral worth, is natural; especially with the fiery temperament and eager ambition of Vivian Grey. To have made him less faulty would have been inartistic, and only more agreeable to those who like pictures of angelic men and women that never have existed, and never can exist in our imperfect state. Had Disraeli called upon us to fall down and worship his hero, the matter would have been different: we should have scoffed at the idol, though we can sympathize with the man. He is too worldly; and for his excess of worldliness we condemn him, but for his many fine intellectual qualities, and for some of the gentler virtues which he possesses (and which we are *not* allowed by

the author to forget), we admire and, at times, respect him.

Were the pictures of English fashionable society exhibited in "Vivian Grey" false or true? If false, they should be condemned, and they *would* have been so when they appeared; if true, it is no condemnation of them to say that they are in some sense hateful. To shew vice its own deformity is the duty of the novelist, as of every man who wields the pen to *teach*. The squeamishness that rejects the pourtrayal of evil is as far removed from true delicacy as hypocrisy is from virtue. "Don Juan" is not immoral for its admirable, truthful, and (in one sense) detestable pictures of life, but for the *grossness* with which some of them are handled. Disraeli has never penned a line that is open to *this* charge; and even hired malignity has not attempted to fix it on him.

In the same year that "Vivian Grey" appeared, a newspaper was started, in London, by old John Murray, of Albermarle Street. Its principles were Conservative, and its name the *Representative*. Benjamin Disraeli was appointed its editor. But the paper died within a twelve-month, and as we have never seen a copy of it we can pronounce no opinion on its merits; but if we are to suppose that its decease was in anyway hastened by its deficiency of talent, we can only remark that John Murray, a man of experience, and of great shrewdness and ability, must have judged most favourably of the talents of Disraeli to appoint him editor of a daily newspaper at the age of twenty. The *Representative* may not have been attractive, but that is not proved merely by its early failure; for the paper which has within the last few years started into most active life was, notoriously, on its establishment the worst written one of the day. The purely "business" department of a newspaper requires the most careful management to make it a successful undertaking.

In 1827 Disraeli published a second part of "Vivian Grey," which was very unlike the former one, being full of travelling sketches, with only a few English characters thrown in to increase the interest. It is less striking than the other, but it is more poetical; and here we may at once record our impression that Disraeli's temperament is naturally a highly poetical one. He has been least understood, and most violently attacked, by men themselves the most destitute of poetic taste or feeling. We are not alluding here to the hired advocate of abuse whose "Literary and Political Biography" of Disraeli we shall have to notice further on, but to the generality of the small critics who have yelped at his heels. The favorite words of these men, applied to the writings of Disraeli, are "dreamy," "aimless," "fantastic," "incomprehensible:"—all which epithets (used by them) simply mean *poetical*; for poetry is and must be dreamy. It is the vision of the intellect—dark and gloomy, or bright and glorious, but still a vision; it is aimless, as far as having no simply

material aim is concerned; it is fantastic, as dreams and visions must and should be; and it is incomprehensible to the dull crowd who have not, in heart or intellect, the chords that should vibrate to the sound of the divine voice of poetry.

Disraeli *is* a poet. He plunged into the busy world at an earlier age than most men, he has fought the hard battle of life in the arena least favourable to the development of poetry, he has painted the world as it is in its merely worldly aspect: and acting thus, and thus writing, he may have seemed to have lost much, if not all, the poetic fire of his youth; but it is not so. In "Vivian Grey" it burst forth in brilliant flashes through all the cold and commonplace atmosphere around it. In "Contarini Fleming" its light was more steady, and so through many a subsequent work that we shall have to chronicle; and if in "Coningsby" it was less often seen, yet even there it shone most pleasingly at times in all that concerned Eustace Lyle and his domains; it was scarcely ever dimmed in "Sibyl;" and never did it blaze with more gorgeous splendour in any of his works of imagination than in the scenes of the Holy Land, in "Tancred." It is folly to reason with a man who confesses that he cannot see the poetry which you yourself *feel* to exist in a work. You perceive that he has not the light by which to behold what is palpable to your own mental vision. But when the dim-eyed mortal ventures to laugh or sneer at beauties he cannot understand, you feel the utter uselessness of arguing, and contempt usurps the place of the pity you had at first entertained for him. In the case of Disraeli you have the consolation of knowing that Moore was loud in the praise of the poetry which a certain Nisi-Prius lawyer, and occasional hack of a daily newspaper, derides.

Disraeli again travelled, and this time to the east. Egypt and the Holy Land, those countries so interesting to us all, what sensations must they not have awakened in one of that race whose history is written in every scene of them! Who can wonder at his enthusiasm, wandering in such lands, roaming back in imagination to the days when his forefathers walked in the presence of Jehovah and held converse with the Most High? Had not God pronounced that race his chosen people? Had he not preserved them through nearly four thousand years the only distinct, pure, untainted race on the face of the earth; while kingdoms and empires had risen, flourished, fallen, and been swept away, leaving scarcely a trace of their existence, save ruins and a *name*, but not one sign written on the countenances of living men? Truly, this chosen race is "a living prophecy;" and if pride of birth be ever worthy of a great or good man's thoughts, we may pardon the pride of being reputed one of God's own people.

The second novel produced by Disraeli is called "The Young Duke." It is the story of a young English nobleman, *blasé* with fashionable life and tired of inaction, falling in love, and under its inspiration plunging into the only arena of action open to him—politics, and achieving fame and power. Perhaps the work is less purely characteristic of its author than any that he has written; yet it is extremely clever, and contains much powerful writing. Those who seek for objections to it, may say that it makes the attainment of worldly position the *summum bonum* of life. Will they bear in mind that it was written by a young man; and of a proscribed race, to whom most of the great roads of life seemed closed, and political power the most unattainable of all earthly things?

In 1831 Disraeli returned to England, and resolved to make an effort to enter public life. Those who are too young to remember the violence of the political agitation going on in those days, when the Reform Bill was still a *question* and not a *fait accompli*, must have heard and read much of it. Political differences in 1854 are tame and spiritless when compared to the rancorous animosity of three-and-twenty years ago. No man could remain neutral—no thinking man could help forming an opinion, or espousing a side. Yet let it be remembered, it was not merely a question of Whig or Tory. Radicalism was already born and in a very vigorous childhood, and had something bold and earnest about it, which was fascinating to men of ardent temper, and especially to the young. Disraeli was not a Radical; neither was he exactly a Tory, for the latter name had become perverted. It was no longer the designation of a party guided by the principles of those who founded it: it was merely the name of those who were *non-progressionists*—who opposed every change *as* a change, and not in reference to its merits or defects. The keen intellect of Benjamin Disraeli saw this: he was not to be imposed on by a name. He knew that of those who called themselves Tories not one in a thousand knew anything of the principles of Toryism, or had any idea of what they wanted except to oppose the Whigs. In this last object Disraeli was with them, heart and soul. What man of generous emotion and ardent aspiration was ever a Whig in his youth? What can be more repulsive to enthusiasm than the cold doctrines of Whiggism? Hatred of the Whigs—war to the knife with *them*—was, and ever has been, and to this day is, the most marked of Disraeli's political principles.

Tory-Radicalism is the name that has been bestowed on the doctrines he embraced, when first canvassing for a seat in parliament. We will not stop to dispute the correctness of the name, especially as we are not disposed to enter too deeply on the theme of politics; but, as far as we can judge, the doctrines were, in principle, the same as those of "Coningsby."

fourteen years afterwards, or those of The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli in 1854.

Disraeli was defeated in his first election contest; and in 1832 he published "Contarini Fleming: a Psychological Romance." It is certainly a romance, in the fullest sense of the word: the life of the hero is such as few young men are likely to spend in these dull prosy days of the nineteenth century, but it is not the less poetical on that account. It is indeed the history of a poet, but not of one who merely writes verses: on the contrary, it is the life of a man who looks at things with a poet's eye, and invests common-place life with an ideal atmosphere of romance and passion. "Contarini" may seem aimless to those who are content to plod along the road of life in the usual routine style—who take to the bar, or the church, or medicine, or the army, and are satisfied to perform the customary duties of their professions, and reap the customary rewards in the shape of gold and a "respectable position in society:" but Contarini is not aimless in a higher sense; he seeks something loftier than material pleasure, perchance he seeks the unattainable, perhaps he is a dreamer. Be it so; but do not scoff, ye who cannot fathom the depths of a poet's heart, ye who cannot measure the heights of a poet's aspirations after the great, the good, the beautiful. Do not scoff, because to your cold northern temperaments his rhapsodies appear extravagant, his visions too gorgeous, his language too ornate. Remember that he (like the author whose creation he is) was of a sunnier clime than yourself—where the pulse beats more quickly, the heart throbs more deeply, and the voice gives utterance to the heart's desires in language more passionate than northern habits engender, or northern taste approves. He who wrote "Contarini Fleming" is of the impassioned race of Isaiah, and of him who produced the Song of Solomon. Do you doubt his theory of "race?" Every work he has produced, the life he has led, the language he uses, are living and enduring evidences of its indisputable truth.

It must not be supposed that in saying this we are expressing any admiration of the Jews. Our opinion on this point may differ widely from that of Mr. Disraeli; but that their race is the most extraordinary, the most pure, the most marked in its characteristics, for good or for evil—all this we admit most fully. But our space compels us to proceed.

In 1833 another production of Disraeli's pen was given to the world, called "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy." It is an oriental romance, written in prose-poetry. That the language is overloaded with metaphor and ornament, that it is somewhat inflated, and utterly unconventional, cannot be denied; but all these peculiarities are scarcely defects in a work which is a story of the Hebrews in the twelfth century. At all events this prose-

poem gained the warm applause of Thomas Moore, whose own "Lalla Rookh" is evidence of the value of his opinion on such a subject.

Shortly after this romance, appeared a poem in blank verse—"The Revolutionary Epic." It was political in its object, and politics and poetry have never amalgamated well. Perhaps it is as well done as the subject admitted; but certainly it did not succeed, and from that day Mr. Disraeli—to use his own expression—"threw his lyre into limbo." We regret it, because he is one of the few living men that we believe to have true poetry in him, and had he selected—were he even now to select—some Hebrew legend for his theme, we believe that his genius would produce a beautiful poem.

At this time Disraeli published a small political pamphlet, called "The Crisis Examined." Being, like all pamphlets, intended for its day, it is too late to criticise it now; but it may be remarked (and it is a stumbling-block to those who always taunt Disraeli with political inconsistency) that in it he is found advocating two measures which he has fought for in the present day—the Repeal of the Malt Tax and Financial Reform.

In 1835 he stood for Taunton, but was again defeated; and in this year appeared his "Vindication of the British Constitution." In this work, which is addressed to Lord Lyndhurst, his design is to show the principles of our Constitution, and that true Toryism is identical with them. Bolingbroke is the political writer he most admires, and few who have read that author's works will dispute his choice. Even the abusive biographer we have incidentally referred to is driven to attack Lord Bolingbroke personally, because he cannot refute his arguments; and talks about the kept mistresses and wild extravagances of his youth, and the "atheism" of his old age. A writer must indeed be driven to his wits' end for an argument, when he is obliged to resort to the former accusation; and, with regard to the latter, the term "atheism" is too favorite a one, with those who attack men differing from them in religious opinions, to be worthy of much consideration. Pope addressed his "Essay on Man" to Lord Bolingbroke, who is generally believed to have originated its composition, and whose creed it is supposed to contain. Is this exquisite work, the most perfect ethical poem in any language—a work which was written

"To vindicate the ways of God to man—"

is this "atheistical?" But the accusation was worthy of the scribbler who, to refute Disraeli's theory of race, produces the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England! Did he forget that Mr. Disraeli could bring, *in support of it*, a work somewhat older and more venerable than even the thirty-nine articles—THE BIBLE?

"Venetia" was published in the latter part of the year 1836. We like it least of all Disraeli's works. Lord Byron and Shelley figure in its pages, under different names and different worldly circumstances from those in which they actually lived. We do not consider either portrait well drawn, and that of Shelley especially defective; but still "Venetia," like all that Disraeli has written, contains much that is vivid and beautiful, and will be read with interest and delight by every man of taste.

In 1837 appeared "Henrietta Temple: a Love Story." Keeping in mind its title—that it professed to be no more than "a love story"—a more charming composition of the kind can scarcely be named. No one can read it, with an unprejudiced mind, and doubt the poetry that exists in the author's soul. And we would point out, as an instance of how gracefully yet truthfully Disraeli can depict the character of an amiable person whom he admires, that in "Count Mirabel," in this novel, he has sketched most pleasingly the outlines of the gay, good-natured, clever, favorite of fashion, Count D'Orsay.

In the same year in which this novel appeared, Disraeli first entered Parliament, as member for Maidstone. His colleague was Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who died the following year; and in 1839 Disraeli married his widow, a lady well known in the fashionable world as one of its chief ornaments.

That Disraeli's first speech in Parliament was a "failure" is well known: but we doubt whether in the annals of the House of Commons a more thoroughly disgraceful scene has been recorded than the reception given to the young orator. The "indulgence which is always shewn to one who addresses this House for the first time," has become a cant phrase among young members, and heaven knows that most of them need it! Yet here was one, addressing it for the first time, received with yellings, hooting, shouts, and ribaldry, which would have disgraced the paltriest vestry squabble in the kingdom—aye, even after that appeal, which should have touched the feelings of every *gentleman* present, that "he would gladly hear a cheer, even though it came from the lips of a political opponent." Who would believe, were not the fact too well vouched for to leave one "hinge or loop to hang a doubt on," that even these very words met with only a derisive shout from the men who have arrogated to themselves the title of "the first assemblage of gentlemen in Europe?" The speaker sat down; but not till he had uttered that famous peroration—which has become historical—which shewed the undaunted courage of the man, and his consciousness of the power that was in him—"I have begun several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you *will* hear me." How true has been the prophecy! But we know few things more

painful than this scene, whose recollection is almost sufficient to make us doubt, not only of the boasted love of justice and fair-play which are said to distinguish Englishmen, but even of the *civilization* of such a mob of *gentlemen*.

Disraeli was not long in fulfilling his prophecy: from 1837 to 1841 he rose greatly as a political character; and the House listened to him, not only without interruption, but with anxiety and attention. During this time he published a tragedy called "Alarcos," which had not much success, though to condemn it as worthless would be absurd. In truth, its drawback is the nature of the plot, which is founded on an old Spanish ballad, and which is in some sense revolting. What bounds would there have been to our admiration of Shelley's tragedy of "The Cenci," had not the same defect existed in it, though certainly to a far greater extent than in "Alarcos?"

We are writing a literary, and not a political, sketch of Mr. Disraeli; but still there is so close a connexion between some parts of his political life and of his works, that we cannot properly notice the one without alluding to the other. It will be remembered, then, that in 1843 the party led by Sir Robert Peel called itself "Conservative," rejecting the old title of "Tory." It had thrown away the soul with the name, and had become a very lifeless piece of clay. It was not such as could satisfy the ardent nature of Disraeli. He wanted men to understand *principles*, and not merely to follow a leader and call that Conservatism. "Coningsby" appeared. It was a political novel, and it surprised the world; not less by its lifelike pictures of living political characters than by the new, the unconventional, the startling, yet really simple and sound principles it announced. Its descriptions of English society in the present day are unrivalled; its portraits, whether of the amiable or the detestable, perfect. But the work is too well known to need much notice at our hands, and our own space is too confined to afford it.

"Sybil; or, the Two Nations," which followed in 1845, was scarcely less successful than "Coningsby," though very different from it. In the latter the scenes lie chiefly among the great, the wealthy, and the noble; in "Sybil" they are chiefly among the working-classes. And here let us remark that few writers have displayed more sympathy for the poor and suffering, pourtrayed their misery and degradation more feelingly, or advocated their cause more warmly, than Benjamin Disraeli. Let those who forget, or have not known, the fact, turn to the pages of "Sybil," and be convinced.

The last of Disraeli's works of fiction, "Tancred; or, the New Crusade," appeared in 1847. It ends so abruptly that the story is evidently unfinished—yet seven years have elapsed since its publication.

Are we never to see its continuation? The book is so interesting, and the last volume, with its gorgeous and solemn pictures of the Holy Land, takes so complete a hold on the imagination, that we cannot conceive anyone laying down the work without asking, as we do now—"Will not the author finish it?" "Coningsby" may be the most brilliant, "Sybil" the most earnest of our author's productions, but "Tancred" is the most poetical and the most beautiful.

The only book published by Mr. Disraeli since 1847 is his "Life of Lord George Bentinck." The number of editions through which this book has passed, the praises that have been lavished on it, by critics of all parties, sufficiently attest its merits. And the mention of it recalls us to Disraeli's political life, to which we must here again briefly allude.

When Sir Robert Peel deserted, or betrayed (we use the words of his opponents), the great country party, by carrying the very measures which he had formerly opposed and against which he was considered to be pledged, Disraeli and many others seceded from his ranks. From that time the most bitter political hostility prevailed between him and his former leader, and Disraeli uttered in the House of Commons some of the most wonderful invectives ever heard within its walls. Such powers of sarcasm, such readiness of illustration, such fertility of resources, astounded the ex-chief of the "Conservatives," who night after night saw himself humiliated and overwhelmed by an eloquence against which his own powers of oratory were ineffective. Disraeli has been attacked unceasingly for this course: but was he wrong? It was not *he* who had betrayed a party or deserted a principle; and if he, and others, were indignant with the man who had done both, surely he was justified in using all his efforts to crush that man's political influence. He did so most effectually; and this praise must at least be accorded to him—that from a scattered, divided, and deserted set of men, *he* it was who mainly constructed anew the most powerful political party of this day (unaided by coalitions with others), on a firmer basis than it had stood on since the days of The Reform Bill, and guided and influenced at last by certain recognised *principles*. This must be admitted by all candid men, whether supporters or opponents.

This year has appeared a work professing to be a "Literary and Political Biography" of Mr. Disraeli. An allusion to its origin may be acceptable to the uninitiated among our readers. When Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli came into power, a certain morning paper, celebrated for its former Radicalism and present Peelism, employed one of its staff of contributors (Mr. H—, a barrister) on the enviable task of raking up everything which could be brought against Mr. Disraeli, from his speeches, pamphlets, letters, works, or private history, in bygone days. The

advocate, thus hired and feed, set about his work with the keenness and appetite of a detective policeman. So enamoured of his sordid duties did he become, that he at length fashioned his gleanings into a "Biography," and gave it to the world under the auspices of a fashionable publisher. It is well worth reading, as being about the most unblushing piece of uninterrupted abuse pretending to "criticism" and fairness that has, perhaps, ever issued from the press. Its history would stamp its character; but it is really amusing to see how terribly hard has been the author's work to produce evidence for convicting a public character of "inconsistency," "incompetency," want of ability or of honesty, or anything else. Until we had read it, we did not believe that so little could be proved against *any* political man as against Mr. Disraeli. It has thoroughly removed from our mind the doubts that we really did once feel as to his "consistency." We now see, plainly, that though mature years have softened some of the wilder aspirations of the youth, though the changes in the circumstances of the nation have rendered a modification of many of his views a matter of common sense, though he is not absurd enough to propose in 1854 exactly the measure he would have advocated in 1830, yet in all the broad principles which should guide every philosophical politician he is unchanged, and only sees *clearly*, now, things which he but dimly perceived in early youth.

As for the literary criticism of the volume it is contemptible, because either the writer's intellect could not appreciate the works he refers to, or the pleasure of reviling was too great to allow him to exercise it fairly. Those who read and admire Disraeli's productions will not change their opinion because the author of a prose translation of "Faust," which no one *can* read, sneers at poetry which Moore commended, attacks a novel which Guizot praised, or abuses a romance which excited the admiration of Heinrich Heine.

No man living has raised the position of literature in England so much as Benjamin Disraeli; for by it, and through it, he has attained to an eminence reached by no other literary man of the day—unaided by riches, worldly position, or powerful connexions. And yet no man of letters has been more pertinaciously attacked by a crowd of small critics, who should have felt their own calling honoured *in him*. Why is this? Is it envy? is it anger because he has not chosen the popular side in politics? is it a worse reason still—because of his race? We fear—for it is the most humiliating reason to give—we fear it is the last. At all events, if only to record our own protest against this system of detraction, these few pages in the *New Monthly Review* will not have been written in vain.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN: ITS STUDENTS, &c.

BY JASPER DE JOLIFFE.

The adage which declares half a loaf better than no bread is sufficient authority for concluding, by a parity of reasoning, that a Degree from any University is preferable to not graduating at all. Thus impressed, as circumstances prevented me from enrolling my name in the Oxford or Cambridge books, I passed beneath the archway of Trinity College, Dublin, some years ago, accompanied by a friend, who kindly introduced me to a Reverend Fellow of the University, under whose tutorage I considered myself placed, during my career in that seat of learning.

Dublin College at present numbers one Provost, seven Senior and twenty-eight Junior Fellows; the latter act as tutors to the students, and in this capacity prepare their half-yearly accounts, afford their pupils any information they may require as to collegiate matters, and on the days of term examination ascertain if they are likely to be plucked—for in the event of this unpleasant probability, they generally obtain for them a re-examination, for the purpose of affording them another chance of passing.

Tutors are complimented, but not enriched, by the number of their pupils: indeed, so far from this office proving one of emolument, as the former are expected to invite the latter to breakfast on entrance morning, it may be safely concluded that it is rather detrimental, than otherwise, to the exchequer of the Fellows! Many of them only provide bread, butter, and tea, for matutinal refection, the college pump being considerably subsidized for the manufacture of the latter; perhaps with a delicate consideration, lest the nervous system of their guests should be impaired, and the students consequently unmanned for their approaching ordeal, by the strength of said potation! However, "mine host," I must say, provided for his party on a scale of regal magnificence, loading his board with every delicacy suitable for a morning repast.

After breakfast, we proceeded to the Hall, where we found about a hundred candidates for admission, seated on hard oak benches, ranged alongside four tables of the same wood, the surfaces of which were curiously furrowed, not by old age but by the penknives of the students, who register their names thereon, if skilful carvers, otherwise they merely cut splinters thereout, for the laudable purpose of passing time. Those present ranged in age from fifteen to fifty, judging by the "turn-

downs" of the one, and the rivelled and bald appearance of the other class. The latter gentlemen generally turn out to be ushers, who, after years of careful saving, at length scrape up enough money to pay the college fees, so as to obtain a degree, prior to setting up a school, or else for the purpose of entering the ministry.

About ten o'clock, the doors being closed, came round the senior lecturer, with a book, wherein he entered the names of the students, as well as the professions of their fathers. I sat with the worthy son of an ironmonger on my left, while my friend on the right proved to be descended from an efficient officer of Her Majesty's Customs; and I feel morally certain that through the length and breadth of the Hall might have been found the male progeny of grocers, vintners, chandlers, and other such members of the *profanum vulgus!*

From this, the difficulty of distinguishing oneself at the Dublin University must at once be patent. Students whose fathers were behind the counter will work hard to emancipate themselves from trade; and by dint of study raise themselves, from an obscure station in society, to a position rendered honorable by learning. Consequently, the competition for all prizes, sizarships, scholarships, &c., is very great: so much so, that if you ever meet an honor-man of T. C. D. you may safely set down for certain "that man knows something!"

The examination was conducted *vivâ voce;* and, from all I understood about it, I should say no very accurate knowledge of the classics is required for entrance. However, we construed portions of four Greek and a like number of Latin books, and translated an English theme into the latter tongue, with variable degrees of merit. By four o'clock we were dismissed, and no examination "loomed in the future" until the following February. We may as well employ the interval, by observing that the general appearance of the Dublin students is remarkable. The majority of them, like many learned personages, thoroughly despise dress, and adopt the most negligent style of attire conceivable. The paletot obtains unlimited favour, and flagrant vests are in the ascendant among them. Their *chaussure* looks clumsy, and usually belongs to the family of "highlows." Gloves are considered dispensable; and I venture to say that the names Taiko and Nobounanga are fully as familiar to the mass of under-graduates as the *surnoms* of Houbigant and Touvin.

I remember observing that erudite scholar Phelim Hogan, whose vestment presented a somewhat decayed appearance—not quite so seedy perhaps as Mr. Box's "get up" at the Haymarket—enter a ready-made emporium, and emerge therefrom so completely metamorphosed in "a bran new shute" that his own mother through sheer ignorance of his identity would, without controversy, have disowned him! Said "new

shute" confessedly looked very well the first two or three days of wear, for the smoothing-iron had imparted a cunning gloss to the cloth; but, after it had experienced a heavy shower, this refulgence vanished, and there figured, in lieu of it, an infinity of spots, distributed over the surface of the texture, with a precision akin to the dotted appearance of Zahara, as represented on the maps! Thus the lustre of "this graceful and elegantly-fitting garment" proved ephemeral; and a verdict of "seedy" would have been brought in, by all impartial judges, against the exterior of Phelim Hogan! As I have every reason to believe that the greater number of Trinity-college men patronize the ready-made department of the tailoring business, and consequently turn out like Hogan in a style of dress the most outrageous, I must pay a compliment to the academic gown; for, like charity, it covers a multitude of sins—of imperfections in costume, at least. Were it not for this, I should unhesitatingly pronounce it a most preposterous rag—as ridiculous, as useless! But why discompose the self-complacency of any of our friends? When O'Toole, in the simplicity of his heart, walks up and down Dame Street, his toga flaunting in the breeze, and considers himself monopolizing the general admiration of the pedestrian crowd—who doubtless will be reminded, if classically taught, of some ancient Roman going out to *flaner* on the Via Sacra—poor fellow! he little thinks he is affording no end of amusement to a couple of officers who march behind, smiling and criticising the grotesque *parure* of this learned descendant of the illustrious family of the O'Tooles.

I conclude my *critique*, on the personal appearance of the students, by remarking, that during my time in the College the University pump was frequently out of order; and the duty on soap had not been taken off!

At the first term examination, the gentleman who sat opposite me at table asked, rather abruptly, "Does my face look very dirty?"

Plain questions require plain answers, saith the adage: so I responded, with strict conformity to truth, that I had often seen countenances more spotlessly pure than his own.

"Well," quoth he, "since I left Belfast, three days ago, I didn't wash my face." This seemed rather a queer boast. He continued:—"You see, the hard water here peels the skin off my face entirely; so I can't wash it till I get home to the rain barrel—that'll be in a few days."

I threw out intimations that Dublin was admirably supplied with pipe water from the canals; and that, so far from being abrading to the skin, I considered it cosmetic and detersive, in the fullest sense of these words. Whether he profited by the hint I know not, for I never saw the student since.

I have now said enough about the outward and visible signs of the Dublin students—perhaps too much; for I fear that Messrs. Hogan and O'Toole will be mortally offended at my remarks. There was a learned professor, who once commenced his lecture by saying "Ladies and gentlemen, I propose now to give you an outline of the natural history and habits of the donkey." His auditors, for some reasons, took this preface as an insult to themselves, and a murmur of disapprobation arose throughout the Hall; when some one cried out, most opportunely, "I hope he means nothing personal, poor man!" This put the audience in good humour, and the *savant* changed the subject of his lecture. There! I have suggested a retort for all my injured brethren, if any such there be. In self-defence I may as well add, that the students sitting next me, in the Hall (ironmonger *fils* was not one of them; after entrance he was drafted into some other division), used playfully to call me "a swell," though no one less deserved the title; unless on the grounds that I kept up the most friendly relations with an eminent *blanchisseuse*, and was so far acquainted with Mr. Cleaver—who gained the exhibition medal for honey soap—that I daily shook hands with that gentleman, most cordially!

Here I may mention that the under-graduates of this College possess not a *spécialité* for any one species of amusement—as the Oxford men do for boating; and the German students for beer swilling, duelling, and singing in chorus. Neither are they convivial to any very great extent.

I knew a gentleman who paid £300. for one supper his son gave, while at Cambridge.

"Three hundred pounds!" says a Dubliner, "incredible!! Why if Hooligan, Mc. Carthy, and O'Grady, of T. C., D., determined on a spree, were to exert their endeavours to amuse themselves 'regardless of expense,' I wager the sum total of their combined extravagance would not exceed three hundred pence!"

Thus, when country cousins, fresh from that classic region yclept "The bog of Allen," relate how they went out last night "on the grand loose itself," it generally turns out that this expressive phrase comprehends nought more exhilarating nor demoralizing than half price to "The Queen's"—in which theatre the versatile Robson then provoked side-splitting laughter—and a supper at "Jude's," where perhaps they topped off, in the words of James Dodd, "with a vulgar set-out of mutton-chops, spatch-cocks, and devilled-kidneys, washed down with that humble potation called punch." At this rate of enjoyment may not one hundred pence per head be fairly assumed as the maximum of their disbursements?

I now proceed to describe an examination: and the first step is to appear in proper academic costume. For this purpose all non-resident students repair to a shop about three minutes' walk from the College, where an

obliging University porter keeps their caps and gowns, for the yearly consideration of ten shillings per head; but you may save yourself this expense, as many do, by hiring the trappings by the day, for which the sum of sixpence is the usual remuneration. It would require a strong mind, however, to venture on the last line of action; for, confessedly, the caps exposed for this diurnal purpose present a peculiar oleaginous appearance, as far as regards the lining—resembling, for all the world, the oil pads wherewith your domestic anoints the mahogany tables! I, therefore, expended two pounds on a new tabinet gown, and curious cap, like a cannon ball scooped out and coped with a square of rigid pasteboard, covered over with plain black cloth, without a tassel: an inestimable head-dress, I should say, for market-women and all who carry weights upon their their heads; but, be it avowed, a most grotesque and ridiculous machine for any other purpose!

The examinations take place from half-past nine o'clock, the first day, (and from ten, the second) till twelve; and from two to four, both days; during which period the students have naught to do, save write a theme, and be examined for about the space of fifteen or twenty minutes, all together. The interval is filled up in telling stories, making bad jokes, and criticising everyone and everything round about them. All this colloquial business is carried on through medium of a brogue the most unctuous, contributed by the different dialects of Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught; the general effect of which is wondrously suggestive of the confusion of tongues, for it really requires some time, for one brought up in England, to become habituated to the Hibernian accent! It may not be generally known that Latin and Greek are pronounced differently in Trinity College from what they are in the English schools and universities. For instance: *a* has the sound of *ah*, *eta* of *a*, and *iota* of *e*. While on the subject, I cannot forbear mentioning the great advantage which this method has over the English; inasmuch as it wondrously facilitates acquiring the pronunciation of many modern languages, especially the German. Indeed a *genuine* Irishman may easily learn the true pronunciation of this tongue, in one day: whereas, an Englishman, on going off, sticks generally at the first letter of the alphabet, and 't is needless to say all the other vowels puzzle him as well; the guttural sound of *ch* (final) brings him up, when it comes quite natural to the organs of the Irish; and then those dreadful umlauts ö and ü finish him altogether, while they prove, perhaps, the only difficulty to the Hibernian!

I advocate the expedience of applying this system of pronunciation to the dead languages solely: I should be sorry were the Irish brogue substituted for the pure English accent! And, indeed, it would appear,

from an examination of the continental tongues, that we English enjoy a singularity as regards the pronunciation of our first three vowels. A gentleman of my acquaintance—a learned scholar, sizar, and honor-man of Dublin College—once argued with an English professor as to whether the true sound of *a* was to be found in *far* or *fate*. When my Irish friend had exhausted all his logical powers in endeavouring, in vain, to persuade the Saxon that it was contained in the former, as a last resource he had recourse to the following touching appeal, which may be called a species of ingenious *argumentum ad hominem:* laying his hand upon the professor's arm, he said

"Now what is the genuine and original sound of our first letter?"

"Aye!" responded the Englishman.

Hereupon the Irishman compressed a portion of his arm, betwixt the thumb and finger, and by dint of this process—vulgarly called pinching—caused him quickly to shriek out "Ah! Ah!!"

"There! Who is right now?" cried the representative of T. C., D., with ovation. "Had you been true to your principles, should you not have vociferated 'Aye! Aye?'"

But this digression over, I return to make the by-no-means novel statement that there are some things very stupid in this life, for example: sitting an hour or so in a blank railway station waiting for a train, in company with last month's "Bradshaw;" or walking up and down the street while your friend, who "won't keep you five minutes," pays a protracted visit of fully ten times that period. However, I doubt whether these, and a hundred other instances of a similarly-enlivening tendency, are not preferable to the monotony of sitting in the Hall of Trinity College, Dublin. Anything at such a time for a little amusement.

There was an unfortunate-looking specimen of under-graduate in my class, who appeared to have been framed in direct antagonism to all known principles of anatomy: he was knock-kneed, bandy-legged, and endowed with arms sprouting so abruptly from his shoulders, that had one said they grew elsewhere, and were transplanted lately to their present position, I could not have disbelieved him! His face properly belonged to the pictorial department, for, avowedly, it baffled a mere pen and ink description. In outline it might be pronounced under-jawed: the upper and under teeth so prominent that they agree in forming a sort of dental *cheveux de frise*, and useless for the purposes of mastication; for the incisors, as stated, were far beyond their work. His forehead rushed back sharp from his eyebrows, to hide itself in a copse of dark tangled hair. So independent of each other were his eyes, that he could complete an entire revolution with both, one, or the other of them! while in comparison with his nose, a pump handle would be termed symmetrical.

On this young gentleman, the usual compensation for bodily deformity, superior mental endowments, had not been showered down in any measure so lavish as to engender suspicion relative to the probable ignition of the Liffey by him; for, controversy apart, he was aught save over-endued with natural ability, though by some means he managed to pass creditably through the College. Of course, this genius afforded any amount of fun to the students in his class, who set out by conferring on him the *sobriquet* of Thersites, and followed it out by firing at this oddity all the artillery of their sarcasm. One favourite amusement was to pass his College-cap from hand to hand, till it reached the top of the table; when the gentleman there seated would watch a favourable opportunity of placing it on the senior lecturer's table, to which Thersites would repair, rouging and trembling, to recover it. In his trips up and down the Hall, they likewise tugged his gown tails, with such desperation that this garment soon became rent in a manner similar to the coat of many colours which once belonged to Joseph! But "the fun" did not stop here. If his outward man received all the slings and arrows of satire, his mental faculty—small though it was—they racked equivalently; for in addition to putting him in a glacial perspiration by informing him how they were to be examined in no end of books, not specified in the College course, they likewise proposed abstruse questions, as subjoined, which they declared were certain to be asked:—

"Given the principal focus of a pair of spectacles, to find when they are in equilibrio."

"Prove that x plus $y = 70\,b$."

Thersites jotted all these down in his book—most religiously—puzzled, perplexed, and lost himself in this solution; and was then referred, by his fellow students, to the College porter, who, though not over-educated, was (they declared) more than competent to solve and explain the fore-going, which "any fool would know."

Between the hours, he actually applied for help, as directed, to this functionary, who—well understanding the joke—chaffed him likewise: affirming that he was not at liberty to elucidate such child-like queries, but would be happy to afford him instruction in any of the higher branches of literature. Finally, Thersites, by some mystic excursion, would digress into a political argument with the porter, and wind up—as I myself have heard him—with an unintelligible dogma on the doctrine of election!

At one examination, those sitting next him gravely assured him he was "cautioned," (this word is equivalent to the English term "plucked," which is little used in T. C. D. parlance) a statement which considerably deranged his nervous system.

"Why?" said he "shure I have n't been examined yet."

"No! but you've written a theme!" said one.

"Yes! was it very bad do you think?"

"Bad! scandalous, sir!" cried a second.

"The false concords are all over Dublin!" remarked a third.

"Faith! I heard a Fellow say you had regularly murdered Marcus Tullius Cicero, and that there was to be a *post-mortem* examination held on your theme!"

"Ah! what'll I do at all?" demanded poor Thersites.

"Begad, I don't know! The provost says, for the credit of the College, you must be expelled. And I hear he has written to your mother to come and be present at the ceremony. Faith! it'll be a great day entirely; the Railways are going to issue return-tickets for the occasion! and they say there will be lunch in the dining-hall, when it's over."

With gentle banterings, like these above, they worked on the credulity of the student.

"Might I ask the senior lecturer to let me off?" he nervously enquired.

"Gad! it's your only chance!" his persecutor rejoined—prompting him to this course with anticipation of increased amusement.

Thersites went up, like a condemned prisoner to Calcraft. When he reached the top of the Hall, the lecturer was busy writing: so he stood some minutes, in a wobegone attitude, quivering as if viewed through hot air, caused by an intervening stove.

The tittering, in the Hall, caused the Fellow to look up, when seeing nothing particular, he resumed his pen. This was the opportunity for our under-graduate: advancing, he cried, in piteous accents,

"Reverend Doctor, am I cautioned?"

The divine had already been pestered by Thersites for his cap, which had been confiscated by the students, in the early part of the day; and here again was he, propounding an absurd question, before the examination was half over! Human nature was not proof against such persecution. Elevating his voice, he roared

"Go to your seat, sir!!"

The sound re-echoed through the Hall, like a clap of thunder. The students exploded. Thersites shrank within himself—like an Indian-rubber girder released from tension—and retired to his seat, where he continued blushing till the dismissal bell pealed out!

'T was thus my fellow-students generally killed time in Hall!

Before passing on to something more important, I stop to record the fashion which the Trinity-college men have contracted of interlining or "paving" their books, as it is called. Graduates of this University are

much prone to inscribe, on the fly-leaf of every volume belonging to them, the five important capital letters A. B. T. C. D.: this they do in a manner the most prodigal—embowering the characters in an insane flourish, as if pens and ink were not intended solely for writing. However, one point is gained by this, for they certainly impress on narrow minds the conviction that they are in reality *bona fide* Bachelors from the Alma Mater, and no mistake: a rank which in their eyes, if it falls somewhat short of that expressed by G. C. B., at least has the advantage of looking more pompous and important when in print, by reason of its numbering two letters more! But the under-graduates, especially, scribble in their books: they write abstruse recondite notes, "critical and exegetical," on the text; and adorn the pages oft-times with some very lively pictorial designs. I remember seeing, in Stock's Julian, a page illustrative of Micyllus and his cock. This gentleman was represented in bed, crowned with a legitimate night-cap, and an infinity of nose; above him perched Alectryon, with open beak and neck distended; whilst in what is technically styled "a balloon" appeared the significant words "Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o—!" The luckless wight, startled from his slumber, was depicted making strong expressions of surprise, and evidently appeared as much dismayed as any elderly lady would be if inconsiderately told by a false alarmist of the landing of the "Rooshians!" In the same book Mercury figured at a sale of slaves, hammer in hand, and a pair of spectacles on; and I have seen amongst other pictures M. T. Cicero drawn, in a paletot sack!

In jotting down these reminiscences of the manners and customs of the students, I am not aiming at any elaborate digest of the natural history of these gentlemen: I merely record a few plain facts, which anyone might himself observe, by simply walking through the College.

As to giving a minute account of the University, I imagine it would be neither very novel nor entertaining. We all know it was founded by "good Queen Bess," towards the close of the tenth century; that it was called "The College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near *(juxta)* Dublin," for in these days the tide came up to it, and the city did not extend beyond the castle. We also know it takes four-and-a-half years for a Pensioner to obtain his degree there, three-and-a-half for a Fellow-commoner, and about two for a *Filius Nobilis;* and that the yearly fees paid by these three classes are £15., £30., and £60., respectively.

The library contains about 110,000 volumes. It was founded by the army of Cromwell, who bought all Archbishop Ussher's books, and presented them to the College. A.B.'s of the University are permitted to read therein, provided they have taken an oath not to steal any of the works! This system of swearing is of recent origin. If it were really

necessary, it does not give us a very elevated idea of the morals of some of the Irish graduates! Well known is it too that the Dublin University is styled the "Silent Sister," owing to the dislike its Fellows have of appearing in print. Bashfulness, perhaps! Finally, it is known the students of this seat of the Muses were, till very lately, accounted a wild set—notorious for knocking down the porters and watchmen, scaling the College walls, and fighting pitched battles with the towns-people, against whom they used to employ the keys of their rooms slung in their gowns, as a fearful species of extempore weapon; besides all this, who has not read how they once nailed a bailiff's ears to the College pump, at the instigation of one of their own Fellows?

But those times are happily gone by: a row seldom now occurs in "Old Trinity." I cannot say never; for I, myself, remember to have witnessed one. It thus occured: the Chancellor of the University, the Archbishop of Armagh, was laying the foundation-stone of a campanile (for the erection of which he himself is paying), and a barrier was raised, within which none, save the privileged, were admitted. The students objected to this exclusive system, for they were able to see as much of the ceremony as if they had been in the Loo Choo islands at the time. So they conceived the idea of forcing the barricade, which was guarded by the College porters; and, rushing on in a mass, they carried it in true French fashion, despite of a relay of porters, whom they routed in something less than no-time! The vanquished, smarting under their defeat, determined on being revenged, so they reported the names of their victors: a proceeding which so roused the students' ire, that putrid eggs soon became the dis-order of the day.

For upwards of an hour did the excitement rage, directed against the porters. One of these gentlemen was singled out for especial castigation, and would, I verily believe, have been demolished altogether, by the rebels, had not two of the professors taken him beneath their wings, and conducted him to a place of safety. In doing so, however, a brisk fire was maintained, and one of the reverend gentlemen received a "shell" upon his face, which exploded forthwith, and covered his physiognomy with albugineous matter in an advanced stage of decomposition!

Thus commenced, and thus ended, the revolution; during which 't is gratifying to consider business was not interrupted, and the funds continued firm all the while it raged!

It is customary, when a new Lord Lieutenant arrives, for the Provost, Fellows, and Scholars, of the University, to bore him with a long address in Latin, to which he his expected to reply appropriately. For this purpose they march up Dame Street, with "Brummagen" ceremony,

headed by the porters, as pioneers! It happened, then, when Lord Eglintoun arrived, that one student, endued with Tory principles, in passing by the statue of King William, in College Green, entertained the brilliant idea of crowning it with a flaming orange pocket-handkerchief, which so incensed the Roman-catholic by-standers that they rushed to the charge, and after a few minutes' warfare with the students the belligerents were taken under the friendly protection of the police, and brought to the College-street station, to decide their quarrel before the magistrate!

It may be thought, perhaps, that at the commencement of this article I have spoken somewhat disparagingly of Trinity College, and that I have made some unmerited remarks against the students. Should I labour under such an imputation, it must be attributed to the libellous nature of truth. And I am not so changed in my opinion, as for one moment to compare Trinity College with either of the English Universities. The course of education may very likely be about the same in all; certain, however, it is, that the classical knowledge required at Oxford is much greater than in the Dublin University, and "tells" throughout life, whilst the Ethics and Physics we learn are totally forgotten! Be this as it may, in the English Colleges gentlemen form your society, and often prove pleasant and valuable acquaintances in after-life; while the Hibernian under-graduates are less, certainly, such as you would wish to re-invite after the ninth month, and gladly include in the list of your friends.

Although the course of learning enjoined at Dublin College is most copious and extensive, still nothing is easier than to "sham through" the examinations therein. This is a statement perhaps unpleasant to those who will not admit T. C. D. to be second to any University in the world.

"Faith! and it's shupayrier to Oxford and Cambridge, and the Jarman Colleges of Heidelbeirg and Bonn, loikwise!" said Mc. Carthy, in his Senior-sophister year, when I broached the subject at one examination. The fact, however, of this young gentleman having declared that the two latter towns were situated on the Rhone, inclined me to question the accuracy of his information.

It may not be generally known why so many emerge from "Old Trinity" considerably more advanced in ignorance than when they entered it. The fault, I take it, lies in the system of examination, which is solely *vivâ voce*—if we except writing an English theme into Latin—but as the students assist each other, and smuggle in dictionaries for the nonce, the less said about it the better.

I remember a gentleman, whom we may safely call Jones, being in considerable anxiety, by reason of not having made up his Latin—

Cicero de officiis. He confessed he had not read the book, as his intentions were to "bottom" it.

The students go up separately to be examined: when one comes down, the next goes up. When the turn of Jones impended, he asked the person just examined where he had been taken. "The early part of the tenth chapter, second book." Jones shrewdly suspecting that the student under examination was construing the latter half of the same chapter, read the beginning of the eleventh, on speculation (books—but no dictionaries—are allowed to be brought into the Hall), and succeeded in running over the chapter, ere his turn arrived; on going up then, he was given to translate the very part he had been reading, and thus obtained his examination!

"He is asking everyone the Wedge," says a student just examined in Mechanics. The bell rings, and Johnson—another safe name—profiting by the information, repairs to a book shop in Anglesea Street; and although, at this time, he was as competent to decipher the cuneiform characters at Khorsabad as to explain the theory of the wedge, still before an hour elapsed 't is surprising what an important addition is made to Mr. J.'s slender stock of mechanical knowledge; he is astonished at it himself, when he finds, on being examined, that he actually obtains a rather creditable mark than otherwise!

Lest it should be considered that the foregoing illustrations are cases of very rare occurrence, I beg to state they are both true; and I never remember to have attended an examination without one or more such instances having taken place!

The *vivâ voce* system I consider useless. An examination, calculated to ascertain the absolute and relative merits of the candidate, would propose the same set of questions to all, whether on paper or otherwise. On reflection, we must see the absurdity of propounding random questions, differing in degrees of difficulty, to a class; and then ranking them according to their answering! A may have known every question B answered. Still, having missed one or two of those proposed to himself—which B could not have answered, had they been given him—he is classed below him!

At Oxford, Cambridge, and the London University, the examinations are conducted solely, I believe, through the medium of printed papers; and, what is indispensably necessary, all books are excluded from the Hall, and the students are prevented from communicating with each other.

"He asked me to explain the compass," says a Dublin student, just examined in Astronomy.

"And did you do it?" enquired another.

"I did! and the best of the joke is I only learnt it five minutes before I went up!"—to forget it in half the time afterwards!!

As an instance of the leniency of the Fellows, I well remember, some years ago, at the Hilary examination of the Senior-sophister year, a student, whose knowledge of Optics was of the minutest amount conceivable, missing every question in that science. The examiner, before "cautioning" him, promised to let him off if he could explain what *conjugate foci* meant.

Fancy, had he answered it—which he did not—what might the consequence have been? He would have left the Hall, having obtained credit for his knowledge of Optics; and had any professor of an English University, meeting him perchance in society, questioned him even the rudiments of this science, he might easily have drawn his own conclusions as to the amount of learning necessary for passing a term examination in the Dublin College!

However, let it not be imagined that every person, no matter how ill prepared in his business, can shuffle through it. When Peter Dowd went up in Greek, in his first year, he was handed a book by the examiner, with the polite request, "Please, go on there, sir."

The work was newly printed, and looked fresh, for it had but recently issued from the press. "The clerk can best read in his own book" was a truthful saying in the dark ages—easily understood, and requiring no interpretation, when I state that poor Dowd longed for his own old well-thumbed edition of the Iliad, where he had a cue to Nestor's speech by a large blot of ink, the "blue-eyed goddess" was always underlined, and the crest tossing Hector remembered by a cross. He was "fairly bothered," as he said himself; turning over to the title-page, he exclaimed, to the no small amazement of the examiner:

"Begad! it's Homer."

"Now, go on at the hundred-and-fifty-sixth line."

"Please, sir, I don't know contracted Greek!" said Peter, returning him the book.

"Well, that's not contracted Greek!" replied the Fellow, with surprise.

"Oh! Isn't it? Then, please, sir, I dont know any Greek at all!"

Peter Dowd did not gain first honors at that examination, as you may conjecture.

In conclusion, I must bear testimony to the superiority of the Divinity school in Dublin University; and to the impartiality of the Fellows at all examinations. I could wish, for the credit of the College, that its students wore an improved appearance, and that the library oath might be dispensed with! And, *pro augmentis scientiarum*, no one should be permitted to graduate unless educated according to the intention of its course, then the learned Fellows of Trinity might become more generally known than at present they are to the representatives of the Sosii in this our day.

TOM SUFFRAGE'S VOTE:

A TALE.

BY A SITTING MEMBER.

(Continued from page 92.)

CHAPTER III.

Morning Misery—The "Little Parlour smelling of Lavender"—An unexpected Visitor.

We left Tom in the hands of sundry good Samaritans, being conveyed, full of spirits and honours, to his home; and we will look upon him again, where those kind persons left him, namely—on his own bed, *outside* the counterpane; with his clothes on, one boot hanging on his foot by the leg part only, and the other under his shoulder, for a pillow, in company with his hat; with his hair over his face, with his mouth wide open, snoring, and asleep: a sight for any maiden in Christendom!

Somewhere about nine in the morning (certainly a long while after the usual time for Tom's opening his shop) the queer little mortal, of the female sex, who "did for him," appeared at his bed-room door, for about the seventh time; and after making her knuckles raw with thumping, she shuffled in, with her loose shoes playing a tune behind her on the floor as she walked, and gave her master a hearty shake—the only result was a deep groan; another shake followed—"Hear, hear!" muttered Tom; another—"Well, but Ada, my dear," mumbled Tom, again; another and a savager shake—"Hey, oh, what the deuce!—oh, it's you, Sally!" and Mr. Thomas Suffrage opened his eyes, lifted his head, gave one blank stare, then, laying his cheek on his boot and hat—prepared for another doze. This the girl would not permit: she shook him again, and pulled the boot from under him—"I hear you! Go down, you little imp, you!" muttered Tom, still with his eyes shut, and a fierce expression on his countenance.

"If you please, sir, yer breakfast is ready this hour, sir; and yer egg was as hard as brass, and Mr. Sniggers ate it; and your coffee is as cold as a stone, and Mr. Sniggers is a drinking of it; and yer *customers* is a standing round the door a waitin' for yer to get up!"

"Oh, Mr. Sniggers is here, is he? Then I'll be down directly!"—so the slippers played another tune, and the owner of them vanished.

After a tempest of yawns and stretchings, Tom tumbled off his bed; with his head as rough as a sweeper's broom; one cheek blackened, in the most picturesque manner, by the use of the boot for a pillow; and, to *crown* all, a splitting headache. He had never felt so miserable before: so wretched, indeed, was he, that all his energies seemed to have given him notice. Instead of immediately setting to work like a Christian, and giving himself a good hearty wash, he plumped down on the side of the bed, ran his fingers through his hair (which did n't want it, heaven knows!), and began to speculate within himself, as to whether all democratic societies were the same; and whether it was absolutely necessary for a man to be top-heavy before he made a *stand* for freedom, or to be a beast before he became a patriot. Tom passed his hands through and through his hair trying to understand it, and the more he rubbed his head the duller it seemed to become. Just as he had a glimmering, and was about to reconcile very satisfactorily hard drinking with true freedom, the voice of Sniggers resounded on the stairs, like artificial thunder at a theatre, and demanded whether he should finish the breakfast or wait for him to come down and help him.

"Coming," said Tom, gloomily.

"Oh, I know you're not, by your voice," said Sniggers. "I'll come up to you," and he sprang up. "By Jove, I never saw such a mess in my life: do make yourself look like a human being!"

"Do I look like a patriot so very much?" asked Tom, with melancholy satire.

"Come, Tom, none of that!" said Sniggers, with an austere and offended look: "come, Tom, do n't rail against the noble Institution of which you are a member; but get your face washed, while I tell you what *I am* come about."

"Well, I'll wash my face," said Tom, in a moody tone; "but—but I think I shall cut it."

"Cut what, your face?"

"No—the Grand Democratic Asso——"

"Tom, Tom, do n't go on—I am ashamed of you. I thought you were a man! Because you got helplessly drunk, must you be unsteady to your solemn vows? What, will you desert the banner round which you have so nobly rallied? No, Tom, I did not think it of you!"

"Say no more about it, Sniggers," said Tom "I suppose I must stick by it now I've begun—but—"

"Stick by it! of course you must. Why, man, there is a course of glory open to you—a regular road to fame, macadamized and everything—and you've got nothing to do but march along it!—passport and all granted, and no turnpikes to pay! What do you think I came about?

Don't know, eh? Well I came to tell you how we got on after you were floored, because I don't think you heard much of the proceedings. Oh, how jolly you were! You were as drunk as—"

"A patriot!" said Tom. Mr. Sniggers looked severe.

"Only fancy Ada seeing you—or hearing—"

"Don't, Sniggers!" and Tom looked as if *that* would be very horrid indeed; and added, hastily, "Well, what did you come about?"

"Why, I read to the Society a letter which I had received from Winnegar, the other day, and he says he doesn't mind standing at the election. Isn't that prime? He is a stunning fellow; but, of course, you know that—everyone knows that!"

"Well, his principles are all right," said Tom, putting on a knowing air; for although he had never heard of the great man Winnegar before, yet he did not wish Sniggers to think so.

"Right! I should think so—regular 'nine points' man. Oh! I see you don't know much about him, or you would be nearly mad about him—I am!"

"Are you? Well, I must confess I don't know much about him—that is, I've not heard much about him lately—"

"Ah! I see you don't know anything. Why, good heavens! he is a glorious man—a *grand* man!" Here Mr. Sniggers got excited; nearly swept a tumbler off the dressing-table, in the energy of his action; replaced it again, and went on; getting up the steam as he progressed: "Oh! he's the man of the age, sir—the MAN who is ready and waiting for the HOUR to come. He is—he is, in fact, an organized, a humanized PRINCIPLE—a moving motive to this century!" With this rather obscure eulogium, which was delivered in lecture style, and a painful emphasis on the substantives, Mr. Sniggers cooled down suddenly, and pulling out his handkerchief, with a jerk, which wafted essence of bergamot through the length and breadth of the room, and elaborately polishing his upper lip, he pitied Tom's ignorance, by lifting up both hands, and shaking his head.

"Well, I can't help it," said Tom, feeling very ashamed indeed, that he did not know the glorious Winnegar.

"Ah, if you *don't* know him, you don't: so much more the pity. When you look on Winnegar, sir, you look on the man of whom his country shall speak in the ages to come. At any rate, he's coming here now, to do his best for us: he says he knows there's no chance of getting in; but he thinks it his duty to spend his money for his country. Isn't that fine? Ah, he is a glorious fellow! He was a poor man once, in the tin line, somewhere or other; but he got his money not by that, but by a lucky hit in the railway speculating line. So he wanted some-

thing upon which to employ his noble mind; he wanted something stirring, and he turned patriot. Can't he speak! and he has got such a forehead, as you never saw—a regular Shakspeare. He is the savagest man I ever knew. He is just like a monk too: eats nothing but cabbage, and drinks nothing but water, always has a frown on his face, never made love in his life, never got mellow in his life; and is, in fact, a regular saviour of his country! That's the man we're going to stick up for Lower Fleecington!" A heavy slap on Tom's back.

"Is it?" said Tom, much impressed.

"*Raythor!* and now, Tom, get yourself washed and humanized. I've eaten your breakfast, so it is n't getting cold; I've told you what I came for, so good morning! But, mind you come to the Society to-night: we are going to get up a committee for Winnegar, and we can't do without *you!*"

"But—" hesitated Tom, "I must go and see Ada to-night."

"Nonsense," said Sniggers, with the knob of the door in his hand; "you write a note, and tell her she *must* excuse you to-night—she'll forgive you—girls always forgive what they cannot help; but we must have you there. I tell you we can't do without you!" The door was pulled to, and Tom was left to himself, in a high state of pleasure, to think he was so much needed in the council of Lower Fleecington, which governed England, and, through England, the world!

And now, leaving Tom to humanize his appearance, and get down as soon as might be to his counter, we have no doubt our *fair* readers will not quarrel with us if we return to little Ada.

That dear little creature, when we last heard of her, was tripping up stairs with her heart as light and as leaping as an India-rubber ball, and her spirits very far above *proof*. She felt certain Tom would not give up her love, for the sake of his vote—she felt sure Tom would never lose *her*, for the sake of his country. "His country—what nonsense! what good had it ever done him?" For her part she could not imagine why people made such a bother of their country—not she. Thus thought little Ada; and thus, we will warrant, thinks every lady, within the scope of our acquaintance, except the "strong-minded" minority.

But Tom did n't come the next night; and a very kind creature, who had seen him go into the door of the "Cat and Trumpet," told her of it. Then little Ada's heart did n't jump so much as before—like a dear kind heart, as it was, it began to feel a great deal afraid for Tom, and not a little for itself. What was worse, too, her father was in the room at the time, and knit his brow, and dabbed his hat on, and went out muttering; and she heard him outside, immediately afterwards, venting his ill-humour on his foreman.

Little Ada's heart put all those things together; and as hearts generally do (when engaged on such business), planned out a complete series of struggles and trials for itself, and felt very sad about them.

Now, on the night of the day in which we left Tom at his toilet, Ada felt very unhappy indeed; and sat by herself, wishing and waiting for him to come. She could not play the old harpsichord, somehow, that night; she could not get on with her bright needlework; she was very nervous, and ready to cry every minute.

Her father went out to smoke a pipe, with a staunch friend of his—a stubborn old Tory, like himself—and Ada was left alone, to think herself into crying, and then to cry herself out of thinking, and to employ herself with looking at the dark side of things, and to wait lonely for her recreant Thomas.

But this waiting was interrupted before long, as our readers shall learn in reward for their patience.

Mr. Thomas Suffrage felt himself to be in a considerable fix (and those persons among the "fair women and brave men of this land" who add to their other high qualities the wisdom to read and enjoy this tale, have doubtless perceived that Mr. Thomas was in the *habit* of involving himself in "fixes," of no despicable magnitude). But really it *was* too bad of the Fates: surely they might have found Czars enough to harass, and Emperors enough to confound, and armies enough to scatter, without searching the villages and village-towns of England, and voiding their venom upon an unhappy shopkeeper!

But the Fates never spare anybody: and so Tom suffered. If we take a bird's eye view of all that the Fates had done for him since the day when a love for our species first induced us to take up his history, we shall arrive at a tolerably good understanding of the state of his mind, when water, and breakfast, and a few importunate customers had sharpened his wits and cleared away the fumes of liberty and brandy.

Tom's jealousy, in the first place, had led him astray; and enabled the Honourable Mr. Cavendish to make the purchase of a few kisses, for the small price of a black eye and a muddy fall. Well, jealousy passed away, and love stepped in: Tom and Ada met in the lavender parlour, and kisses and sparrings were forgotten, and it was "all serene" again. But Tom, in the midst of his jealousy, had uttered a vow—and, from being a comfortable grocer, had passed into an unhappy patriot. He had uttered a vow; and grocers may possess a spark of honour, and a sense of what is due to their given word, even when kings and potentates disregard treaties and contradict their own despatches. Tom stuck to his vow; and endeavoured to maintain himself a democrat at heart, through thick and

thin: so the serenity was again disturbed. Then Tom's vanity, curiously tickled by the astute Sniggers, led him to believe that he possessed a power over other things than his shop and his serving girl, and that his help was needed for his country. So vanity made Tom a member of the G. D. A., and sent him to his habitation more glorious than he quitted it: thus the chief blow was struck! After Mr. Brancrust's solemn denunciation of Chartism, he had flown right in the face of it. His forswearing the society of the disaffected was made the condition upon which his dearest wishes were to rest. He had spat upon the condition, and become one of the disaffected himself: his vanity and his vow had dragged his foot and set it, as it were, upon the gentle hopes of Ada and his own soul!

Here was a fix! And how was Tom to get out of it? To suppose that Mr. Brancrust and Ada did not know of his visit to the "Cat and Trumpet," of his initiation, and its consequences, was to suppose an impossibility. He knew that the atmosphere of Lower Fleecington was not at all favourable to secrets; they never could get their rest somehow, they must wander and wander from house to house, till they became no longer secrets, but matters of history.

How could a man, with such troubles upon his mind, dispense out the necessaries of life to his customers with an impartial hand? You might as well expect a Bishop, sitting in the Lords, to attend to such common matters as the spiritual wants of his diocese, whilst the affairs of state are hanging round him!

From what we have said, or rather preached, regarding the influence of a man's vanity over him, it may be reasonably inferred that the magic sentence of Mr. Sniggers', "we can't do without you," kept poking its obtrusive head into his memory the whole of the day; and would not be shown the door.

But Love—who pays not the least respect to the rights of propriety or property, the law of nations, the "nine points" of the charter, and so forth—thought proper, eventually, to make Tom forget all about the importance of his presence in the Fleecington council, before the last rays of the sun had left that venerable town; and instead of leading him to the "Cat and Trumpet," led him (not so much against the grain either) towards the old Mill by the river-side, and to a council of a far more agreeable kind.

Tom raised the knocker, and waited for about the space of half-a-minute, expecting to hear a tripping footstep run along the passage to open the door for him. What was his surprise when, after the lapse of a few seconds more, the door was gently opened by the neat handmaiden, who was fit only for such a mistress as Ada.

Tom had seen something very like the back of Ada's head at the window, strange she had not run out to him!

"Is Miss Brancrust at home?" he asked, with a misgiving voice.

"Yes—no—that is, I'll see," replied the rosy-cheeked damsel, in a hesitating manner; and as Tom stepped into the passage (dignified by the name of *hall*), and laid his hand on the knob of the parlour door, to satisfy himself, the girl stopped him with her hand; and opening the door of a room opposite, called the best parlour, and devoted to strangers and rich customers, she said, as Tom entered it,

"Yes, sir, Miss Ada *is* in; but you can't see her yet, sir—she's got a *gentleman with her!*"

CHAPTER IV.

Who the Unknown is—Another Instalment of Sentiment—A Father's Vigil.

"Got a gentleman with her—can't see her—got a gentleman with her!" exclaimed Tom, in a doubting tone; and he entered the best parlour after the manner of a man under the influence of mesmerism.

This room had that chilly air about it which the best parlours of the middle classes generally have, and it struck, as it were, to Tom's heart.

Not a thing was out of its place; the bell-pulls were put to rest in a couple of brown-holland bibs, the chairs and the sofa were graced with brown-holland pinafores, the gorgeous pattern of the carpet was screened from desecration by a brown-holland crumb-cloth, and two or three portraits on the walls looked out in a misty manner from behind yellow-gauze veils.

There was a musty smell, and a species of uncomfortable preciseness about the chamber, which gave one the idea of the spirit of neatness having entered in and died there, and that it had been shut up ever since, out of respect to its memory.

All this had its effect upon Tom. There was none of the hearty welcome, and the genial glow, which seemed to break out upon him from all the four walls of the other parlour, on the instant that he entered it. He sat down on the edge of one of the chairs, as if he had never been in the house before, and held his hat uncomfortably between his knees.

"I've done it now," thought he: "this is the first time these five years that I've been refused entrance into that room, whether there were strangers in it or not—a gentleman with her, and I'm not to see

her! Ah, I can't blame her—I'm a fool—a confounded fool—that's what I am!"

Tom had not long come to this highly edifying and comfortable conclusion, before he heard a noise in the hall, as of one female voice engaged in scolding another; and in a second after the door was swung open, and in bounced Ada:

"Dear me, Tom," said that young lady, "how very very stupid of the girl! how very ridiculous to be sure: just as if I am not always at liberty to you, Tom: how very absurd—but come along, come in, Tom—I'm so happy!"

And the excitable little damsel caught hold of Tom by both his hands, and commenced pulling him towards the door.

"But the gentleman!" said Tom, looking very much in doubt whether to smile or frown, "the—gentleman—"

"Is my uncle—my uncle Joseph, from India, Tom: you often heard me talk about him—come along!"

Tom settled his doubt by *smiling*, and followed Ada into the next room.

From the easy-chair, which was wheeled right in front of the fire, rose a tall gentleman, with a gamboge complexion, very round shoulders, very dark sparkling eyes—whose proper vocation seemed to be that of peering continually along the barrels and through the "sights" of rifles and tiger-guns—hair dark and short cropped, and meagre whiskers, with which the tropics seemed to have sported unfeelingly. He rose with a hearty air, half sailor-like, half military, with a dash of the backwoodsman in it, and shook Tom's hand cordially:

"So you're the lad I joke Ada about in my letters, are you?" said he, good-humouredly. "Well, well, sit down, and let's know you—I've heard of you often enough!" and, with another sly glance at his niece, the Indian resumed his chair. Tom and Ada followed his example; and in a few moments the spark lit by the old traveller kindled into a blaze, and to look in upon the three, one would have thought they had lived together from the times of their infancy upwards, and could never be tired of each other.

What queer old fellows these Indian gentleman are—an especially favourite class of men with our present novel writers too, and no wonder. An Englishman, eccentric at home, is doubly eccentric when transplanted into any other latitude.

But let us slip from Anglo-Indians in general to our Anglo-Indian in particular. Mr. Joseph Scampton had run away, no one knew where, a great number of years ago, from his counting-house and ledgers; had turned up in India, when least expected to turn up at all; his uprising

being made sufficiently evident by the showers of letters, and the rolls of Indian matting, and the strings of glaring beads, and the tusks and painted screens, with which the state-parlour at the Mill had long swarmed, to the mild astonishment and reverence of the Lower Fleecington people. He had, however, on no occasion mentioned his probable return to England; and, therefore, the surprise of little Ada, on hearing that a stranger was waiting to see her, and then, when she entered the room, her indignation that the said stranger should seize her by the waist and kiss her a score of times before taking the trouble to tell her that he was her uncle, may be easily imagined, but never described! We will, however, do Ada the justice to say, that as soon as the announcement *was* made—and she became convinced that she saw before her that dear uncle whom she had so often longed to see and speak to, and whose kind letters had so often brought gentle tears into her eyes—then she could hardly make enough of him; and she returned his affectionate greeting with interest, and sat on the knees of the wanderer, and played with his thin withered locks, and looked into his face with the tears of love again in her eyes, till the man's keen gaze was dimmed with the joy of an affection to which he was so long unused.

Ada had, in the first impulse of the moment, determined to send for her father home again; but having experienced the luxury of a surprise herself, she rightly determined to startle Mr. Brancrust with the apparition of his old companion.

What a jolly evening those three passed: the Indian was so full of anecdotes and illustrations, so crammed with strange wild things to English ears;—he had been tiger hunting, and had been torn; he had been elk hunting, and had been gored; he had been to Ceylon, and had dodged under the legs and jumped over the tusks of "rogue" elephants, and outrun lady elephants, and had whizzed round trees with buffaloes after him; and had been lulled to sleep by the croaking of myriad reptiles; and had been tossed, and rolled, and trampled on, and stung; and had been frizzled and fevered; and yet there he was, calmly sitting and spinning his yarns, and talking about "Syces" and "Ayahs," and "Hookabadars," and of "Shichars," and of grand "Tomashas" (or tea and turn-outs), to which he had been invited; and of the delights of "Tiffinism," with the muslin curtains, and the deliciously cool verandahs; and the iced drinks, devised by the ingenuity of thirsty Europeans; occasionally throwing in a touch of romance, as he pulled one cheroot after another from a cigar-case of delicately worked matting, the love pledge of some fair Indian with an unpronouncable name, but the memory of whom seemed to throw a shade over the old wanderer's forehead, and a film over his eyes. Then he would jump off from this to

another topic, such as the necessity of wearing three clean shirts in a day in the Punjaub, or the luxury of a musquito banquet upon your own person; or, jumping again, he would endeavour to engage Tom's attention upon the subject of our Indian Government, abuse the officials, and make an onslaught upon the "Company;" or, failing in that, he would tell to Ada some old Indian legend, of the loves and miseries of "Adeh Dycar and Sutzle Kama, and their fourteen bond slaves, in the Bamboo Hut in the midst of the High Mimosas," or something to the same effect; whilst Tom and Ada, sitting together, let the hours creep on unwittingly, and thought that never had a night passed so pleasantly and so speedily.

At about half-past eleven, the old Indian rose to go to his inn, in spite of Ada's request that he would, at least, stay and see her father.

"No," said he "I'm later than my usual hour, and I must stop no longer. I'll come to-morrow, and startle the old man. Good night, dear," and Ada gave him a kiss, which, although Tom saw it, did not make him feel the least bit jealous. He shook Tom's hand cordially. "Don't tell the old man I'm come," said he, with a last sly look at Ada. The door closed, and our hero and heroine were left alone.

"Left alone." It is often a very unpleasant thing to be left alone. It is exceedingly disagreeable to be left alone with a man to whom you are in debt! It is not over delightful to see everyone leaving the room, and to feel that you are going to be "left alone" with a man whom you have wronged! It is embarrassing to find out, suddenly, that you are alone with the object of your affections; especially when you have made up your mind to ask her that night to become Mrs.—Jones—Robinson —*Villikins*, or whatever your respected patronymic may happen to be! It is annoying to be left alone with a great man when you yourself happen to be of the smallest! But, perhaps, it is the worst of all to be left alone with the girl to whom you are engaged, and with whose wishes you are conscious of having totally neglected to comply.

This was the position of Tom; although, during the stay of the uncle, Tom had never been gayer — Ada never more obliging, yet when that individual had departed, a sudden chill, like a wet blanket, fell upon the pair. Tom sat nervously silent, and looking into the fire. Ada, conscious of his embarrassment, evidently did not like to begin; at last, having worked herself into a small pet, by patting the hearth-rug with her feet, and pulling the crochet work about, she started off with a sudden bounce:

"So, Tom, you can go to that odious 'Cat and Trumpet' when you can't come here!"

This touched the right spring. Tom got up from his seat, and

walked up and down the room, in a perturbed manner; Ada looking at him the while. He stopped short:

"Ah! that is it, Ada," said he; "whatever am I to do, whatever are we to do?"

"Do! good gracious, Tom! what do you mean?" And Ada's blue eyes opened very wide.

"I mean about my vote!"

"Well, Tom, and what about your vote? You don't intend to go against my father, surely?" and she looked as if such a thing were impossible.

"But I am bound by an oath—and they swore me on a drawn sword, Ada; and you know I can't break that."

"A drawn fiddlestick!" said Ada, pettishly; "and I am told they made you tipsy too! Oh, Tom, how could you be the dupe of such a set? I am really quite ashamed of you!"

Tom, now, began to feel very much ashamed of himself, but he faltered out something about his duty to his country.

"Don't talk nonsense, Tom! Does your duty to your country require you to associate with a parcel of idle, discontented people, who call themselves patriots because they have nothing to lose, and spend their evenings in drinking, smoking, and making seditious speeches at public-houses, instead of caring for their families at home, like Christian men?" Warming with the subject, and startled at the sketch her imagination had "bodied forth," Ada exclaimed, in conclusion, "Heaven defend me from a patriot-husband! I had ten times rather have a kind-hearted, honest man, who never made a speech in his life!"

"And so you shall!" said Tom, catching her in his arms, "upon my soul, Ada, dear, what I said there was n't worthy to be called a speech, and I 'll promise you never to make another."

"Well, well!" said Ada, disengaging herself, and trying to preserve her dignity, "do as my father wishes you, and you will not find it very difficult to make your peace with me. But, above all things, I advise you to get clear of that terrible drinking and *swearing* Association, before you see my father again, and I am now expecting him home every minute!"

With a vague impression on his mind that his choice now lay between a row with the Association and losing Ada, Tom rose to take his leave. It seemed easier to him to fight every member of it *seriatim* —beginning comfortably with Sniggers—than to face, just now, the indignant and uncompromising Mr. Brancrust.

After his departure, it was not long before Ada laid her head upon her pillow, and was soon in a complete chaos of weddings and elections, and

uncles and fathers; crowding and jostling one another, in the mysterious region of dreams.

Mr. Brancrust came home late from his orthodox smoking-club, and was somewhat surprised that Ada was not up to bring his slippers and offer his pipe. He had been rather ruffled in temper since the day before, when he had heard of Tom's going to the Democratic Association meeting; but when the servant-girl told him, on enquiry, that "miss" had gone to bed rather poorly, as she thought, all the good man's love for his dear Ada came to the surface; and he went up-stairs, as carefully as his anxious heart would allow him to tread, and looked at her sleeping. His fatherly heart was satisfied by her calm breathing, and smiling lips; and he went down to have one more pipe, and sat and thought far into the morning, about her whom he valued even more than his Mill—or his money—or his life!

(To be continued.)

PART OF A CHAPTER ON

THE ORIGIN OF GREAT NAMES.

LORD RAYLEIGH.

Belief, so long as we can coax it to continue, in pleasurable subjects, unquestionably is happiness: and, for our own part, we had rather believe at once and be sure of a thing, though it be ever so vexatious, than be tossed upon a sea of uncertainty; for suspense—besides that it is a positive evil, and that a very considerable one, of itself—is certainly one of the most tiresome of all mental ordeals.

Being, then, firmly of opinion that a trustful and relying frame of mind is far more agreeable, in any case, than suspicion and scepticism, we make it a point never to examine too closely into an etymology or derivation. So that they do but strike us as being novel and ingenious, we welcome them with an easy faith, reserving our doubts and a cold greeting for the arguments that may be raised against them. For we are not, we gratefully thank heaven! of that petulant and discontented disposition which prompted the great Scaliger, when a most plausible and erudite interpretation of an obscure passage in an ancient poet was brought before his notice, to burst out, so impatiently, "Pulchré atque docté dictum"—'t is prettily and learnedly propounded; "at ubinam, O, Jupiter, ubinam est veritas!"—a monstrous lie, though, from the beginning to the end of it. We hold, on the contrary, the famous Lord Digby to have been a very wise man; of whom we are told, by our greatest historian, that "he had

so great a power over himself, that he could readily be convinced of anything which it was grateful to him to believe."

Few things, indeed, annoy us more than to have any favourite etymological idol dashed down from its pedestal in our bosom, and trodden beneath the feet of some unbelieving Iconoclast of an antiquary or grammarian. We look, seriously, upon such a person as a sort of impudent Edie Ochiltree, the vagabond blue-gown of the great northern novelist, or an envious and jealous Mr. Blotton, the haberdasher, of Aldgate; only they have, commonly, much worse grounds to go upon than was the case with those provoking worthies, when they blew into thin air Mr. Oldbuck's and Mr. Pickwick's crotchets. Rude and troublesome, we consider them, beyond measure; for, as Queen Christina, of Sweden, said of Menage, they will not allow a word or a theory to pass muster without demanding a sight of its passport, and minutely comparing the description which it contains with the figure and features of the bearer. Kindred spirits, almost every one of them, to that unconscious housemaid who scrubbed the shield of unhappy Cornelius, the father of the famous Martinus Scriblerus—"parmulâ non bene relictâ," as he pathetically exclaimed with Horace, so indiscreetly trusted to such hands; or to the Job's comforters that consoled him with the assurance that is was no shield at all, but only a sconce with the nozzle off: and that would not be restrained, by any scruples of reverence or decency, from putting a Tuscan vase, or a Roman amphora, to a like ingnominious use to that which certain ill-conditioned females in Mr. Johnson's amusing book—so much less read than it deserves to be—"The Adventures of a Guinea," applied a vessel, which for aught that they knew was a most precious piece of antiquity.

We are fully persuaded in our own mind of the truth of that traditionary origin, in Scottish story, of the illustrious name of Napier. King James the First or Second, of that country, we do not exactly remember which, having witnessed, with admiration, the prodigious valour of three peasant brothers, in one of his battles against the Danes, called out—we have no manner of doubt—when the victory was achieved by their exertions, "Sandie and Willie ha' fought brawly, but Steenie has *nae peer!*" We believe the tale the more readily because there were lately living three noble kinsmen of that name—now, unhappily, reduced to two—between whom, if our gracious Queen had been suddenly called upon to determine which was the best and bravest, she would probably have experienced a still greater difficulty than befell the Scottish monarch. Sure, at least are we, that if such a question had been proposed to ourselves, we should have been tempted, instead of answering it, to say that there was scarcely a family, in the whole of the British dominions, which could

"peer" with that of Napier in the number of its members who have splendidly distinguished themselves in the service of their country.

Many of our readers, we dare say, are old enough to remember the name of the Duke of Ayala, the Spanish Ambassador, several years ago, at the Court of St. James. We recollect him personally, ourselves, on account of two little circumstances. The first was the singular size of his head—a common peculiarity, to some extent, with Castilian grandees of ancient lineage, but which Nature, in his case, had pushed to such an extreme that he might have been called the Bous-kephalos, or Bishop Grosse-Tête of his order. The other was, that it occurred to us, and a friend of ours, with whom we were walking in company, to have the honour of helping him to alight from his carriage, when one of his horses had tumbled down beneath the weight of its silver harness.

In the derivation of the name of this nobleman, as it is related in Spanish historians, we are implicit believers. A certain Hidalgo, so runs the chronicle, having performed some signal public service, the King, in the fervour of his gratitude, bade him fix his own recompense. The Spaniard was a wiser man, in his generation, than several other persons have shewn themselves under similar circumstances. He demanded something so exorbitant, that the King, before acceding to it, thought it expedient to consult the Cortez: "Haya-lo"—let him have it—was the unanimous reply of that body. And hence the origin of that Dukedom.

Some little hesitation we honestly confess to, as to the etymology of the name of Levis—or Levez, as it was originally spelt—that of a well-known Henriquinist lord, at the mimic Court of Frohsdorf. "The first that bore it," says a French Debrett, "was so highly esteemed by the blessed Virgin, that when he prostrated himself before her, 'Levez-vous bien, mon ami,' said she 'and henceforth stand erect and wear your hat in our presence.'" The first word of that gracious speech served thereafter for his proper name. "The latter privilege," continues the writer, "doubtless, furnished a precedent to two English Sovereigns, John and Henry the Eighth, when they respectively authorized a De Courcy and a Forester to remain covered in their royal presences, and those of their successors."

Neither are we converts absolutely, and "in toto," to what is reported by Speed and Hollingshed, as to the "fons et origo" of the name Percy. "The governor," say they, "of the castle of Alnwick, which was beleaguered by the King of Scots, and reduced to the greatest extremity, having been summoned to surrender, issued forth, as though for that purpose, bearing the keys of the fortress on the point of his spear; but instead of placing them in the King's hand, as he held it out to receive them, he thrust the spear into his eye, and killed him;

and escaping back, in the confusion, to the castle, was known thereafter by the name of 'Pierce-eye.'" What a worthy old bishop (Ashe of Clogher) said of "Gulliver's Travels," when they first appeared—"that there were some things in that book which he could not bring himself to believe"—we are obliged to say of this anecdote.

But that Saint George of Cappadocia was Georgos—one that had subdued his passions and cultivated his spirit towards God, as the husbandman subdues and cultivates the earth, according to the notion of that excellent Prelate,* the author of the "Aurea Legenda;" that the first Tollemache was a Saxon bell-ringer; that the Northumbrian family of Surtees anciently held lands "super Tesam," on the banks of the Tees; that the ancestor of the Isle-of-Wight Bowermans carried a bow before the Plantagenet kings; that the first Thynne was John o' the Inn; and that the enigmatical word "Through," the device of the Ducal-house of Hamilton, took its rise in an historical incident;—are but half-a-dozen out of half-a-dozen hundred etymons and origins which are quite within the scope of our credulity. The latter fact not being generally known, save by persons heraldically learned, we will take the liberty to narrate it. Sir Gilbert Hambledon, an English Knight, flying from London on a charge of high-treason—a gentleman's offence, says Miss Die Vernon, in every age and country—descried his pursuers close at hand, while he was yet a league distant from the Scottish border. Looking round, in great consternation, for a means of escape, his eye fell upon a sawyer, who was standing by the side of a pit, plying a huge double-handled saw. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang into the pit and laid hold of the lower handle of the saw. He had scarcely done this, when his pursuers arrived at the spot. The sawyer at the top—by no means a top-sawyer, it would seem, in quickness of apprehension and the helping of a man at a sore pinch—left

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* Jacobus de Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa; in the twelfth century. His book—which, as Johnson says of the writings of the great Picus, "qui omne quod scibile scivit," is only to be found amidst the dust and silence of libraries—was the delight of the middle ages. It passed through fifty editions, of a ponderous quarto, in the space of two hundred years; not to mention the innumerable Acta Sanctorum into which a great portion of its contents have been incorporated. To us the good father's etymologies are almost as amusing as his biographies, and for the most part quite as authentic; only, unluckily, like a great painter of antiquity, he never knows when to leave off—quando detrahere manum—but accompanies one pretty good one with half-a-dozen that are past enduring. The "Aurea Legenda," says its author, were written for this end: "quod prædicatores in suis prædicationibus exempla magis convenientia citiùs et levius inveniant." Its use, in this respect, is by no means extinct in the present day. We ourselves once heard a Capucin Monk preach a sermon on the miracles of a certain Saint, almost every word of which was literally translated from Jacobus de Voragine.

off his work and stood stupidly gazing upon them in a manner calculated to excite their suspicion. "Through! Through!" shouted Sir Gilbert, from the bottom, in an agony of terror and vexation. The man mechanically obeyed, down went the saw through the plank it was operating upon; and the officers, nothing to detain them, galloped off on a vain quest of the fugitive.

Our readers, we fear, by this time will begin to enquire, a little impatiently, what this string of derivative curiosities can possibly have to do with the respectable nobleman whose name we have taken the freedom to prefix to this paper. We are, it must be admitted, as unconscionably long a time in approaching our subject as King Charles the Second, with his wonted courtesy, confessed himself to be dying. Nor will it probably be thought to be any extenuation of our offence, when we say that it is one which we habitually and irresistibly commit the moment we take a pen in hand. Yet something may, surely, be urged in defence of digressions. "If men," says Doctor Swift, "were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing but what was actually necessary, and to the point, the Honourable Society of Authors would be reduced to a very inconsiderable number." We would not quarrel with an epic poem though it were as full of episodes as "The Anatomy of Melancholy" is of quotations, or Prynne and Pineda of the names of authors, and these should consist but of any remaining adventures in the writer's collections, having nothing in the world to do with his hero, yet too good to be thrown away; for episodes, it cannot be denied, are oftentimes far pleasanter reading than the story from which they jut out. The citizen's pudding, in the *Spectator*, had not suet enough to make it cohere; but they that partook of it would have less difficulty, for that very reason —like so many Jack Horners—in picking out the plums, and might very probably, as we do ourselves, prefer them to the coarse material. If the stars, in Cowley's fine illustration, stood so thick in the sky that men questioned if those were really stars which painted the Galaxy, they made the night brilliant by their shining. Doubtless, the city of Ecbatana, which was surrounded by seven walls, gradually diminishing in circumference, amply repaid (being arrived at) the trouble which it gave a man to get there. And though in that common child's toy, a nest of wooden pears, the innermost one is a very small and utterly worthless commodity, the happy proprietor of the article finds a great deal of amusement and curiosity in opening the successive boxes, and wondering what the deuce they contain. We should be exceedingly well contented ourselves, to be as rambling and inconsequential a writer as old Montaigne, or fierce Bishop Warburton, if we could only, like those great men, lead our readers so pleasantly astray from the straight path of a subject, that, like a merry

party out for a walk, so they did but light upon an agreeable one, they would care very little whither it led them.

It occurred to us, a year or two ago, to be laid up by a sharp fit of illness, in the charming little Swiss town of Lucerne. Our malady was the gout: a malady which, we are perfectly certain, was never experienced by those learned Frenchmen* that absolutely writ in praise of it "De laudibus Podagræ;" thereby infinitely transcending, not only that opinion of the Stoics, who simply denied the ill of illness, but Baxter, who Christianly made the best of it, thanked God, when he had the gout, that it was not the stone, and when he had that other and worse affliction, that he was not visited by both of them at once. Our sufferings were very severe—"membrifagi cruciatus," as they are very aptly called by the translator of Lucian's tragedy—and such as would not, we are confident, have yielded to all the remedies, even that last and filthy one, of Georgius Valla. But we are optimists, in a reasonable and religious way—after Chillingworth's fashion, not Pope's—and endeavoured, earnestly, to draw some good from the pains which we underwent. One while, we flatter ourselves, it was of a higher and graver character—in impressing upon our minds the necessity of patience and an uncomplaining acquiescence in the Divine will, "Thy pleasure, O Lord, be done, even though it be to my undoing;" at another time, mundane and literary. Many a man, indeed, to speak of the latter consideration only—for the former suits not these light pages—has both read and composed a great deal more during the wagon progress of a long convalescence than he would ever have found time to do amidst the thousand pleasures of health, and the eternal hunt after money—that game which all the world seems to think to be never out of season. Many another book than that of Congreve's—his play of the "Old Bachelor"—or Miss Mitford's "Atherton," we have better grounds than prefaces for knowing, has been written in bed, to beguile the tortures or the tediousness of illness. And of which there merits not, we hope, to be said what carping Collier said of that one, "that the disorder must be bad indeed which could be worse than such a remedy."

For our own illness, we are obliged to confess, that we brought it entirely on ourselves, by an unwillingness to be convinced that we were twenty years older than when we last visited Switzerland; and by taking as much, and as violent, exercise as we were able to take upon that occasion, not only with impunity but advantage. It clung to us long and lovingly; wanting, in truth, but the slightest invitation, in the

* Christopher Balista, of Paris, and Bilibald Birchmeyer, of Strasbourg: joint authors of one of those many mock Panegyrics, which we have, sometimes, thought of collecting, by way of a supplement to Dornavius.

shape of a piece of additional imprudence upon our part, to remain our body's guest, and the jailer of our freedom, for some indefinitely long period of time: but being upon our guard, we were rewarded, at the end of five weeks, by feeling ourselves sufficiently recovered to emerge from our chamber.

A happy day, indeed, was that as we seated ourselves, once more, on a sunny bench, upon the pleasant terrace, in front of our good and kind host's, the proprietor of the Schweizerhof; gazing, absorpedly, on the glorious lake and its amphitheatre of mountains. The sky was covered with innumerable clouds, each of the whiteness and, apparent, bigness of a sheep's fleece, through which the powerful sun ploughed his way like a ship among the icebergs. The air was so soft and warm, yet, at the same time, so fresh and pure, that we could have fancied, as we basked delightedly in it, we were enjoying the Roman luxury of a bath of milk.

"Continùo sensus pertentat Frigoris aura
Vivida; et insinuans mulcet amœnus odor."

We know not that we ever, so thoroughly, tasted the beauty of those exquisite Latin lines,* worthy to have flown from the pen of Propertius. So wrapped up were we, at once, in the scene and the hour and our own enjoyment of them, that we should, we sadly fear, had anyone interrupted us by a question or remark, in that delicious doze of waking faculties and contemplation, which was not thought, have answered him snappishly—or at random—or, perhaps, not at all.

On our right hand frowned Pilate, with sullen sides and many pointed heads—the Hydra of mountains. Far behind it, visible only at its eastern extremity, rose the white peak of the great Finster-Aahorn, seen like a snowy tent close at hand. A little to the left, nearer to us, peering over the long chine of the Stanzerhorn, was the round and blunt head of the Titlis. Wallenstock was in front of us, and the lower ridge of Hammerswand jutting over the lake; and bounding the horizon, in that direction, the great chain over which is carried the Pass of Saint Gothard. Dodi Glariden and savage Glarnisch, in the bend of the horse-shoe, followed in succession. Close at hand, on our left, its white buildings glittering in the sun, rested the green mass of Righi, the least picturesque

* Preserved in Dr. Joseph Warton's most charming "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope:" one passage of which, however, not all the gratitude which we bear to the author can prevent us from smiling at. "It is a true observation," says he, very gravely, "that a poet, to write happily and well, must have seen, and *felt*, what he describes;" and he proceeds to illustrate his notion of excellence, in this way, by the poem of "Fracastorius de morbo Gallico." Heaven forbid our being a poet at such a price!

of mountains in itself, the most beautiful of all mountains for the view which it commands. The lake lay beneath our feet, its blue waters flashing and broken with the oars of the returning market-boats. The body and end of the slanting Cross, to which, for its shape, it has frequently been compared, were hidden in the distance; but its bright arms stretched out before us, the right one pointing to Alpnach, the left one towards Kussnacht. Seebourg—once an Austrian fortress, in the days of Swiss subjection, but now a pleasant pension-house—with Stotz, and many another fair building, lined its margin or smiled upon its slopes.

When we hear people say, of a scene like this—a great sublime expanse of nature—that it crowds their bosoms with various emotions, we have no sympathy with them. With us it has a precisely opposite effect. It crushes all thought and feeling, in an overpowering and benumbing consciousness of its presence. It is to our minds what one of those little water-glasses, which we make use of to extract a fly or other small object, is to the eye. It fills the whole frame and socket of it; leaving room there for the sense of nothing but itself.

But we are not writing a guide-book: yet that out of no respect for Mr. Murray, whom we look upon as a jealous publisher, loving not the name of Bogue, or the name of Tauchnitz—though the latter gentleman, in our opinion, is one of the greatest benefactors, of the age he lives in, to every Englishman that travels abroad; and we fully design, one day or other, to erect a monument to him, in these pages, of our own and our countrymen's gratitude. We will linger but a few minutes more before proceeding to what we have got to say, just to mention one or two matters, special we think, in their combination, to the town and canton of Lucerne, and for the truth of which we pledge our word. In the first place the wind never, or but most rarely, blows there; so that the mercury may descend as low as it likes, within any reasonable west-of-Europe limitation, and you shall not, in that perfect stillness, suffer any serious inconvenience from cold. We have been warmer there, out of doors, upon a day when it was twenty degrees below the freezing point than we have been in our own country when it was ten degrees above it. For our experience of that part of Switzerland is not limited, we desire to say, to the enforced and summer sojourn, which we made there upon that particular occasion, but has extended, at various times, to every season of the year. In the next place, every experienced sportsman, who are here the Moores and Murphies of the community, as shepherds commonly are in other places, will predict, with unerring accuracy, impending falling weather, in how long time it shall arrive, and whether in the shape of rain or snow, by a minute observation, not of the heavens but the earth. For the surface of the ground, say they, to those

that will watch and study it narrowly, sympathizes, perceptibly and quite differently, with every coming change of the weather. And what is generally thought to be true of tortoises and cats, and a piece of sea-weed, is manifested in that barometer much more strikingly and discriminatingly. And, lastly, what we can in no way account for, though you should introduce a white ram and twenty of the whitest ewes in the world, into the canton, the progeny, of nine out of ten of them, shall be black—a most mischievous anomaly and freak of nature in regard to the mutton, which is here invariably bad, and such as would have drawn tears and moving ejaculations from Fontenelle and Charles Lamb. It tastes abominably of the hide,—as we nothing doubt would be the case with a collop cut from a blackamoor; for, though Brown, who questioned whether Jews had a bad odour,* has decided, and as we are disposed to think, upon the whole, not unreasonably, that proposition in the negative, he had never questioned the unsavouriness of Negroes,—so that it is an indispensable rule, in this part of the world, as it is a very good one everywhere else, to parboil a leg of that meat before you put it upon the spit.

We should have been abundantly happy the next few days, though we had had no other cause of happiness than the blessed sense, after so much suffering, of a perfect freedom from pain. Two or three times in the course of a morning, we would spring suddenly up from our chair and jump over the stool at our feet—not like that celebrated German Baron, by way of learning to be lively, "j'apprends à etre vif," that would have gone far to justify the, not altogether unfounded, opinion of Father Bouhours, that one of that nature cannot possibly be witty—but to make sure that we had entirely recovered the use and vigour of our muscles. Then we would remain still for two or three seconds, listening, as it were, with our whole body, to find whether any ache or strain had followed from our performance. And when we were satisfied of our entire sound-

* "Vulgar Errors," book iv., cap. 10. His arguments appear unanswerable; but our senses, we must confess, are somewhat opposed to our sense in the matter; and, to speak our minds fully, Jews that eschew pork have for the most part, to our thinking, rather a swinish cast of countenance. Brown, who combats its justice, admits the general prevalence of that opinion of their ill savour: "which," says he, "the nastiness of that nation and its sluttish course of life, their servile condition at the first, and ways of parsimony ever since, have done much towards the promoting." How old the notion was we read in "Ammian," and, more clearly, in "Martial's Epigram:"

"Jejunia Sabbatariorum
Mallem, quam quòd oles, olere, Bassa."

The famous Cardinal Campeggio, of whom Ancillon in his "Conversations," as reported by his son, records other eccentric opinions, not only took—pro concesso—the unsavouriness of Jews, but held it for "a curse divinely inflicted upon them: a badge and a perpetual brand on those that crucified Christ."

ness—so that we could have warranted ourselves, in that respect, as Mr. Field would a horse—out, energetically, went our foot into the air, as though we were bestowing a hearty kick upon our departed and discomfited tormentor. Few feelings, indeed, we are disposed to think, are of more common growth in the human breast than the desire to combat calamity bodily. Whether it be a debt we cannot pay, or a piece of calumny, or a fit of despondency, or any other mental malady and vexation, we long to have it substantially before us in an attitude of defiance, that we might throw ourselves upon it and grapple with it, and hurl it to the ground, beneath our feet. Yet rather, we apprehend, from a certain latent and ineradicable hope of victory against all disadvantage of odds—such as might have animated some unhappy gladiator or Christian martyr in his unmatched fight in the bloody arena against a Libyan lion or Hyrcanian tiger—than from any inherent appetence of battle; for cowards, doubtless, experience the feeling as often, and as vehemently, as brave men.

O Fortunati nimiùm sua si bona nôrint!

O happy race, we were continually exclaiming, so that ye did but know how happy ye are, who are blessed with uninterrupted health; and are astonished and think it a grevious injury to be laid up, though it be but for a day! A most trite and hackneyed reflection; yet which we will not, for that consideration, scruple to write down, and print—for a proverb itself, to our thinking, has all the vividness of novelty, when we do not merely repeat it by rote or by way of homely consolation to others, but when it rises from our heart to our lips, on the happening to ourselves of some occurrence similar, perchance, to that which originally gave rise to it; just as we never tire of bread and water, on fresh occasions of hunger and thirst, though we eat and drink of them every day. "Nihil est dictum," in these late days, "quod non sit dictum prius." Every moral truth is as old as that is, only it may not be quite so common.

We do not remember to have ever envied this beast for his strength, or that one for his speed, or a third for his impenetrable hide proof against every verminous assault, that enables him to graze tranquilly in the midst of musquitoes, and to sleep soundly in the midst of fleas. Some little jealousy we will plead guilty to, and disposition to quarrel with the order of things, when we have been groaning with an attack of indigestion, and the thought has come across our minds that a cow—whose food is so simple and monotonous, should be blessed by providence with four stomachs, while man, that would appear to require that provision of nature in so much greater a degree, is limited to one. And upon one particular occasion, when we were trudging along one broiling day, on a

high road, and late for dinner, we heartily grudged a swallow its wings, as it skimmed insultingly by us, skating as it were through the air, cutting every sort of circumgyratory figure. But we do most sincerely, and that pretty constantly—for we have a crazy corporeal frame of our own—think the brute creation to be eminently fortunate in their exemption, to so great an extent, from any bodily ills of Nature's infliction, save that of age. That they should suffer rarely, and but little, in their minds, is reasonable enough, and only a counterbalancing comfort for their incapacity of intellectual felicity, and the higher satisfaction of the soul; but that they should be free—almost universally—from constitutional as well as from moral annoyances, is a long notch in their reckoning, and a serious pull against humankind. Our only consolation, against that thought—in a bad headache or a fit of gout or rheumatism—is this: that though we would delightedly change beings—pro illâ vice—with the cat on our hearth, or the dog in our kennel, we should shudder to think of changing with them entirely; even though that notion of ingenious Rorarius,* were true to the full extent—"Quod bruta animalia sæpe Ratione utantur meliùs Homine"—that beasts frequently employ their faculties, such as they are, in a more sensible way than human beings, which he exemplifies, among a thousand other instances, by that supreme folly of King Henry the Eighth, who summoned a dead man—Thomas à Becket—to rise up and be tried for his life; or that other, and stranger, opinion of Sennert,† that the spiritual and understanding part of brutes

* A singularly-amusing book, containing more extraordinary anecdotes of animals than any in Buffon, Bingley, or Jesse; and deductions from them even more extraordinary still. We extract the passage referred to, as the work though common enough on the continent is scarce in England:—"Is qui nunc vivit, Henricus Angliæ Rex, aliam super uxorem ducendi libidine cæus, post innumeras paratas cædes, inter quas Roffensis & Morus, duo illa doctrinarum lumina extincta, duo illæ Catholicæ fidei firmissimæ columnæ eversæ; nonne Divi Thomæ Cantuariensis, cujus natalem diem celebrat Ecclesia, cadaver effossum, non sècus quam si viveret, citari et coram eum sisti fecit?" book i., page 52. Rorarius—Jerome by name—Papal Legate at the Court of Naples, during the reign of Henry viii.; and—whatever he might have been, which we could never exactly satisfy ourselves about, in other parts of the book—was evidently in earnest here.

† William Sennert, of Wittenburgh, a distinguished chymist, and metaphysician—that other name for a very useless mortal—of the seventeenth century. Bayle, who had attentively perused his writings—by no means the case invariably in books which he refers to, with that most witty and wide-reading scholar—has extracted some singular passages from them. One anecdote of Sennert, that would have mightily tickled Bayle had he known it, we have met with in Doctor Wittie, a contemporary English physician. "Sennert," says he, "that loved experiments as well as my lord Bacon himself, being of opinion that a hen might be brought to lay golden eggs, did feed one upon gold-leaf for many months; but I cannot hear that she laid any eggs differing from those of the rest of her kind."

was shaped out of the same exalted essence with our own, but with this great gulph of difference between the two — that in the one case it resembles a coin which is called in, and its existence put an end to, immediately upon the death of the monarch whose image and superscription it bears, whereas the souls of men may be likened to medals that are intended to endure for ever!

But we had other things to occupy and amuse us besides this one, the most pleasurable of all—the revelling and exulting in our new health. Our sunshine was not animal only—and of the spirits which flow from a vigorous body, and the blood running cheerfully through the veins—but also of the mind. There is not, we verily believe, a single town in England, though it be ever so inconsiderable and dull and unprepossessing at the first appearance, which does not contain, either in itself or its immediate vicinity, some object worthy of the attention of the traveller, so that he will only look about for it. Everywhere there is something to be seen in the way of art or nature; or more frequently, perhaps, than either, interesting historical association. We recollect, many years ago, having been detained for a couple of days, by a troublesome piece of business, which we could neither neglect nor discharge vicariously, at the little town of S———, in Buckinghamshire; if that truly should be called a town which is a mere mile of high-road lined with commonplace houses, and whose only public building is a church. Yet even here, without an acquaintance, and as it happened from the suddenness of our journey without having provided ourselves with a single book, we were anything but dull and unoccupied. We were at no loss to shape out a pleasant pursuit for the employment of that portion of our time which was not otherwise and much less agreeably engaged. Several hours, on the first day, we spent in wandering about the town, first up this side and then up that, endeavouring to satisfy our minds in which particular house, or its predecessor upon the same site, the two young princes passed the night—those victims of Crookback's cruelty and ambition—on their melancholy journey to the tower, and their graves. And the next morning we were up betimes, and on our way to the village of Grafton, a league or so distant, to see if we could trace out any remains of the once stately mansion of the Woodvilles, which blithe King Edward rode over to from S———, one fine summer morning, nearly four hundred years ago, and privately espoused the sleek widow Grey, the daughter of the Lord of Grafton.

S——— and its neighbourhood had their two attractions; but here, in Lucerne, there were sights enough—with a wise economy of them, and the putting ourselves upon an allowance of pleasure—to last us for the ten days or thereabouts which we had designed to stay there. We say

economy of pleasures: for we have accustomed ourselves through life to deal with these as we do with our game, which we never wantonly and thriftlessly destroy in one great slaughtering unsatisfactory day, but husband it with so judicious an expenditure and the killing only exactly as much as we want, that it lasts us through the entire season; nor is the first of February without its share any more than the first of September. And a very charming and compensating thing it is for the sobriety and contentedness of such a disposition, that a wonderfully small stock of pleasures, and those of a very simple kind, will amply suffice a man through life, who will but make up his mind to give his whole heart and soul to one of them at a time, and thoroughly to exhaust that before he proceeds to another. For our own parts, we are proud to say it, the prospect of a new walk, or a new book, or a day's fishing in some untried brook or river—nay, even the likelihood, from the look of the evening, of a bright and warm day for the morrow—are quite enough to excite agreeable sensations in our breast. We think of them at night, when we go to bed, and they are present to our minds directly we awake.

Here, in Lucerne, there was many an interesting object, not all of them obvious at first and such as thrust themselves ostentatiously upon the notice of a stranger, but lying a little way off in the suburbs, or in odd nooks and corners of the streets, and requiring to be sought out; and the more enjoyable, for that very reason, as being the fruits of our proper discoveries. There was the pleasant walk of the Three Linden Trees, whence is obtained by far the most beautiful of the many beautiful views from various points of the town; with its crowded jostling houses, its long bridge over the rushing Reuss, as it darts away from the calm lake, Sonnenburgh and Schauensee in the distance, and close beneath us the slender spires of the ancient church of the Hof, and that solemn yet most lovely burying-ground—with its succession of open arches, framing each of them a piece of the blue sky and snowy distant mountains—in whose bosom, were we to end our days here, we would entreat of the charity of our catholic brethren, the indulgence of a grave. Then there was that graceful line of old walls, as white and perfect as though they had been built but yesterday, environing the town, on the land side, in the shape of a bent bow, and springing up at every hundred yards into a tall castellated tower. These were the works of man; and they acted upon our minds very differently from a great and awful display of nature. Instead of stunning our imagination, they propelled it; and every story of their history or tradition, with which we had made ourselves acquainted, would come gliding across our memories like figures upon a sheeted wall, as we would stand, with folded arms, gazing by the hour together, upon those fresh

yet venerable remains of ages so long departed. Now it is the glorious perilous year 1332: and the whole country without the ramparts, where we are now standing, is crowded with armed men, over whose heads, as they march to the assault, wave the black and blue standards of Argovy and the green and white ones of Thurgovy. The scaling-ladders are laid against the walls; the sky is darkened with arrows; the air rings with blows, and oaths, and loud war-cries, with the shrieks of the wounded and dying, and the savage shouts of triumph and vengeance. Now it is the eve of the Annunciation, and a procession of peaceful monks is winding its way, with hymns and fragrant censers, to the church of Blessed Mary of the Snow, to return thanks to the Almighty, that mercifully bade the wind to shift on the occasion of the great conflagration of 1340. Famous too was that fire, for an instance of man's kindliness of spirit and noble forgetfulness of ancient grievances, as well as of the Divine mercy. The peasants of Unterwalden, seeing the flames blazing from afar, hurried across the lake, in numerous boats, to the assistance of the men of Lucerne. Now there had long raged a bitter feud between the inhabitants of the two cantons, growing out of a disputed right of the pasturage on the mountains that divided them; and the men of Lucerne, distrusting the intentions of so large a body of men, drew up in a line on the shore, prepared to oppose their landing. The brave peasants, filled with grief that they should be suspected of such an unworthy purpose as the endeavouring to take advantage of the calamity which had befallen their neighbours, called out, with tears in their eyes, "Dear friends and fellow-countrymen! we come but to succour you in your great danger; to help to save you and your wives, and your children, and your goods, in this great visitation wherewith it has pleased Heaven to afflict you." Touched at once, and ashamed of their ungenerous suspicions, the citizens gratefully accepted their assistance. Their joint exertions, favoured as they were, at that very moment, by a providential change in the wind, succeeded, eventually, in extinguishing the flames, though not before they had burnt down a large part of the town. And it is a pleasant thing to be able to add, that all their differences were speedily arranged, and that a warm friendship, from that day forward down to the present time, has continued to unite the two cantons.

(To be continued.)

A TRIP TO PARNASSUS.

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
In which he puts alms for oblivion."

Shakspeare.

"None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
Whose hand is feeble or his aim untrue."

Cowper.

THE ISLAND VOYAGER: a Smilitude. Pp. 51. London: *Hope and Co.*

THE LAST MAMMOTH: a Romance, in Five Cantos. Pp. 88. London: *Hope and Co.*

THE END REVEALED. By the author of "All Things." Pp. 26. London: *G. Ferguson*, King's Road, Chelsea.

THE TITANS OF TO-DAY AND OTHER POEMS. By the author of "Sesostris." Pp. 45. London: *Hope and Co.*

SESOSTRIS; OR, THE PRIEST AND THE KING: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By C. H. Williams. London: *Hope and Co.*

The pleasure of composing verses must be very great; and he who considers himself summoned by the Muses to delight mankind, by imparting to them the noble thoughts and beautiful imaginings with which he feels himself inspired, is perhaps more to be envied than the monarch on his throne. But, probably, *in degree*, every man of a reflective turn has been a poet at some period of his life. We say "in degree," because with most men the poetic impulse is too transient, and too little encouraged, to have much influence on their mode of life. The veriest citizen, who was scarcely ever out of the sound of Bow bell, and who has passed his days among the petty details of trade, is perhaps conscious that there is within him an undeveloped capacity of mental enjoyment, which has only and on rare occasions been made manifest even to himself. A visit to a distant relative—to an old school-fellow, in some romote solitude—or it may be to the sea-shore, in the sunny days of spring—touches a new chord: his mind expands under the genial influence of the kindly sympathies and novel combinations which now surround him; and, in the words of Thompson,

"With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers——."

Here for the first time, perhaps, he listens to the warbling of birds, without wishing for cages, and sees lambs sporting around him, without

thinking of mint-sauce. If you met such a man, at such a time, he would, most likely, talk poetically to you, for "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" but he is one whose objects in life are defined, who feels himself competent only to fulfil the duties to which he has been habituated, and whose poetical aspirations pass away with the occasion that gave rise to them.

To feel poetically and to write even tolerable poetry are two very different things.

"'To a poet nothing can be useless,' said Imlac, 'whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety.'"

This is only a small portion of the knowledge necessary to a poet, says the same authority; and it is a mistake, that occurs almost daily, to suppose that an inclination to make verses indicates also a genius of sufficient power, and a mind sufficiently cultivated, to secure, by the fluent productions of the pen, the applause of an admiring world. What else could induce people to inundate the press, from week to week, with poems—by courtesy so called—a dozen pages of which no amount of good-natured perseverance will enable a reader to get through, at a sitting, without falling asleep! Does anyone, advisedly and with knowledge prepense, purchase such books? Would anybody, but an unfortunate critic, accept them as a present, or be caught, shamelessly, in the guilty fact of having them in his possession? And what can compensate the benevolent and self-sacrificing publisher who endorses them with his name?

We cannot help thinking that some government measure might be, advantageously, passed, to protect Her Majesty's lieges from the mental assault and battery to which they are subjected at the discretion of these pen-armed bands of ruthless poetasters. Regulations have recently been made, which render it necessary that aspirants for military offices should be able to read and write, and to cast accounts; and nautical people must now qualify themselves for advancement, even in the merchant service, by answering, satisfactorily, certain questions in navigation. Why not also subject candidates for poetic fame to some test of ability, before they are permitted to obtrude themselves on the public? We would not be hard with them, but let them, at least, pass an examination in "Horace's Art of Poetry," and commit to memory the tenth chapter of "Rasselas."

The distress of a man of true taste, at being subjected to the tender mercies of a bad poet, may be instanced by the case of Philoxenus, who was imprisoned by Dionysius, the elder, of Sicily. On the occasion

of a feast, he was sent for, to give his opinion of some verses, which the tyrant had composed, and which all his courtiers had applauded. Philoxenus knew that he had only to make the smallest sign of approval in order to secure his liberation, with the certainty of being again received into favour; instead of which, as soon as the recital was finished, he turned, impatiently, to his guards, and desired to be immediately taken back to prison—thinking it a smaller hardship to work in the quarries, than, with all the luxuries of life around him, to sit and listen complacently to such excruciating poetry. Dionysius, tyrant as he was, has been, perhaps, more abused than he deserved; at all events, he could appreciate merit—he had the magnanimity to pardon his uncompromising critic.

But it is time we should bring our attention more particularly to the works before us, to illustrate the observations we have made.

Let us take the "Island Voyager," for instance; two parts (fifty-one pages) of an allegorical poem—how many more are to come is not mentioned. It is a sort of fairy tale, "the object of the author being," says the preface, "under this similitude, to shadow forth the fall of a Christian into sin, and his restoration by repentance." The scene opens among some imaginary islands, a pleasing and poetical idea enough; and here are samples of the versification:—

"At intervals along the shore
Rode pleasure-boats at ease;
Oh! 't was a pleasant sight to see
Them scud before the breeze;
To see their swelling sails so white,
Oh! 't was a gay and pleasant sight."

Now we rather object to the figure of pleasure-boats riding at ease, and at the same time scudding before the breeze; and in the very next verse—which it is impossible to read without thinking of those venerable rhymesters Sternhold and Hopkins—we find these pleasure boats completely metamorphosed:—

"'How happy must those seamen be!'
The little child did say,
'To voyage in those *giant barks*
And dwell in them alway——.'"

Again,

"The child upon the bark is gone,
The bark is quickly flying,
The breezes gambol with the sails,
With joy the birds are *crying*."

The idea in the last line we believe to be entirely original.

Here also is a new figure in poetry, or, more properly speaking, in rhetoric :—

"A child he seemed of tenderest years—
Scarce three years old, or less;
But his own mien and subjects' cheers
Their sovereign express."

Imagine the cruelty of permitting fifty pages of a hatch-up in this style to be wantonly inflicted on an innocent, unsuspecting reader, who never gave the author the least provocation! The second part is in the Spenserian stanza, but without any elevation of tone or sentiment. Take the following two verses as a fair sample of the whole. We hope the lady therein sketched was not intended for a complimentary portrait of Her Majesty, at the commencement of her auspicious reign.

"The Island's Queen, the guardian of the fane,
A maiden might be deemed of unripe years:
A throne she therein had and courtly train,
But loved far more the hills and lonely meres:
A wild and fitful creature she appears,
From crowds retiring; nor could any know,
If she drank deeper draughts of joy or tears,
If they should deem she happy was or no,
So strange the varying moods which tossed her to and fro.

"Oft too, so wild her speech, that she might pass
For one half-crazed; which thing made some as high
Exalt her. A rare work her raiment was,
Of dewdrops wove by heavenly chemistry;
Each gem yet showing in its little sky
That image fair, which it new-gathered wore,
Of leaf, or what sweet thing so e'er was nigh,
When first it fell; flower, bird, or lichen hoar,
Of childhood's smiling face its mirror bending o'er."

From this unfortunate "Island Voyager" let us turn to "The Last Mammoth." We were always lovers of Natural History and its wonders, and what a relief to come back to it now! Oh, *Messrs. Hope and Co.*, of all the publishers, in London, you are the most likely to drive us to despair! Positively, you ought to be keel-hauled, or rough-musicked* at the least, for sanctioning with your respectable name the publication of such measured nonsense!

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* A custom in the south of England, and derived, we believe, from very ancient times. When any domestic sins, which the law will not reach, are committed, so as to become offensive to the neighbourhood, the people assemble with all sorts of discordant instruments, and surround the house of the offender, making a dreadful noise, for some considerable time.

This "Last Mammoth" is indeed a *monster!* a tremendous exaggeration of all the faults of the work we have just described. It purports, however, to be a philosophic poem; and as the other was intended to shadow forth the life of a Christian, this proposes to exhibit the progress of Liberty.

To give any account of the poem would exceed our limits, and its claims on us. An extract or two will enable our readers to judge of its merits:—

"But with eclipsing glory blazing lone;
Rising irradiant full, and beaming far;
Transcendant, inexpressible, who's yon?—
Sure this must be the uncreated Star.
Lo, from his diadem that electric shone,
Hurling a flaming gem,—as 't were to bar
Completely, and shut out what might presume
E'er to encroach,—ensu'd chaotic gloom.

"What was't which from that gem's explosive crash
Issu'd immens'rate, lumbrous brooding round?
Not something merely to blot out or wash
From Heaven's sight some object blacker found.
What, if constituent in that gaseous flash
Things inextinguishable may abound?
And if existent be the germ of light,
What though may Chaos thus engender Night?"

Would you like another example, dear reader? There are eighty-eight pages of it, any dozen lines of which will as infallibly raise a laugh as "Hudibras." And yet the author is a serious thinker, who might have written very good sense, if he had confined himself to prose, and a subject he really comprehended.

Thank goodness, we now approach "The End," which, alas! as far as we are concerned, might just as well have been written in Chaldee: the words, no doubt, are English, and there is some approach to grammar in their arrangement; but as to meaning, we defy an eye keen as that of the sea-mew—which can perceive at five-hundred yards distance a piece of bread the size of a walnut—to discern, the fragment of an idea in this rhapsody, from one end of its twenty-six pages to the other! It is a conglomeration of "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder," and every other horrid din besides; and would, no doubt, have been excessively sublime, had it not been so supremely ridiculous. Our readers shall judge for themselves. It is quite immaterial where we take our extract, here is page ten:—

"But where religious awe and zeal display'd,
And valiant courage reigns alike in armies heart, oppos'd

In battle's desperate strife,
Ah! deadly is the scene, oh! sore misery,
Ah! hell's ferocity the spectacle.—
Through heaven and earth, deadly echoes rend the air,
Fierce strife, hell's thunders and satanic sounds, volcano's awe,
Fire and blood-bred shrieks,
With foggy smoke as deadly as 't is dark,
And flames tangible.
Fierce fire more durable than Etna's roar,
A thousand groans ascend the skies, but the four winds return
And breathe heaven's defiance
To the departure of war's most awful sound,
Which echoes ever and anon return,
Discordant as the breathings of hell's fiery flames.
Blood, death, and groaning agonies excite the element.
The fierce howling winds,
And groans bespeak the angry grave of strife,
For proud hosts unslain.
Thunders roll, fire's the reigning element
In deepest darkness clad."

"Discord," it has been asserted, "is harmony not understood;" and possibly this "prose run mad" might bear some interpretation if one could only find a clue to it! Imagine the despair of a foreigner, who boasted his knowledge of English, having the task assigned him to render the foregoing into his own tongue! The translation would, no doubt, "astonish the natives," and be a literary curiosity, in its way. We have ourselves, like bully Bottom, "a reasonable good ear for the tongs and the bones," but, surely, no mortal man could extract any music out of that. The advantage of this style of writing is, that you may read from the bottom of a page to the top, or from top to bottom, or begin in the middle and read towards either end, without injury to the sense: like those cards for conversation, where any answer suits for any question, shuffle them how you will.

"The Titans of to-day," by a poet who is bold enough to give his name, we must admit to be equally incomprehensible to us; and it is written in the blankest of blank verse. But when the author chooses to come down from his stilts, he rises very considerably in our estimation. In the same volume there is a little poem called the "Syren's Isle," which is more adapted to our capacity. We who, like Byron, delight to roam

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,"

can feel that the following stanza is, at least, poetical:—

"'Row gently, friends, there's sunshine on our course,—
Life's morning mists are fading fast away;
Our hearts begin to feel the vital force

Of genial pleasure brightening into day;
Row gently, friends;
How sweet the gale from yonder palmy Isle
Comes murmuring down, the dimpled waters smile
Beneath its touch, and heave to be caress,
Like a young maid when mutual love's confest.
Row gently, friends, thither our course we steer;
Why are we cautioned? what is there to fear?
Blue seas around us, golden skies above,
Joy at our hearts, and all things breathing love.'"

You, gentle reader, may not think those the best lines in the poem—nor are they: it is sufficient for us that, like a simple melody, they touched a responsive chord in our heart; which, to say the truth, "although the grey doth somewhat mingle with our brown," still vibrates easily to the memory of pleasant days gone by.

The pleasing effect of the first three lines is, to us, impaired by the feebleness of the fourth, "pleasure brightening *into* day" is not easily conceived; we venture to suggest "like the day," as more forcible and consistent with the pretty description of its dawn. The word "vital" also disturbs our vitals: a more poetical and expressive term might have been found, pleasure is not a "vital" force. If we were disposed to be hypercritical we might also observe, that as there seems to have been a tolerably fresh breeze blowing from the island, rowing gently was not the way to get there. The author quotes Greek, and we hope he will not take it amiss if we commend to his consideration a single line of Latin:—

"Scribendi recté, sapere est principium et fons."

We might have cited more harshly from the same authority.

The "Tragedy of Sesostris" is written, as the author tells us, to endeavour to revive the, now languishing, British Drama. We fear it will produce little effect in that direction: not so much from want of ability in its author, as from the nature of its subject. Why will the writers of tragedy always persist in choosing the heaviest and dullest themes for their plots? Why can they not select from the histories of their own countries some of the innumerable stirring and truly dramatic events therein recorded?

It may be doubted whether any genius could awaken in the hearts of men and women, in the nineteenth century, any deep sympathy with the heroes and heroines of Egypt and Assyria. At all events, the gifted author of "Sardanapalus" failed to do so, and Mr. Williams has not succeeded in "Sesostris." The former only retains its place on the stage as a spectacle—the latter, we believe, has never been acted; and, for the author's sake, we trust the experiment of producing it will not be made.

It is not destitute of *poetry*, but the speeches have nearly all the great defect of being too long. Thothmes, a priest, who is the evil genius of the piece, is terribly verbose. If a good thing is to be said, why need it be drawn out tediously into a dozen yards of impalpable gold wire, when the reader would prefer it clear and obvious to the sense, though a little rough—like the original nugget itself? and for theatrical effect, simplicity and compression are still more important. It is remarkable that our modern tragedies are written in inflated language, which is neither generally spoken nor universally understood. We do not know a single one of them, the performance of which we should not consider it a dreary misappropriation of our time to sit and witness throughout.

Mr. Williams has some poetry in his soul, as we have shewn; and if he will only eschew tragedy and blank verse, we will promise to read whatever he writes hereafter, and not to condemn him without a very fair hearing.

When Coleridge was hard pressed by his critics—for *his* Pegasus sometimes carried him roughly—he said, "until you understand *a writer's ignorance*, presume yourself *ignorant of his understanding*," and this comfortable apothegm he adopted, thenceforward, as a *maxim*—as O'Connell did his vow against duelling—to serve as a shield for future occasions. And in this way every poet may, and no doubt will, to a certain extent, take comfort to himself against all attacks, by pleading the reviewers' ignorance. They do not understand him! That which is to them a stumbling-block of obscurity, he is quite sure that a little explanation would render clear to the meanest capacity. But even so, and admitting that your critic may be only a reader of good ordinary intelligence, is it not for such that books are written? and if you have not made your meaning obvious, or if, when you thought yourself sublime, he found you only perplexing, has he not a right to complain? Homer and Virgil condescended to write intelligibly, we need no expositor for Milton, and the words of Shakspeare inspire us as we read. Pope and Swift never leave the sense in doubt, and even the cumbrous Johnson is always explicit. If then we readily comprehend these great masters, are we to be deterred from pronouncing judgment, because we may not be able to fathom the deep profound of a modern writer's ignorance, and therefore remain "ignorant of his understanding?" If a writer has a distinct idea, our language is sufficiently copious to admit of his expressing it intelligibly; and in poetry the sense which is not manifest at the first reading will seldom, we imagine, be sought for in a second. But, someone exclaims:—

"Here end thy brave and turn thy face in peace!"

and gladly do we seize the occasion to lay aside our pen. The poems under notice may not in themselves have deserved so much space as we have given to our commentary, though comprising more verses than the imperishable odes of Gray and Collins together; but, in some sort, reviewing may be said to resemble hunting, and the reader, like the rider, depends more on the incidents of the chase, for his amusement, than on the quality of the game afoot. The antlered monarch of the glades sometimes affords little more than a dull canter over a level country—and what fun could we get out of Whewell or Faraday, Hallam or Macaulay? —while a little dingy wretch of a bag-fox will often keep the whole field in a state of excitement for hours—

"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood——"

And so on, scampering "Hither and thither," or sneaking "There and back again," to the end of the chapter. And with this apology, which if you are the least in the world of a sporting character—lady or gentleman—we are sure you will kindly accept, we take our leave of you till next month.

THE FORTUNES OF A COLONIST. By Philip Ruysdale. London: *T. C. Newby.*

Is this a romance, or a truthful record of adventures that have actually befallen the author? The book has no preface, nor does the writer assure us that he is simply relating facts. If we could *believe* in its statements, we should pronounce it a most interesting, exciting, and instructive narrative; but, unfortunately, there is such a strong tinge of improbability about many parts of it, that we know not what to believe, and what to reject. This is a serious defect. Had Mr. Ruysdale (is the name even a genuine one?) called his work a "story," or a "romance," we should have given it our hearty approbation, as one of the most interesting we had read; had he assured us that he was writing *truth*, we should have been bound to believe him, and should have followed his adventures with the warmest interest; but as he has done neither, we cannot yield ourselves up to the enjoyment of a romantic tale, nor follow with delight the actual "Fortunes of a Colonist." We are left in doubt and perplexity.

On his way to America, Mr Ruysdale leaves his ship to pursue a polar bear, on an iceberg. A storm coming on, the sailors, who have accompanied him to the iceberg, make their way, hurriedly, back in the boat, to join the ship, leaving him alone on the floating island of ice with the bear he has slain. He remains here for three or four days, feeding on the carcass of the bear and that of a seal which he also kills: at length, when nearly despairing of aid, he is rescued by a passing ship. When we had read thus far, we were puzzled to know whether the author were in earnest or not, especially as he describes conversations so minutely that if they took place as he relates them his memory must be a very remarkable one.

His descriptions of American scenery, of life in the far-west of Canada, of backwoodsmen, of all the hardships and enjoyments, the miseries and delights of existence beyond the pale of civilization—all these are admirable, and will rivet the attention of the most careless, who may take up the book for the mere purpose of "dipping into it." There is also a romantic tale, interwoven in his narrative, of the life of a friend whom he makes in Canada, and whose death and legacy cause him to return to England.

For originality, descriptive and narrative powers, and conciseness of style, Mr. Ruysdale deserves every credit.

THE ENGLISH ENVOY AT THE COURT OF NICHOLAS I. By Miss Julia Corner. London: *Thomas Hodgson.*

The title of this work is a safe one to make it sell at the present moment. Nevertheless, those who are led by it to expect much insight into the Court of St. Petersburgh will be greviously disappointed. It is true that the hero of the story is despatched on an embassy to the Russian capital, and we have a few scenes laid at its Court, in which Nicholas I. figures, but he is simply the immensely tall and rather ill-tempered gentleman that we have all heard about and can all, to a certain extent, describe, without seeing him or knowing anything about him beyond our fellow mortals. He also magnanimously pardons a man who is proved to be *innocent* of the crime for which he had been condemned, which is, of course, very praiseworthy, and tends to raise "Old Nic" greatly in our estimation. The imaginary culprit is one of those heroes that ladies are so fond of pourtraying—very tall, a most exquisite figure, beautifully expressive eyes, and masses of curly hair. Just the man for angels of seventeen, in boarding-schools, to fall in love with! But Miss Corner takes a liberty with our Constitution that we cannot allow to pass unnoticed. In order to render this gentleman unusually interesting, he is in perpetual disguise while in England, lest he should be delivered up to the Russian authorities for his political offences at St. Petersburgh. Really this is too bad. We do not expect a lady to know much about law of any kind; but surely no one who wishes to instruct others should be ignorant of the fact that political refugees are *never* given up by England, though they may have offended all the potentates in Europe, from the Czar Nicholas in Petersburgh to King Bomba in Naples. Therefore it was quite unnecessary for the graceful Litofsky to hide his own sandy locks even under the very beautiful wig invented for him by Miss Corner; or to play the quill-driver in a merchant's office, instead of occupying apartments in Leicester Square, as refugees always do.

The book, as a novel, is not a bad one. There is nothing new in it, either in character or plot; nor are any of the men and women who play their part in its pages very powerfully drawn. Still there is sufficient interest in the story to make it readable—and what more can novel-readers expect, especially when eighteen-pence is all that the publisher demands for the book?

SIR GERVASE GREY: a Novel. By Mrs. Gordon, Authoress of "Kingsconnell," &c., &c. London: *T. C. Newby.*

Although this is a work of talent, it is a most painful one to read. Nine deaths are really too many for the feelings of soft-hearted novel readers. It is too heavy a draught on the fountains of their tears; for Mrs. Gordon writes so well that we become seriously interested in all her amiable characters, and then we are rewarded, for our

sympathy, by seeing the objects of our affection die in the third volume of their existence.

We must also protest against the authoress's fondness for dreams. Her heroes and heroines are always dreaming something extraordinary, and their dreams never fail to come true. But if the reality is so strongly to resemble the anticipatory dream, why not omit the latter altogether, if only for the sake of brevity? We should thus escape a twice-told tale, and Mrs. Gordon's book would come within the ordinary size of a work of fiction, instead of each volume containing from four to five hundred pages—the third one being, moreover, very closely printed. The experience of everyone must be *against* a faith in dreams, as far as any practical end could be gained through their means. We may occasionally find the events of to-day bear a strong resemblance to the dreams of last night; but, as most of us have the strangest and most varied visions in our sleep, it would be indeed remarkable if subsequent occurrences did *not*, sometimes, resemble them.

There is a great deal of good purpose, well worked out, in the novel before us. We would especially point out the admirable exposure of the absurdities of which "serious families" are sometimes guilty. Mrs. Gordon is one who thinks correctly and sensibly on religious subjects, and would be very unlikely to sneer or to smile at anything holy or worthy of reverence: but the puritanism of the mother, who, receiving a letter from her sick son, in India, on Sunday morning, will not open it "till service is over," is a fair subject for indignant ridicule. Is *this* the religion of Christ? Was it ever considered so in England till the days of the Puritans, who, whatever may have been their great and good qualities, certainly strove hard to suppress, in our country, a taste for the beautiful, the joyous, and the innocent?

"Sir Gervase Grey" will find favor with all who appreciate good writing and a skilfully-conducted story.

GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

BY A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

The rival topics of the month have been "The Crystal Palace" and "The War." Everybody has read descriptions of the opening of the former, which has all one characteristic in common—that of conveying very little idea of the reality. If the reader thinks that I am going to supply the deficiency, by writing a fresh description myself, he is greatly mistaken. I *could* do it (though he may not believe me), but I am a great deal too indolent. The shilling days have commenced, and have drawn about ten thousand a day—visitors, *not* pounds sterling—which will scarcely afford a sufficient revenue to the undertaking. The place is exquisite, unique—all that is superlative; but, *Dieu merci*, I have no shares in it.

Silistria is not taken. The Russians have raised the siege: three of their generals have been wounded, the Turks are again victorious. What have the "allied powers" been doing? Dining and reviewing. England and France have talked bravely—no one can deny it: they have also played at bombarding a half-defended town, on the Black Sea, and have captured some merchantmen in the Baltic. Honor to the brave!

By the way, all the town has been laughing at the "Handbook" gentlemen of the Crystal Palace, stumbling and blundering in their crab-like retreat, down the steps, from the presence of Her Majesty. One of them, however, fairly turned round, and stalked away in the ordinary mode of getting down stairs. The Queen stared—some say she flushed and looked indignant; but as Mr. Owen Jones's back was towards her, he could not see, and, therefore, is unable to tell me whether such is the fact. I think Her Majesty was more likely to smile. Scientific gentlemen have not generally been remarkable for courtly graces: like the Russians at Silistria, "they care not who sees their backs."

Samuel Phillips, the Literary Secretary of the Sydenham Palace, is an author of reputation, and reviews for the *Times*. He wrote that savage critique on Disraeli, which will hardly add to his fame: and then, he is himself of Disraeli's own "race," as his features declare legibly enough.

Talking of literary men, Mr. Slingsby Lawrence (otherwise Mr. Lewes, of the *Leader*) has written an English version of the beautiful little French piece *La joie fait peur*, and produced it, at the Lyceum, under the title of "Clouds and Sunshine." I have not seen it; but the clever critic, "H. M.," of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, says of it, that "the delicacy of the original has been sadly vulgarised: what was exquisitely refined in the French piece is harshly vulgar in the English version." The *Leader*, on the other hand, says it is admirably done; and if the editor of the *Leader* did it, he ought certainly to know.

Everyone who has read the sketches by the "Stranger in Parliament," in the *Leader*, has been delighted by their point and wit, though there is sometimes too much straining after smartness and cleverness exhibited in them. They are now collected and published with the author's name—Mr. Whitty, on the reporting staff of the *Daily News*.

The *Morning Chronicle* has changed hands again! That fact, however, is less remarkable than that Mr. Peto should have given £3,000. for it. Pope's exclamation used to be "God mend me!" "It would take him less time to make a new one," observed an urchin, looking at the crazy little carcass of the poet. Would not £3,000. have started a better paper than poor sinking old *Chronicle*, which has never had a spark of vitality in it since the days when it made Dan O'Connell its idol? We shall see how it succeeds as the "organ of the Evangelical Dissenters."

The proprietors of Theatres and other places of amusement can scarcely be making their fortunes, if I may judge from the empty benches I find in most of them. The Opera, at Covent Garden, certainly fills well; but who would not go to hear Grisi in her farewell season? I believe I could listen to her, with pleasure, anywhere except in the midst of a violent attack of toothache. Drury Lane is also well attended;

but a quarter of an hour's struggle to get up to the free-list pigeon-hole hinted to us "the reason why."

I have undergone a severe penance this month, to oblige a friend—I have been to two concerts. At one of them, I was in some degree rewarded for my self-sacrifice, by listening to a new *barytone*, a Mr. Allan Irving, from Italy, said to be the son of Dr. Irving, the well-known antiquarian. I can merely give this advice to my friends—whenever you see that gentleman's name in the bills of a concert go and hear him; and afterwards address your letters of gratitude, for this hint, to the care of my friend, the editor of the *New Monthly Review*.

One of the few places of amusement now patronized, in spite of the war (or in consequence of it), is The Gallery of Illustration, in Regent Street, whither the "Danube and the Black Sea" attract crowds twice a day. The picture of Sebastopol is alone worth the visit and the money. I recommend the King of Portugal, and all my other readers, to go and see it.

Mr. J. R. Smith is also successful in drawing large audiences to his "Tour of Europe," in Leicester Square; while the immortal Albert, at the Egyptian Hall, grows stouter and more amusing every day, and would, I verily believe, fill Westminster Abbey with his admirers, if the Dean and Chapter would grant him a lease of it.

Mr. Woodin is a first-rate mimic; nevertheless, the public will be sorry to hear that he talks of *taking himself off*.

The exhibition of the Royal Academy is considered a very fair one this year; but as three visits have only shown me the topmost range of "Portraits of a Gentleman," over the heads and bonnets (there is not much connexion between the two, I admit,) of crowds of fair ladies, I will not pretend to offer you my opinion, except on one point—that, I am convinced, all the "gentlemen," who exhibit their portraits on these walls, are dressed by Moses and Son.

The Nelson column has received its last embellishment, in the shape of a bronze plate, representing Nelson receiving the sword of the Commander of the *San Josef*, in the battle off St. Vincent. The metal was this time supplied by Government, so that we may, reasonably, suppose that it is solid, and not hollowed out and filled up with plaster, as on a former occasion.

There appears to be a good chance of the abolition of stamps, for Newspapers, being carried this session; but what will then be the arrangement with the Post-office, for their conveyance, remains to be proved. *Aprôpos* of the subject, it seems that paper is becoming alarmingly scarce, and the *Times* offers a reward of £1000. to anyone who shall invent or discover a cheap substitute for the material now used in its composition.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

In this section of our publication it is our intention to offer such remarks upon the new works of the day as will enable intending purchasers to form some estimate of their nature and contents. We believe that we may thus afford great assistance to librarians, secretaries of book clubs, and others: not by writing elaborate reviews, but by pointing out the objects and scope of the books referred to, and generally also expressing our opinion as to the manner in which they are executed.

In order to facilitate a reference to these notices we shall class the books comprised in it under different heads, as far as it is possible to do so; while those which are scarcely capable of classification, in any distinct department, will be ranged under the comprehensive title "Miscellaneous."

With due respect for the public anxiety on the absorbing topic of the day, we commence with

THE WAR BOOKS.

The Present State of the Turkish Empire, by Marshal Marmont, translated, with notes, &c., down to the present time, by Colonel Sir Frederic Smith, K.H., is a work of much interest; a second edition of which has lately been published by Harrison, of Pall Mall. The Marshal's record of what he saw in Turkey is honest enough; his remarks on the Turkish army are interesting; while his political sagacity is far from remarkable, for he was convinced of the non-aggressive character of the Czar's policy, and of the inevitable destruction of Turkey by Russia, the very instant she should venture to go to war with her. The Marshal was no prophet; but we commend his book as a narrative, and the translator's notes are judicious and completely in accordance with the popular feeling on the present crisis.

The Ottoman Empire and its Resources, by Edward H. Michelsen (London: Spooner). This is another war book which has reached a second edition, not without deserving it. To those who wish to acquire an accurate statistical knowledge of Turkey it will be invaluable. *The Life of Nicholas I.*, by the same author, is perhaps the best that has been written; moreover it has the great merit of fairness and candour. It includes, as every biography of a public character should, a sketch of the period in which the subject of it has lived.

The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 *and* 1829, *with a View of the present State of Affairs in the East*, by Colonel Chesney (Smith, Elder, and Co.), is extremely well done. It contains better descriptions of most of the scenes of the present war than we have been able to meet with elsewhere, and to military men the more technical sketches of the different fortresses will be very useful.

Records of Travel, in Turkey, Greece, &c., by Captain Adolphus Slade, R.N., (Saunders and Otley) though not a new work will be read with interest, its author being the well-known Admiral now in the Turkish service.

The Nations of Russia and Turkey, and their Destiny, by Ivan Golovin (Trübner and Co.), is the production of a Russian refugee. Undoubtedly it contains much information as to the internal state of Russia; but it is necessarily tinged with the bitterness of personal animosity against the Czar. We mention this as *a fact*, and not to infer censure.

Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South, by David Urquhart (Trübner and Co.) Another picture of Russia's power and Russia's growth, with Mr. Urquhart's own views of the present crisis, which are too peculiar to be understood by anyone but himself. We pay him the compliment of supposing that he really does know what he means.

The Russian Shores of the Black Sea in 1852, by Laurence Oliphant (Blackwood and Sons). This book is universally commended. We know of no other which can compare with it, on the subject of which it treats; moreover, its sketches are taken from the originals.

Fowler's History of Turkey is complete, concise, and readable throughout. Can we pay it a higher compliment?

We have, indeed, selected only such of the "War Books" as we could conscientiously praise. We might have introduced the names of many others for the contrary purpose, but *cui bono?*

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

There has been a comparative dearth of new books in these departments of literature, since the outbreak of the war. First in importance, of the historical works which *have* appeared, is *Alison's History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon to the Accession of Louis Napoleon*, the third volume of which has just been issued by Messrs. Blackwood. We shall probably review this work at length, on a future occasion.

A cabinet edition of *Hume's History of England*, with the continuations of Smollett and Hughes, is appearing in monthly volumes, with the imprimatur of George Bell, of Fleet Street.

Voltaire and his Times, by L. F. Bungener (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), without being remarkable for any great originality of views, is a book which supplies much information, and much food for thought, on a subject little understood in England. Voltaire was the idol of his own day, and is all but forgotten in the present one: he will yet take a place more in accordance with his deserts. Meantime, however, will no one write "The Age of Louis Quinze?" Historians and biographers, aspiring or of established fame, here is a subject worthy of your efforts!

Charles Phillips, Esq., late of the Old Bailey Bar, and now Commissioner in Insolvency, is the avowed author of a work called *Napoleon the Third*, originally printed as by a "Man of the World." It is a good defence of Louis Napoleon's career; and distinguished by the usual redundancy of trope and metaphor which mark Irish eloquence in general, and for which Mr. Phillips has always been especially remarkable. But why did not the author publish it with his own name, when the subject of it was being unceasingly attacked by the malignant and ill-informed portion of the press? Why wait till Louis Napoleon had become popular? There was little chivalry in this course, Mr. Phillips—but you chose your own pseudonym well: you were simply a "man of the world."

A very interesting *Life of John de Wycliffe, D.D.*, by Dr. Vaughan, has been published by Messrs. Seeleys. Wycliffe, be it remembered, was not only one of the earliest reformers of the church, but was also the first who translated the whole of the Scriptures into English.

Miss Agnes Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of Scotland* (Blackwood and Sons) has reached the fifth volume. No one surpasses Miss Strickland in feminine biography, and her present subject is worthy of her talents.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have just issued *The Life of Marguerite D'Angoulême*, by Miss Freer. The authorities from whence it has been compiled are sufficient vouchers for its accuracy. We may refer to this book more fully on another occasion. Meanwhile, Miss Pardoe's *Life of Marie de Medicis* has deservedly reached a second edition.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Mediterranean: a Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical, is the title of a book by Admiral Smyth, for which he has been rewarded by the Royal Geographical Society with a gold medal. A great portion of it is of more interest to the professional and scientific man than to the general reader, though it contains much information useful to all.

For clever graphic sketches of people and scenery in our possessions at the antipodes, with much valuable information as to the present condition of New Zealand and Australia, we commend Mr. R. Edmund Malone's *Three Years' Cruise in the Australian Colonies* (Bentley).

Those who are satisfied to read nothing that does not concern, directly or indirectly, the present great question, will find much to interest and instruct them on the subject of Russia's Botany Bay, in Mr. L. S. Hill's *Travels in Siberia*.

Evenings at Antioch; with Sketches of Syrian Life, by T. A. Neale, Esq., (Eyre and Co.) is really a charming book: not the work of a mere traveller passing through the scenes he describes, but of one who resides among them, and has made his home with the people whose lives he sketches so pleasingly.

FICTION.

More than one publisher has assured us that so bad a season for the "novel-market" as the present has scarcely been known. Yet a few aspirants for public favor still appear, and as the season of Ramsgate, Margate, Ryde, and Cowes, is approaching, young ladies who sit on the sands, with green "pokes" hiding their pretty faces, will naturally want the inevitable three volumes.

Wilkie Collins comes out with *Hide and Seek* (Bentley) for their delectation; while Mrs. Marsh, the talented authoress of "Emilia Wyndham," has published *Aubrey* (Hurst and Blackett). Mr. Collins's work appears too late for us to notice it this month; but, for unflagging interest and beautiful delineation of character, we yield warm praise to Mrs. Marsh's three volumes. Think of twin brothers, in love with the same young lady! Imagine the "situations" arising from such a state of affairs, and worked up by so skilful a hand as that which has penned *Aubrey!*

Julie, or Love and Duty, by Emilie Carlen (Bentley), would never have been issued by so good a judge of literary merit as Mr. Bentley but for the popularity of the authoress's name. It is milk-and-water, with an unreasonable proportion of the weaker fluid.

Not so *Angelo; a Romance of Modern Rome*, which the same publisher has given to the world. It is a story to make the heart throb, the cheek pale, the hair stand on end: in the true "Castle of Otranto" style, and as cleverly done, be it added, as the very best of such romances.

The *Hero of our Days*, translated from the Russian of Michael Lermontoff, has found no less than three publishers to give it to the reading public at the same time—Ingram and Cooke, Bohn, and Hodgson. The last charges the moderate sum of One

Shilling only for *his* edition, which is done by Madame Pulsky. It is the story of a very heartless, unprincipled, and not very entertaining Muscovite *roué*.

A contrast to it is *The Great Highway: a Story of the World's Struggles*, by W. S. Fullom (Longmans), written with a purpose, and in a sincerely religious spirit.

Edward Willoughby, by the author of "The Discipline of Life," (Hurst and Blackett) is a well-told tale of true love; but it wants incident, and the author wants more fire and vivacity.

POETRY.

We have noticed a batch of poets elsewhere, which relieves us from the necessity of saying much under this head, except to recommend to all who love *fun* as well as poetry a little book issued by Saunders and Otley, called *Flotsam and Jetsam: a Cargo of Christmas Rhymes*, by Hookanit Bee, Esq.

RELIGION.

If the demand equal the supply of books issued on the subject of religion, decidedly we live in a religious age. It would be impossible for us to chronicle the mere titles of one-half of these works—far less to read them, or to obtain such an insight into them as would guide others in estimating their nature and contents. We can only select one or two of the most noticeable.

Sermons on National Subjects, by Charles Kingsley (Griffin and Co.), at once attract attention. The author is well known for his tales of "Alton Locke," "Yeast," and "Hypatia," and still more admired by ourselves for his "Saints' Tragedy." He has the reputation of being an exemplary parish priest; and, certainly, more admirable sermons, taking into consideration the audience to whom they were addressed, we have seldom read than these.

Consecrated Heights, or Scenes of Higher Manifestation, by the Rev. Robert Fergusson, LL.D. (Ward & Co.), is a work which will be admired and appreciated by every reader of cultivated understanding; for not only is the subject one of deep interest, but it is treated with a degree of enthusiastic eloquence, as far removed from rant as it is from common-place.

The indefatigable Dr. Cumming gives us *Sabbath-morning Readings on the Old Testament*, and *The Great Sacrifice, or the Gospel according to Leviticus* (Shaw): two works written in his usual lucid style; while the latter is especially valuable for the many clear expositions it affords of Mosaic "types."

A little volume, called *Religion and Business*, by Mr. Morris, is a sincere and well-written work.

A Narrative of the Persecution of the Madiai will be read by those who are not tired of this unhappy subject.

Mr. Westerton has printed his *Correspondence with the Bishop of London*, on the subject of the Puseyite practices at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. We regard these squabbles as a melancholy scandal to our Church; but this much may, certainly, be said in favor of Mr. Westerton—that he has the popular feeling on his side.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Musings of a Musician is the rather alliterative title of a work, by a Mr. Lunn, which (while we distrust our ability to do justice to it professionally) we can recommend as an agreeable little pocket volume, for readers in general.

A Handbook to the Library of the British Museum, by Richard Sims, of the MSS. department (J. R. Smith), will, at least, be valued by literary men, and by all readers in the National Library.

REMAINDER OF THE CHAPTER ON

THE ORIGIN OF GREAT NAMES.

LORD RAYLEIGH.

(Concluded from page 171.*)*

Northward of Lucerne, about a mile distant, lies a long and narrow sheet of water, known by the name of the Red Lake. Hills, more or less precipitous, and in most places covered with thick woods, rise directly from its banks, flinging a constant shadow and gloom across it. Its depth is unknown; but there is a tradition of a whole forest of firs having slid down, and settled, and taken root, at its bottom—stately, subaqueous, thriving trees. Fish, of prodigious magnitude and of many varieties, wander in its waters. Pike, of the size of a Welsh coracle; carp, as fat, and lazy, and mud-loving as so many swine; slimy tench; white, woolly, worthless perch; and a fish unknown to English anglers—flat, round, shiny, scaly, and rough to the finger as a file. This lake, worthy to have washed the margin of a Druid grove, and reflected from its depths the smoky flames of altars whose sacrifices were human victims, is regarded by the neighbouring peasants with similar feelings to those with which the Calabrian fisherman still looks down, from the gloomy groves around it, on the mysterious waters of Avernus. Even persons of a higher class in life speak with a sensation of awe of its unfathomable profundity and its black and solemn surface. This was a favorite haunt of ours, and many a pleasant hour did we spend there, roaming round its silent shores, watching the great pike splashing after their prey, or the graceful heron stalking among the rushes. Then we would stretch across the hill, which intercepts the view of it from the lake, to the ancient and lonely Convent of Rathhausen, once of the strictest order of Saint Bernard. Here we would linger, deep into the night, while the moon shone upon the lofty walls and its quaint and spacious gardens: living in the fancy, as we heartily wish we had lived in the flesh, three or four centuries ago; for we are not, we shrewdly suspect, very much fitted for the present age.

We would go a mile out of our way, at any time, were we ever so late or weary, to see a crumbling old castle of the middle ages, though we had not the slightest knowledge of its name and by whom it was

anciently inhabited. Here we were exceedingly fortunate in the opportunity which we enjoyed of recalling to mind those old times, which it would be foolish to call either good or comfortable, but when men at least wore their true colours—before civilization, like an elaborating painter, had smoothed down everything salient and startling, making people, we solemnly believe, infinitely worse and more murderous in their hearts, from the very necessity which it imposes upon them of concealing their feelings. Within a mile, or little more, of the town—leaning over the lake, by the village of Meggen, almost under the mighty shadow of Righi—stands a shattered tower, surrounded by a few broken walls, which was as replete to us with interesting associations as the finest ruins of Greece and Rome. This was the castle of New Hapsburg, the last Austrian stronghold in the canton, which was besieged and taken, and dismantled, by the Lucernois, in 1352. But it had other, and—we are almost ashamed to say—more engrossing reminiscences to our minds, than those connected with Swiss valour and patriotism. Within these walls was spent the youth of one of the bravest, wisest, and most fortunate of men—the great Rodolph, Emperor of Austria. The turf now covers what was once the floor of a stately hall, every yard of which had been paced by his heroic feet. There was not a fragment of those ivied battlements but we loved to think he had leant against it, revolving those vast schemes which found their fulfilment thirty years afterwards upon the imperial throne, which is still occupied by his descendants—though Heaven only knows how much longer they will sit there—while the Plantagenets and Tudors, and Stuarts, of England, the Valois of France, the Jagellons of Poland, and many another renowned dynasty, have disappeared from the face of the earth. Happy, assuredly, was that famous Emperor, with a double and most rare happiness. Happy in the prophetic and far-seeing ambition of his youth. Happy in living to accomplish dreams which it had made his cheek tingle with shame and confusion if anyone could have peeped into his breast and seen them fermenting and cherished there, so improbable and utterly extravagant must they have appeared.

Another lion of the place—to condescend upon a most vile term, worthy the dictionary of a new Meursius, which amused us through many an hour—was that most picturesque of all old bridges which spans the river in an oblique direction, as it issues roaring from the lake. There was not one of the seventy-and-odd pictures upon the compartments of its roof, historical or legendary, which did not in its turn occupy our attention, and set us upon making enquiries about it. Quite as much too to our taste as anything else was the ample library of the canton, upwards of eighty thousand volumes strong, so rich in the learning of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and open, so praiseworthily, to the

public upon every day of the year—Sundays themselves not excepted, after the hours of divine service. Every morning, during the remainder of our sojourn, we spent, at least, an hour in its quiet little reading-room; and on no occasion were we ever there that some eight or ten persons did not enter it, frequently of a very humble appearance, to seek for and carry away some book. The latter invaluable privilege, that of reading the books at home as well as of studying them in the library, is not, we gratefully and admiringly record it, denied even to strangers within the gates. These have only to comply with the easy condition of getting some resident in the place—the proprietor of the hotel they are staying at will do as well as anybody—to become responsible for them, in case they should be guilty of the very worst species of literary larceny, that of walking off with the volumes themselves instead of the contents of them, and they are at liberty to take away with them any reasonable number of books, and detain them any time not exceeding a week.

Lastly—in the order that we visited it, but by no means last in attractiveness—was the Arsenal; not a mere collection of swords and muskets primly arranged in fanciful figures, very little more ornamental and suggestive of much less pleasant thoughts than a set of stew-pans on a kitchen shelf, though swords and muskets were not wanting, but abounding with trophies of one of the most glorious of the many glorious victories of the Swiss—the battle of Sempach. Here were the wooden bucklers of the Italian mercenaries, iron-plated, like the strong shield of Telamonian Ajax; each with its blazonry and device, like those of the seven famous Æschylean warriors that fought against Thebes. Here were the long lances of the Austrians, some of which, for aught that we knew or anyone could gainsay, had been wetted with the blood of Winkelried. Here were the iron collars, many pounds weight, with padlocks and sharp spikes in the inside of them, destined for the necks of the expected prisoners; with an especial one, more ponderous and torturing than the rest, for that of the Scultheiss or Burgomaster. While at one end of the room, looking down for ever on the shameful memorials of his defeat, hung a portrait of Duke Leopold, stolid, sullen, and malignant, and only not contemptible (the original of it), because he died upon the field that he had lost. In the centre, from the ceiling, was suspended a mighty banner, twenty feet long at the least, which was taken by the Knight of Sonnenburg—a native of Lucerne, whose descendants still inhabit a stately castle in the neighbourhood—from the Turkish admiral, at Lepanto. Embroidered upon it, in golden letters, was an inscription to the effect that "Providence ordains all things for the best:" a truth which we would wager a penny the unlucky Moslem was much more disposed to believe in the day before the battle than the day after.

We sauntered back to our hotel, intent upon the objects we had seen, and the memories to which they gave rise. And scarcely had we gulped down our dinner, hastily and almost untasted, than we threw ourselves back in our chair, folded our arms, firmly closed our eyes, to shut out the distracting light (well did Shakespeare call it "garish," when a man has anything to think or dream out), and set about painting, to ourselves—just as it occurred on that ever-memorable day, the ninth of July, 1386—the battle of Sempach.

We know not, and we would give a good deal to know, how the process of imagination is carried on in the minds of other men; for everybody, we doubt not, imagines just as he thinks and feels, and composes specially and in a way of his own. For ourselves we have never any great difficulty, when we can only get into a corner, out of the reach of troublesome tongues, to call up any particular person, or the scene or acting of some great event. Sometimes they appear to us as in an actual and substantial being—

"Standing embodied in the senses plain,"

as Thompson exactly expresses it; but much more frequently as though in a picture, without a frame to it, dim in its colours, indistinct in its groups, and that keeps waving and flickering about, so that we cannot, for the life of us, have a fixed and satisfactory view of it. But one thing, often as we have tried at it, we could never accomplish to our satisfaction. We could never throw ourselves, wholly, into some past age, and remain there, wrapt from the present, for half-an-hour together; hear people talking in the language and upon the subjects belonging to that epoch; see them wearing the garb, walking in the streets, and living through the daily routine of life, such as those things then existed; and be ourselves, while the vision lasted, an atom of that generation. We could never, in a word, succeed in putting back the clock of time three or four hundred years, and making it stand still there, as Joshua did the sun, while we took a good look about us, undisturbed by a single tick of it clicking on the ear of imagination. If anybody has ever fully done this, he has kept his pleasure to himself; for no book, we are positive, was ever written, describing—ages afterwards—the manners and the beings of a particular period, that could be believed, for a moment, to have been written in the time which it describes. Shakespeare, the most imaginative of mortals, has never attempted this: among other reasons, we suppose it will be granted, for the want of that knowledge on which such a feat of fancy, if the thing were practicable at all, must needs be based. Between Henry the Fourth and Henry the Eighth elapsed an interval of one hundred and ten years, diversified with infinite changes in the language,

habits, feelings, and civilization of the people whom they governed; but what difference is there, in any of these respects, between the characters in his two plays bearing the names of those Kings? Whether they are Greeks, or Romans, or ancient Britons, Danes of the ninth or Scotchmen of the eleventh century, Italians of the middle ages, or Englishmen of the days of the Plantagenets, his men and women talk the English language as it was spoken in the reign of Elizabeth; and where their opinions and sympathies are not such as are common to all ages, and to the universal family of mankind, they are such as were current in that time—just as much so as the characters of Corneille are all of them Frenchmen of the Grand Monarque; only there are these two essential differences, one of accident and one of genius, between the two writers—that the age of Shakespeare was infinitely more picturesque and poetical than the age of Corneille, and that the characters of the former only very rarely and exceptionally, apart from the question of language, belong to any particular era and nation, while those of the latter appertain, exclusively, to the reign and country in which they were created.

Such a book, need it be said, as that which we are now contemplating, would certainly be written but very infrequently, even if it were possible to write it at all. For, as probably none but a zealous antiquary would have any sympathy with the state of things it might describe, so assuredly none but an antiquary would understand, without a glossary, the dialect in which it was delivered. But we hold the thing to be plainly impossible. We hold it, we say, to be impossible for any man, whatever may be his genius or knowledge, living in the eighteenth or nineteenth century, to write such a novel as "Tom Jones," or "Roderick Random," of the fourteenth or fifteenth century: fictions indeed, but which differ from every later fiction with which we are acquainted in this—that they are exact copies of life and manners; in which there is not a single personage introduced whom we cannot believe to have existed, or an incident that might not have happened, or even a word that might not have been spoken, precisely when and where it occurs. And impossible, upon these grounds—that even supposing a man to be possessed of the necessary acquaintance, at once so copious and minute, with the customs and language, and discriminating characteristics of the age, into which he sought to transport himself, it would require not so much an exertion of the most powerful imagination as a trance and perfect temporary separation between the soul and the body, to animate the mass of dry details with the breath of life. It would require, in brief, the combination of a knowledge of antiquity far exceeding the knowledge of Hearne or Grose, or the author of "Queenhoo Hall;" with a genius far exceeding the genius of Shakespeare or of Scott.

No man more admires "Waverley" than we do; or is possessed, we really flatter ourselves, with a keener appreciation of its thousand beauties. We have read it twenty times; and shall, most probably, if we live long enough, read it twenty times more. But we never lay it down without a certain uncomfortable feeling, when we recollect that the action of it and the action of "Tom Jones" are both placed in the same year—1745. What Scottish manners and the Scottish language might be at that time we say nothing, for we are no judges. Very probably they are depicted with perfect fidelity in "Waverley." But if "Tom Jones" be a correct representation of English manners and English phraseology in the middle of the eighteenth century, then surely neither Sir Everard Waverley, nor his sister, nor Colonel Talbot, nor the hero of the book himself, could have possibly belonged to that period—for they would be very little out of place in our own. "Incredulus odi" it would be ridiculous to say of such a book, but "incredulus lego" is true of ourselves.

The same opinion we also entertain of "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth." They are the noblest and finest romances that ever were written; but there ends our praise of them. In truth, Scott upon English ground was very much like Captain Marryatt upon any ground at all—altogether out of his right element. What the sea was to the one, Scotland or, at least, Scottish characters were to the other. Of "Jeanie Deans," or "Richie Moniplies," we can believe every word; but not a word of "Richard" or "Robin Hood," of "Leicester" or "Varney."

The bright sun flashing into our room, and falling, not too agreeably, on our face, as we lay in bed, the next morning, awoke us at an early hour. Ingenious Aquinas raises a question whether angels know most at break of day; and resolves it, if we remember right—for we have not the ponderous tome at hand—in the affirmative. We fear, if this be true, our nature is more than ordinarily unspiritual—for we generally awake with a confused head, quite incapable, for some seconds, of thinking clearly, or even at all; unless we should console ourselves with the reflection, that angels cannot be very pure and perfect spirits themselves, whose apprehensions and capacities of knowledge are greater at one time than another, according to the theory of the angelic doctor.

The first thoughts that pierced into our brains, as soon as the haze and clouds had passed away, and took up their posts there, one after another, were as follows:—the day is apparently a very beautiful one; the distance, at the farthest, does not exceed eight miles; the road thither is one that we have never travelled; and our legs, so long upon furlough and released from their daily duty, owe us a long arrear of exertion. Why should we not, we that have made a pilgrimage to almost every other battle-field in Europe—from grey Marathon to heathy Culloden—why

should we not pay the compliment of a visit to this one of Sempach, at least as worthy of it as any of them, and now so conveniently near?

It was a saying of a certain philosopher, who was also a very sensible person, that to think deliberately and to execute promptly are the signs of a wise and brave man. Bearing this maxim in memory, and desirous to merit both its praises, we sprang out of bed, without farther delay, as soon as we had made up our minds to go there; and in half-an-hour were on our road to Sempach. By the roaring Emmen, with its luteolent waters, of a mixed colour between mud and milk, keeping for a mile or two, and then along a pleasant road enough—with a fertile valley upon either side of us, and great Pilate directly in our rear, to reward our fatigue with a glorious view for the mere trouble of turning round our head—we arrived in a couple of hours at the neat and lively village of Neuenkirch. Here, following the directions of our pocket-map, we turned off to the right hand. Our way now lay through some rich meadows, by the side of a vagabond little brook, that went wandering tortuously about the country, making all sorts of unnecessary deflections, enough to drive a railway contractor mad to look at, as though time were not of the least consequence to it, or it could not determine which way to run—

"Atque Arar impetuus, dubitans quò vertere cursus."

This foot-path, in a short while—even including sundry minutes spent in turning aside to each cowslip-covered knoll that tempted us with a better prospect than ordinary, or in peeping into many a deep pool, beneath the roots of some undermined tree, and speculating whether a trout was lying there—brought us into a bye-road leading to the town of Sursee. To the left of it, a hundred yards off, flowed the Lake of Sempach. On its right hand, bordering upon it, scarcely a quarter of a league ahead of us, lay the immortal village.

The lake in the fourteenth century, and, probably, for many an age afterwards, flowed immediately under the walls. A strip of meadow, rank and rushy, yet wanting only to be drained—an art, apparently, unknown in Switzerland—to make it as fertile land as any in Christendom, now lies between them. But the village itself, save in the partial decay of its old castle and the neglected condition of its ramparts, is exactly the same, we have very little doubt, as it was five hundred years ago. There is not, we should say, judging from their appearance, a single house in the place of which some part, at least, was not in existence at the time of the battle. Like Willisau and other old towns in the canton, unknown to fame and the guide-book, it consists of a single narrow street, stone-flagged within and stone-walled without, with a rude archway at either end of it, and wanting only a roof to convert it into a large parallelogram-

mic prison—suggesting the strangest notions in the world of the sort of life which a man must lead who passes all his days there.

We spent a long and happy morning—or afternoon we should rather call it, for they dine, in this part of the world, universally at eleven o'clock—in roaming about the extensive slopes, immediately behind the village, on which the battle was fought. It required but very little fancy to picture to ourselves every incident of the day, just as it took place and on the identical spot: the sidelong advance of the Austrians; the charge of the Swiss, fourteen hundred only in number; the long struggle; the death of Winkelried; the breaking of the ranks; the headlong flight down the hill and along the banks of the lake, and the death of hundreds beneath its waters. For here, neither the progress of agriculture, nor the increase of population, nor any of those innumerable obscure causes that are constantly changing the face of a country elsewhere—so that a man who died fifty years ago would have the greatest difficulty, in most places, were he to come to life again, in recognizing his own fields and the very street he had passed all his days in—had been in operation. No paltry Enclosure-act, pernicious alike to two very excellent things—hunting and the picturesque, had cabined and cribbed-in the wide landscape: here a green field, there a ploughed one, like the square of a chess-board. Not a house or a barn broke the prospect. A small chapel, almost hidden by a clump of trees, and the brown crops ripening in the sun, were the only objects in front of us, as we stood with our back to Sempach, that could have suggested the labours or very existence of mankind. Vast, silent, solitary, and teeming with glorious recollections of the past, it was exactly a scene suited to our tastes and affections. We shall be able, we are confident, as long as we live, to depict it upon the retina of our minds; to take it down, at pleasure, from its nail in that gallery where it will hang, henceforth, in company with the choicest treasures of our memory—

"Non evellendus vi vel ratione medullis,"

as Cowley prettily says of the love of poetry.*

The sun was sloping fast to the west when we quitted the memorable field. We turned our steps towards the village, and entering its silent

* In his Epistle to Vane: verses written with such ease and elegance, that if any man now living were to write as good ones, we should be tempted to wish he would confine himself to the Latin tongue. Mr. Macaulay is not only of opinion that the Latin diction of Cowley is inferior to that of Milton, but confidently assures us that Dr. Johnson—who, in common with the elder Warton, and every other scholar, thought very differently—was not qualified to form a judgment on the subject! This is one of those many pieces of superciliousness—we can give it no milder name—which he would do well, when he collects his works, to run his pen through.

quaint little inn, dined humbly yet very heartily on a crust of bread and cheese, washed down with the common perry of the country. One person only besides ourselves occupied the low cross-barred room, black with the smoke of a thousand pipes. This was a red-faced man, some forty years old, with a prodigious power of voice, such as that with which illustrious Farel, the Boanerges of the Reformation, shook the pulpits of Zurich, three centuries ago, overpowering the noise of drums and trumpets raised to prevent his being heard. He turned out, we were not long in learning—for we make a point of talking to everybody with whom we happen to be thrown into company, so that he does not wear a fine coat—to be the schoolmaster of Sempach; and a proud and a happy pedagogue was he, to think that an Englishman should have walked over, all the way from Lucerne, on a pilgrimage to his native place. The good man fought over the battle again, as earnestly and as vividly as though it were an event of last year: roaring at times even louder than his ordinary pitch of talking, and striking with his stick upon the table, by way of illustrating his narrative, blows more smacking and energetic than any, we sincerely trust, which he was in the habit of bestowing on his pupils. One of his stories—for many a story had he, not to be found in Planta or in Zshokke—was as follows:—

The Lake of Sempach has always been renowned for the number and excellence of its fish, abounding in many varieties of them which are to be found in no other Swiss water. The right of taking them with nets—for anybody is at liberty to angle there—has belonged from time immemorial to the burghers of Lucerne, who are in the habit of appointing a fisherman to protect their privileges. In the year 1386 Hans Halwyl was the fisherman—a very prudent and peaceable sort of man, who was of opinion that all fighting is a quarrelsome kind of business, alike to be deprecated and avoided. Good Hans remained quietly in his boat, upon the lake, while the battle was going forward, looking on as though it were a play that was being enacted for his special entertainment, and caring very little, if the truth be told, which party should prove victorious. Now among the fugitives that came pouring down the hill, when the fight was over, was an Austrian Knight, in a splendid suit of gilded armour. Seeing the fisherman sitting in his boat, the Knight, who appeared to be quite as anxious as any plebeian to escape from the halberts of the pursuing Swiss, implored him to ferry him across. Hans Halwyl assented; but when the boat was in the deepest part of the lake—by an accident very similar to that which occurred to the coach of Mr. Weller the elder, on its way down to the borough of Eatanswill, laden with voters—it was unhappily overturned. Hans escaped by swimming; but the Knight sank at once to the bottom, and, probably thinking that to be

the safest place, never came up again in his lifetime. The next morning Hans repaired to Lucerne, and informed the chief burgher that he had taken a wonderful fish in the lake, of a singular form, extraordinary magnitude, and covered with yellow scales. He requested, as his fee upon the occasion, that he might be allowed to keep the scales. The burgher readily promised this—thinking, perchance, in his secret soul, that his friend the fisherman was a very simple fellow for his pains; but what he thought a short while afterwards, when the corpse of the Knight was brought to him, stripped of his valuable armour, with Hans Halwyl's duty to the chief burgher, and he had sent his worship the fish but kept the scales for himself, tradition has not recorded. Had he lived in the present day, it had probably occurred to him that Hans would have made a very excellent member of the Peace Society, for some other reasons just about as disinterested as his distaste for fighting.

Two other circumstances connected with the battle of Sempach, a little more authentic than the tale of the fisherman—at least we can speak to the truth of them ourselves, while the schoolmaster abroad is our only authority for the other—we will record. The anniversary of that great day, after the lapse of four hundred and sixty-eight years, is still celebrated very solemnly, and joyously at the same time, in the village. Grateful thanks to God, for the signal deliverance wrought by his hand, are offered up in the church; tattered old banners, the trophies of the fight, are paraded about, with music and patriotic songs; the young men practice in the rifle-ground; it is a public holiday for all classes; and the day closes with a feast, at which the whole population of the place, men, women, and children in arms, are present.

The other one is this—that there is now being collected in Switzerland a national fund for the erection of a monument to Winkelried, on the spot where he fell. How warm and general is the feeling which has led to it may be inferred, not more from the enormous number of the subscribers than from the miscellaneous character of the donations: women's jewellery, articles of clothing, wine, tobacco, pictures, books, and children's toys, are daily announced, in the journals, as having been contributed in aid of the undertaking.

May we venture to make these pages the vehicle of a suggestion to our own countrymen? Between England and Switzerland there has existed, from the earliest times, a mutual feeling of liking and respect. On the part of England towards Austria there has existed, at least of late years, a feeling of aversion and contempt. Can we more aptly give expression to both these feelings than by honouring the memory of a hero, in the truest and noblest sense of a word more abused, perhaps, than any in the language—a man worthy in every respect to have been born an

Englishman? If any of our readers, influenced by these emotions, should incline, as we hope will be the case, to add their offerings to those of the Swiss people, let them forward them, together with their addresses, to the office of *The New Monthly Review*. We who write these lines will undertake that they shall reach their destination, and that a copy of the newspaper in which they are acknowledged by the Committee shall be sent to every contributor.

The name of Winkelried has long been celebrated in the annals of the canton of Unterwalden, before the heroic death of the great Arnold had invested it with a renown extending over the whole civilized world. "Few noble families," says the historian Muller, "can boast so many truly distinguished progenitors as the peasant race of Winkelried." One of the number, Struth Von Winkelried, was the leader of the Auxiliaries, whom the cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, sent to the assistance of the Emperor Frederick the Second, in the year 1240; and distinguished himself so much at the siege of Faenza, that he was created Knight and Noble, on the field of battle, in the presence of the whole army, by the grateful Emperor,—dignities which, it deserves to be mentioned, he hastened to lay aside the moment he returned to his own country.

Tradition, benevolent reader, has preserved an anecdote of this brave warrior, with which we will not apologize for the troubling thee: the rather that it is necessary to explain for what reason—long lost sight of—we have headed this Paper (Article we will not deign to call it, for we are no haberdasher) with the name of the Lord Rayleigh.

In the year 1250, according to the chronicles of Tschudi and Cysat, the valley of Ennetmoos in Unterwalden was infested by one of those terrible dragons which would appear to have been so common in the middle ages, to the destruction of beasts and men, the imminent peril of so many virgins, and the immortal glory of so many champions. Struth Von Winkelried—who, we regret to say, had been condemned to banishment from the canton, shortly after his return from Italy, for knocking on the head one of his late companions in glory—offered to attack the public enemy, on the condition that if he succeeded in killing him his sentence should be repealed. His countrymen having readily assented to this very reasonable proposition, the valiant Struth lost no time in repairing to the haunt of the dragon. "He was armed," says the chronicler Tschudi, "with a cuirass, as ponderous as that which protected the breast of Goliath; in his right hand he carried that famous sword of his, wherewith he had cleft asunder so many rebels to the great Emperor; in his left hand was a long lance, on the point of which, wrapped in a sheep-skin, was a fagot of prickly thorns. Thus equipped, he sallied forth at night-

fall, and concealed himself behind a thicket which grew near to the mouth of the cavern. But the spear, with the sheep-skin at the top of it, he thrust through the bushes to the other side: so that it seemed to be an animal entangled therein, like to the ram of good father Abraham. At break of day the dragon awoke; and espying the sheep-skin, he darted furiously at it, and swallowed it with a single gulp. Then the Knight came out from his hiding-place: he pressed the fagot, with his long lance, firmly down the monster's throat; and while it vainly endeavoured to disgorge it, belching forth torrents of black blood and venom, he dealt it many fierce blows with his sword, and by God's blessing prevailed against it, and put an end to its baleful existence."

Struth Von Winkelried, we are told, did not survive many hours his encounter with the Echidna of Ennetmoos. The blood of the monster, trickling down his sword, fell upon an unhealed wound in his hand, and spread through the whole of his frame, as rapidly and with as deadly an effect as the slaver of the rattlesnake or cobra-capella.

One of his sons, also named Struth, was of a like adventurous spirit and daring courage with his father. He, too, greedily sought opportunities to distinguish himself; but the Emperor had no more enemies to be hewed down in Italy, or elsewhere, and the dragon of Ennetmoos would appear to have died "sine prole," leaving no inheritors of his cavern. Disgusted with the tameness of the times in his own country, Struth, the younger, repaired to England: hoping, it may be supposed, to find in that barbarous island a reasonable quantity of giants to encounter, and to exterminate certain serpents. Whether he succeeded in these laudable aspirations, we have no means of knowing; "but this," exclaims Mr. Dod, in his Peerage and Baronetage for Great Britain, "is an undoubted fact, that he acquired lands in the county of Essex, slightly altered his name from Struth to Strutt, and was the ancestor of the Right Honourable John James, first Baron of Rayleigh."

Reader, this is all we have to tell thee of that nobleman; and for the best reason in the world—because it is all that we know about him.

NOMADIC SKETCHES.

No. 1.

In times present, when every portion of this terraqueous globe, from Camden Town to Candahar inclusive, is travelled over and *exploité*, it is easy to conceive why the erratic British public hesitates to peruse, much less to purchase, any locomotive records, however graphic they may be. When we behold Fitz-Buggins abroad, *tablettes à la main*, toiling up pillars, belfries, hills, and every other vantage-ground, that he may gain inspiration for his "original impressions" on the country generally, and then descending, to repeat, Sisyphus-like, the same process in another locality; when we hear him conversing with the natives, in a mongrel dialect—a curious cross between Anglo-Gallic and Indo-Germanic!—in order to glean suggestions for architypal notions on the people in particular, and incorporate these valuable acquisitions, as a kind of adventitious matter, with the eclectic marrow of his Guide-book—for, be it known, "Hand-books," "Manuals," and "Continental Vade-mecums," are considerably subsidized to tumulate the pages of "Rambling Recollections" here, "Jottings down" there, and all the ephemeral works belonging to this legionary family of literature;—I repeat, for I have lost myself in a protracted parenthesis, when I see Fitz-B. at this sort of work, I mentally enquire who on earth's face will purchase the *salmi* he is thus preparing to serve up to the public, under the title of "Ten days in Belgium"? Surely, we do not want to know the altitude of Antwerp cathedral, nor the height of St. Gudule! The field of Waterloo is fully as familiar to us all as the green-sward of any of our London parks! And I venture to say, that for one Englishman who has visited York, Durham, Lancaster, or any of our northern towns, for pleasure merely, a score might be found intimately acquainted with Mons, Tournay, and Liège!

Why, are we not all intimate with the clerk at the Boulogne railway-station? The young ladies in the Amiens refreshment-rooms call *us* by our Christian name, and never demand from *us* the exorbitant price of four francs for an isolated peach. The *Garçon* at Creil is solicitous about our health, while serving us with coffee; and the *Douanier* at Paris inquires regularly after our respected grandmother, as he hunts for contraband cauliflowers in our carpet-bag. "A Tea-party in Teheran," "Bagdad Balls," "The Snobs of Samarcand," and works of similarly

familiar and alliterative titles, may obtain favour in the public eyes, but the day for ordinary sketches of exotic experience is now irrevocably passed.

Although zigzagging about slightly on the continent—"I always do annually once a year," as an Hibernian friend once pleonastically remarked—I solemnly asseverate that I do not for a moment intend to excruciate the reader by describing towns well known, scenes familiar, habits by heart, or incidents happening every day. Thus premising, I start at once, without further prolegomena: waving even the customary description of the steamer—where we certainly saw, and conversed with, the very same engineer whom Albert Smith fell in with on the Lago Maggiore—and passing on without the usual philippic against passports. Though we might moralize a trifle on "the steamboat," considering it a great vehicle for the development of character; a leveller of all rank, *pro tem.;* and a rare plan for the exhibition of sickness, sleepiness, selfishness, surliness, and many other human frailties of a similar calibre. The benign old gentleman, who was all blandishment in the first-class carriage, is now suddenly metamorphosed; he calls the steward, and wheels you sharp out of berth No. 1, which he engaged at the office for himself: the well-spoken sanctimonious-looking man, who discoursed so beautifully on the moral effects of something resulting from the increased and blessed supply of the other thing, is anathematizing the unfortunate cabin-boy: and the tradesman occupies the berth above the peer. There is one, and but one, naval conveyance still more republican than a steamer: the boat I allude to is *Baris;* the captain, *Charon;* the ferry, *Styx;* fare, *one obolus,* and "no return-tickets issued!"

I feel an indescribable inclination to break for once through the promise I have only just given, and I think I possess a manubrium for doing so—for here we are landed in Dunkerque (the church on the Dunes), a town out of the way, little visited by English tourists, cheap, clean, and affording a fine beach for sea-bathing. However, I will not enter into particulars; but I shall quit Dunkerque forthwith, actuated by cogent reasons. The truth is I feel very small here in French eyes; all along of that one nasty little sentence in my guide-book—"The English army, under the Duke of York, in 1793, sustained a considerable defeat before this town." "This rather unpleasant statement," as a friend remarks, "takes the Waterloo, very considerably, out of us!" And the worst feature in it is, that in every French book of history, the affair is spun out and magnified over eighteen or twenty pages; while *their* defeat, at Mont St. Jean, is only cursorily mentioned, and condensed, by some miraculous amount of editorial pressure, within the limits of half as many lines.

So here am I at the railway-station—a sort of oasis in a dreary sandy desert—and behold before me a Dunkerque dandy, or native; a description of whose appearance may not be devoid of interest. He was coped with the strangest hat I have ever seen as yet! Twice too large; made of coarse cotton stuff, shaggier than the shaggiest Caledonian terrier—reminding me of hats displayed in the windows of country towns, bearing the forged stamp of "Paris," accompanied with the barefaced appendix of "extra fine," the truth of which assertion is instantaneously nullified by simply glancing at their exterior. The brim of the machine, with which we are now concerned, appeared to have been framed on a scale so liberal and extensive that it bordered on extravagance, if not on reckless prodigality: twisting tortuously around the hat—allegorically, like a wounded serpent in the extreme of excruciating agony.

Were we to judge by the *façon* of the tile, the specious supposition might be engendered that its fabricator had some immediate connection with the shipping interest. Peradventure his *atelier* looked out on the Dock-yard, and being an amateur in this line he was not content with framing the brim in the fashion to resemble, on a side view, the perfect outline of a paddle-box; for the analogical notion was further carried out, and, as the cylinder, slanted at the same angle with the improved funnels of the new steamers: this arrangement imparted to the hat a decidedly *rakish* appearance! This extraordinary head-dress appertained to the very minimum of a man—the Norfolk giant would easily cut up into half-a-dozen such—and however he came into this sublunary dispensation when there were Mercury and Venus, both smaller than our earth, to go to, is to me a mystery incapable of solution.

Were the matter duly investigated, it would doubtless appear that Nature had, originally, been framing one man on rather extravagant dimensions; but, finding him much too large and unwieldy for mundane purposes, she carved away the superfluous part, and permitted it to become animated in the person of our Dunkerque friend.

Beneath this grotesque coiffure peered out an eruginous face, similar in complexion to a bad penny. His entire dress, moreover, was in perfect unison with his hat: for he sported a variegated alpaca coat, mounted with large mother-of-pearl buttons, shot with tints like unto a glacier; of white canvass were his boots; pink jane composed his pants; and some other lively colour contributed to his vest. He smoked bad cigars; and was saluted, because he wore a riband, by all the railway officials with the most profound respect.

Here it may not be out of place to state that Frenchmen desire to copy the English style of dress, as devoutly as the ladies of our country imitate the Paris fashions. Walking on the boulevards, the other day, I

saw a Parisian invested with the strangest and most *outré* get-up conceivable. His hat was a cephalic extinguisher, the coat and terminations were of dark and light blue cloth respectively, his vest green, and gloves rhubarb, and as a finishing touch he sported a flaming scarlet riband, in lieu of a cravat!

"Strange as it may appear," said a gentleman who has resided several years abroad, "that misguided man doubtless imagines his attire the very pink of the present London fashion! And I venture to say it would be as difficult to persuade him of the contrary, as to make the most polychronically dressed English lady believe that her *mise* falls rather short of the faultless costumes we see around us!"

Passing rapidly from Dunkerque to Mons—which swift transition, easy of accomplishment as it may appear on paper, is confessedly more than the continental locomotives are able for!—we find ourselves discussing a late dinner in company with a fellow-countryman, who, after some interesting conversation, enquires have I been long in Mons.

"Only just arrived."

"Have you met O'Neil lately?"

I make answer in the negative, and enquire who that gentleman may be.

"Oh! Don't know O'Neil!!—You cannot have been very long in Belgium, I presume?"

"About four hours, as nearly as possible: I crossed the frontier at two o'clock."

"Then you may reckon on seeing him pretty soon. I have been but ten days in Belgium, and already I have met him five times; and as I see his name in the visitors' book here, I naturally conclude I have had a narrow escape of completing the half-dozen."

In compliance with my request to hear the history of O'Neil, my Saxon friend continues:—

"Having landed at Ostend, I booked for Ghent; and travelled from Bruges with a very palpable Hibernian—if I may judge from his accent, which was rather fragrant of Ballina-blutherum than otherwise. He beguiled the eight-and-twenty miles between these two places with an endless variety of remarks—critical and exegetical—on the country, towns, and people; and ceased not till the guard cried out 'Gand! Gand! On change içi pour Anvers et Courtrai!'

"'Faith! I'm back in it again: just like me luck!' said my companion.

"'Do you know Gand?' I enquired.

"'Know it? Well I ought: shure I come to it every day—no less!'

"'Oh, indeed! Some business here, perhaps?'

"'No, sir,' said he, igniting, 'neither me nor me family was ever in business! I scorn the word—and so would every one of the O'Nales, of Castle O'Nale! I can tell you that!'

"I begged Mr. 'O'Nale's' pardon—withdrew the term 'business'—and supposed he had some strong inducement to cause him to visit Gand so often.

"'Why, no; but you see, I'll not let these foreign chaps humbug me afther all—though I'm a bad hand at French itself.'

"I expressed hopes that he had not experienced any incivility from the Belgians.

"'Bedad! I have. Such thratement the Irish never got before—bad as we're used. Here I come every day, saying 'Ung billay à Ghent, Monsieur,' and the devil a bit of them will give me one! I've thried them at all the stations; but shure they're all alike—a set of blackguards, and nothing else!'

"I did not understand the force of my friend's complaint till some time afterwards, when meeting him in the street, I said 'Ghent appears to be a pretty town.'

"'What's that ye say?' said O'Neil, sharply.

"'I'm much pleased with Ghent!' replied I, parodying my observation.

"'Ghent!' said he: 'now, tell me, were you ever there?'

"'I suppose I was ——'

"'Well, then, will you just shew *me* the way to get to it?—and Heaven bless you!'

"My friend must be an original, thought I, as I replied, good-humouredly, 'You are not far from it, Mr. O'Neil, this minute, I opine.'

"'What? Do you mane to tell me this is Ghent?'

"I answered promptly in the affirmative.

"'Och! the poor ignorant craythur!!' he ejaculated, as, stopping a Belgian soldier, he enquired 'Commong appelez voo cette ville?'

"'Gand, Monsieur!'

"'There now, d'ye hear that? It's Gand, it is.'

"'It is Ghent likewise,' I replied.

"O'Neil again had recourse to the soldier: 'Le nom de cette ville n'est pas Ghent. Eh, little fellow?'

"'Non, non, non! Monsieur. Cette ville est Gand,' replied the son of Mars.

"'There now, if ye know anything of French, shure you can hear the chap say it's Gand! But, faith, I suppose you'll not believe him!'

"Laughing heartily at O'Neil's mistake, I tried to set him right by informing him that Ghent was simply the English name of Gand. In this attempt I failed, for out he cried:

"'Arrah! be aisy now! I'm not so simple as you think! Bedad! you'll be telling me next, that Paris is the French for Parsonstown; or, may be, Liège is Latin for Londonderry!'

"I asked to see his guide-book, and he shewed me an obsolete 'Continental Manual,' printed, I verily believe, by William Caxton himself, in which the town was set down solely as Gand, and no mention made of its synonyme whatever!

"The cause of his mistake was, to me, at once apparent.

"'You see, here's my plan,' said O'Neil: 'I start to different stations, and when I get there, I ask 'Ung billay à Ghent, Mooseer,' for I'm determined to go there in spite of these foreigners! So I went to Courtrai yesterday, Bruges to day, and I'm going to thry my luck in Malines to-morrow; but bedad! these clerks bother me entirely, for they won't give me a ticket to Ghent, but always send me back here, to Gand, till I know every stone in the streets, and in the blessed churches too.'

"*Pour abréger.* I started early in the morning for Malines, stayed there till mid-day, and when departing for Bruxelles, I detected my Irish friend at the booking-office.

"'Donney moi ung billay à Ghent. D'ye mind now? Ghent, like a dacent chap!' said he to the clerk.

"'V'là, Monsieur! deux francs vingt centimes.'

"O'Neil took the ticket, and examined it minutely. 'Och! wirresthrue!! wirresthrue!! but it's Gand again is on it! and sorra bit of Ghent at all at all!!' apostrophizing the clerk he roared 'Faith I'll write to Sandther's or get Duffy himself to shew you up in the *Nation*, ye little spalpeen, the dirty drop is in yes all!'

"As our train started, I beheld him gesticulating antically on the platform; and performing a species of frenetic pantomine, to the consternation of the officials!

"Since I have seen him at Charleroi, Manage, and Jurbise, playing the very same game, and conjecture your turn to run against him will come next."

On entering my name next morning in the hotel-book, I made therefrom the following extraction:—

"*Nom:* Patrick O'Neil. *Profession:* Gentleman. *Residence:* Castle O'Neil. *D'où venant:* Gand (bad luck to it!). *Allant à:* Ghent; or, to heaven may be! (if I can.)"

In changing the scene from Mons to Liège, I cannot help lingering a moment, on the way, in order to counsel every tourist travelling from Ostend to Cologne, in lieu of going by Louvain and Varenne, to make a slight *detour vid* Charleroi, Namur, and Liège, in order to visit the beautiful scenery of the Meuse; for I consider the rugged cliffs, the old castles, the picturesque villages, and the frequent forests along its banks, combine to form a very fitting overture to the bolder panoramic effects afforded by the Rhine.

I could not help remarking, when alighting at Liège, that out of a train full of English, scarcely a tithe of them stopped to visit this most interesting town—the Birmingham of Belgium, as it is appropriately called.

The same remark holds good for the next day: when departing for Aix-la-Chapelle, I saw the Brussels train arrive with a cargo of fellow-countrymen, all of whom remained seated, and evinced not the slightest curiosity to visit one of the most picturesque and celebrated towns upon the continent. In vain had the guide-book assured them that Liège presents historical reminiscences to interest the antiquarian, splendid churches to attract the curious, and an active, hardy, and industrious population to amuse the observant man of commercial acquirements. No! They all seemed in a hot fever of anxiety to enter Germany; and bolt, electrically, past everything instructive and entertaining, into the vortex of revelry which the ball-rooms, saloons, concert-halls, and gaming-tables, of the Kursaal unhappily afford them! We, English, as a body, travel much and see little! Our experience, as a general rule, resembles the *ex officio* acquaintance which stokers and firemen may be supposed to possess of the different towns by which they pass. They behold the outline of the buildings therein, and, sometimes, not even that, when the station happens to be situated at a convenient distance from the town, of half-a-mile or more.

"Ah, Monsieur 'Hopkins,' comment vous portez vous?"

But we must defer Mr. Hopkins to our next sketch.

THE LIFE OF A PIRATE:*

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

Somewhere about the years 1730—1.

"Quis Liber in lucem tandèm qui venit ab umbris?"—*Mantuan.*
"Ainsi, Lecteur, je suis moy-même la Matiere de mon Livre."—*Montaigne.*

PREFACE.

The original of this very singular memoir, which is now given to the public, is in the possession of John J. W——, Esq., of S——— House, Northamptonshire, late M.P. for B——; a descendant from the same family with the unhappy autobiographer. The papers were sent over to this country by his Excellency Mr. Trelawny, Governor of Jamaica, in the year 1738; and after remaining unopened for a hundred-and-fifteen years were accidentally discovered, a few months ago, among some old legal documents, which it became necessary to consult for the purpose of ascertaining the right of property in an exhausted gravel-pit, on Mr. W——'s estate, in the county before-mentioned. They are now sent to the press entirely upon my own responsibility, and, as I am bound in honour to say, very much against that gentleman's inclination. Whether I have done right in overcoming his scruples in this respect must be left to others to decide. No one can be more sensible than I am that there are very many things in the following pages calculated to offend the prejudices and even shock the feelings of the reader. But the true history of a human heart, however corrupt or callous it may be, can hardly fail to be deeply interesting; and, probably, no man ever laid bare his bosom more boldly and completely to the world than the writer of these memoirs.

* We think it right to inform our readers that the extraordinary work which the kindness of its editor—Mr. Baillie, of Rosemount—now enables us to lay before them is a fragment only. Whether it was ever completed, or whether the remaining portion of it has been lost, we are unable to say; but we are authorized to state that Mr. Baillie proposes to supply, from family papers and other sources, some detailed particulars respecting the life of the writer, from the period at which the manuscript terminates, in addition to those which he has mentioned in his preface.—EDITOR of *The New Monthly Review.*

Many of his sentiments, indeed, are such as could have emanated only from a person who was at war with all mankind, and who took a perverse pleasure in proclaiming it. Nor is the book, as it appears to me, less an extraordinary production in other respects than those of its perfect truthfulness and boldness. The character of the author was at least as singular as his adventures—wild and startling as they were. A pirate, who was not only an admirable scholar in the ordinary acceptation of the term scholarship, but deeply read in much of the curious learning of a Butler or a Burton—and who uniting to piracy, and an extraordinary knowledge of books, ambitious views of no mean description, is believed to have held a naval commission in the service of the elder Pretender, and is known to have been occupied at the time of his death with preparations for an attack upon Jamaica, at the head of a force of upwards of eighteen hundred freebooters, with the design of proclaiming the Stuarts in the West Indies—is a character which the boldest writer of fiction might reasonably have hesitated to delineate. Yet such a character, in real life, was Captain W——, the Pirate.

From feelings which will be readily comprehended by every reader of these memoirs, Mr. W—— has thought proper to couple his reluctant permission for their publication with the condition that the writer's name and that of his family residence should be concealed by the use of asterisks, or that the initial letters of them alone should be given; and that I should be as succinct as possible in such prefatory explanations as I might consider it absolutely necessary to enter upon. I do not however think that I am violating the spirit of that understanding, when I say that a brief but most erroneous account of Captain W——, containing almost as many mistakes as it does lines, already exists, where there are no such suppressions. This account, such as it is, is to be met with in a very well-known book—"Captain Charles Johnson's Lives of the Pirates;" and an allusion to him may be found in a number, not very far back, of "Dickens's Household Words."

The world by this time knows, I suspect, quite as much as it cares to know of that set of desperadoes, who under the name of the Brethren of the Coast—or, as they were more popularly called, the Buccaniers of America—were the plague and terror of the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, from the time of the capture of Jamaica, by Penn and Venables, in 1659, down to the end of the seventeenth century. They have been made the subject of scores of fictions, and of some three or four biographical compilations, more or less authentic, commencing with that of Oexmelin, himself—though apparently unwillingly—for a time, one of the fraternity. Sir Thomas Browne, who wrote at an epoch when their prosperity was in its zenith, speaks with a sort of admiration of their

"wonderful power and courage, as testified by their bold and notable attacks upon Campeachy, Santa Martha, and Panama."* The last considerable enterprise undertaken by these men, that against Carthagena, occurred in 1697. Shortly after that period they ceased altogether to be heard of—at least under the name of Buccaniers—in the history of the West Indies. The strongholds which they had established in some of the smaller islands, and on various points of the coast of America, were taken possession of by a naval force, sent out for that purpose by the English Government, at the urgent entreaty of the Spanish Ambassador in London; and energetic measures were adopted to prevent the fitting out of any future expeditions from the colonies belonging to Great Britain. Some of their principal leaders quitted the scenes of their old exploits, for more distant and less civilized regions. The greater part of them, having first obtained a formal amnesty for all past misdeeds, settled peaceably down in the English and Dutch plantations. More than one opulent and respectable family now existing in the West Indies deduces its descent from a retired Buccanier.

But the very success of the measures taken to put down the Buccaniers was productive, ere long, of a new and worse calamity. Their enterprises had furnished occupation and a means of wealth and distinction, at the expense of the Spaniards, to needy and desperate adventurers from almost every country in Europe. A few of their late chiefs, for whom no other way of life was possessed of any charms, now turned Pirates in good earnest; and so great was the impunity with which piracy could be carried on, little more than a century-and-a-quarter ago, that these men and their successors continued, under the name of Marooners, to infest the Spanish main for some years after George the Second was seated on the throne of Great Britain. Their fortunes varied with their leaders; but there were periods, during the first five-and-thirty years of the eighteenth century, when they became, in number and organization, little less formidable than the Chinese Pirates of our own day. This was particularly the case when Roberts and the writer of these memoirs were at the head of them.

The original Buccaniers appear to have been considered, and not altogether unreasonably, less as robbers and murderers than as privateers and adventurers. The latter, indeed, was the term by which in their own time they were ordinarily designated. Many of them, there can be no doubt, among other and far worse inducements to buccaniering,

* In a note to that strange rhyming prophecy—beginning with "When Jamaica shall be lady of the islands and the main, &c."—which was first published, I believe, among his posthumous works, in 1722.

were animated by feelings of burning hatred against the very name of Spaniard, growing out of the terrible atrocities practised by the followers of Columbus and of Cortez upon the wretched natives of the New World.

It is related of the ferocious Montbars, who gloried, in after life, in the name of the Exterminator, that his mind had early become inflamed with such a Quixotic rage against the oppressors of the Indians, that upon the occasion of a college play founded on the conquest of Peru, he rushed upon the stage, in the hallucination of the moment, and dangerously wounded the youthful actor who represented the character of Pizarro. The inhabitants, and even the authorities of the English and Dutch settlements, looked with favour upon enterprises by which they were great pecuniary gainers, and the dreaded and abhorred Spaniards, the enemies alike of England and the United Provinces, were the only sufferers. A Buccanier returning successful from some daring expedition was thought to be no unworthy successor of Drake and Raleigh. Morgan, a man who disgraced courage and capacity of a very high order by treachery and the most sordid avarice, received the honour of knighthood at the hand of King Charles the Second, and was formally appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, a post which he continued to hold for nearly two years.

Nor had there been wanting many instances of men of birth and education, and of no disreputable character, taking a part in their exploits. Among the associates of D'Olonois, who licked his dripping sword as he cut off the heads of his Spanish prisoners—of Van Horn, of Ostend, who punished every man of his crew with death that ducked his head to avoid a cannon-ball, and of such miscreants as Michael the Basque, Picard, and the two Gregnons—were Grammont and Montauban, gentlemen of the first families of France, and of whom Raynal, in his "History of the West Indies," has collected anecdotes of an almost romantic honour and disinterestedness. De Mansfeldt, the predecessor of Morgan, was descended from a race second to none in the empire for the number of distinguished soldiers which it had contributed to the armies of Germany. Montbars himself, by birth of an ancient family in Languedoc, "would never," says Oexmelin, "slay in cold blood a prisoner that he had taken, even though he were a Spaniard, but would present him with a sword and bid him defend his life as long as he was able; and had many wounds in such sort of encounters:" and his countryman, Charlevoix, describes him as having the face and figure of a hero. Sawkins and Daniels, two famous English freebooters, were as doughty Independents as ever upheld the cause of the Commonwealth. Of Sawkins in particular, who had served when a lad in Blake's own vessel—and who quitted England at the

time of the Restoration, in no unnatural disgust at the ficklencss of his countrymen—one or two anecdotes merit, from their singularity, to be preserved. Detecting two of his crew engaged at a game of cards, on a Sunday, he immediately ordered the unlucky gamblers, together with their cards, stakes, and the very table they were playing on, to be thrown overboard. On another occasion, having taken out of a Spanish galleon upwards of seven hundred-weight of silver bullion, he persuaded his men that the possession of so large a sum would not fail to prove injurious to their discipline; and so great was the influence which he had obtained over them, that not a murmur was raised when he distributed one-half only of the amount among them—taking but a single share himself with the rest—and had the remainder cast into bullets, which were actually used a few days afterwards in another engagement with the Spaniards!

But the Marooners, as they were called, were Pirates in the worst and most villanous sense of the word. With them there was no peace beyond the Line, not only as regarded the Spaniards, but all the world. They were the Ishmaels of the sea, whose hands were against every man and every man's hand was against them. They owned no other authority than such as the boldest and cleverest ruffian of their number was able, for a time, to enforce. Him, in his wildest and most barbarous freaks, so long as his ascendancy continued, they implicitly obeyed. Some of the atrocities of the monster Teach, a native of Jamaica, where his brother was a lieutenant of militia, are such as it is almost incredible that there should have been found on board the same vessel one man to perpetrate and a hundred others willing to endure.

Yet even these wretches had their exceptions. If Rackham and Goffe—the latter of whom figures conspicuously and, on the whole, with tolerable accuracy, in Scott's novel of "The Pirate,"—were a couple of as brutal and ignorant scoundrels as ever underwent the last sentence of the law, Roberts, who in point of time came between them, was a man whose talents and energy might have made him respectable, perhaps even eminent, in almost any walk of life. The speech which he addressed to the court, upon his trial, puts one in mind, in some passages, of the celebrated defence of Eugene Aram. The terseness and vigour of its diction reads like a literal version of more than one oration in Sallust. As it is not very well known I will quote a few sentences from it:—

"Honest employment hath hard commons and slow gains; it is full of privations and labours for a man's life, or until the spring and beauty of it are over. Honest men become rich when they are no longer able to enjoy riches, and capable heirs wish them in their graves. Avaricious age, or impotent vice, for the most part, follows upon a debarred youth; and such men must needs be governed by any hereditary King—though he should be rogue, coward, or blockhead—whom indiscriminating birth hath

placed over them, and that cannot but despise them in his heart, for the rule which they suffer him to enjoy. Piracy matches youth with pleasure; hath power, and riches, and a full liberty; the choosing of our own commanders and the continuing them in authority no longer than they are braver and abler men than ourselves. Sour looks and a short strangling are the worst end that can befall it; painful moments for pleasant years. And we are commonly our own masters whether to die like men—quickly and suddenly, as Cæsar wished and Gustavus prayed to die—or to hang like dogs. Treachery only it was that brought me to this bar.

"Hanging will end this tryal, it needs no sentence to tell me that; and I would not, though I could, that it should be otherwise. Without hanging, every paltry knave, that coveted gold and loved life, would turn Pirate and prey upon mankind. You shall have my voice if you will, and this body to begin with, for the making it burning or a worse torture. Great dangers make brave resolutions. There would be, were that so, none but choice spirits of our brotherhood. There would be no cowards or traitors in our ranks."

As he was the last, so was the writer of this memoir, by far, the most remarkable man that figured among the Marooners, during the thirty or forty years in which they continued to exist. His career as a sort of admiral among them lasted little more than eighteen months. Towards the close of it, he had collected upwards of thirty vessels, of various sizes, carrying nearly two thousand men; an armament far superior to that with which Morgan had made himself master of Panama and Porto-Bello, and Grammont, in 1685, had successfully attacked Campeachy. With this force, as I have already intimated, he was preparing for a descent upon Jamaica. But the Pirate's success and reputation had excited jealousy among his followers, and, at a moment that would probably have given him an abiding name in history, he was betrayed into the hands of Captain Dawes, the Commander of an English sloop of war, by one Harman or Hartman, a native of Bremen, who acted as his lieutenant. He was carried, desperately wounded, into Port-royal, where he expired, in prison, a few hours after his arrival.

A quantity of old books, principally Latin, and various papers, among them the original of these memoirs, became the property of his captor, and were by him delivered to Governor Trelawny. The books, or, at least, some of them, were deposited in the public library at Spanish Town. Such of them as are still to be seen there bear, I am told, in the fly-leaf, the inscription—"E. soc. Jesu:" under which, in the Pirate's handwriting, are the words—"Victor cepi, J. W——." The occasion upon which they fell into his hands will be alluded to in the course of these memoirs.

The papers, after having perused them, Mr. Trelawny had the good feelings to forward to Sir John W——, of H——d House, between Birmingham and Walsall, the writer's nearest relation, whose name occurs,

more than once, in these pages. A brief letter, still in existence, accompanied the packet; but the ink has so completely faded, that it is impossible to decipher any portion of its contents. Only the signature, "Edward Trelawny," is legible.

What became of the M.S. on its reaching England, Mr. W—— has not been been able to discover, with any certainty. Sir John W—— is known to have died in 1736—7, some months before it could have arrived, leaving two daughters only, both of whom had married, in his life-time, and quitted their paternal home. The probability is that it remained at H——d until the end of last century, when the estate was sold, by Sir John's only surviving grandson, to the ancestor of the present Earl of D——. It had certainly never been opened when it was discovered, in March last, among a number of documents, principally legal, which Mr. W—— supposes to have been removed from H——d at the time of the sale of the property.

I have in my capacity of editor divided the book into chapters, and thrown into the shape of notes many long digressions with which the text was loaded, to the great interruption of the current narrative. I might, perhaps, with advantage, have done this to a much greater extent. These and the author's other notes I have marked with the initials of his name. Where my own reading has sufficed, I have traced, verified, and assigned to their respective authors the numerous quotations; but it has happened much more frequently than I could have desired, that I have not been able to do this. I have also supplied many words, and, occasionally, a whole sentence, where the original had become illegible, from the cutting of the string with which it was tied round the middle, after the fashion of law papers. What I have thought it absolutely necessary to omit—and I have been by no means squeamish upon that head, bearing in mind some very excellent and manly observations of Mr. Macaulay's on the subject, in his review of "Croker's Boswell"—may have amounted altogether to about three pages.

With these remarks I terminate my preface, already, perhaps, too long for the patience of my readers; adding, only, this request—that they will bear in mind that the writer's life came to a close in his twenty-fifth year, and that the only part of his memoirs which has been preserved must have been written when he was little more than a mere boy. This is the sole excuse, if it be one, which I either can or wish to offer for many parts of the narrative, and still more of the notes.

J. Baillie.

CHAPTER I.

I was born at M——, a mean village in the county of Northampton—six or seven miles distant from the market-town of that name—in the year 1711. My father died when I was twelve months old. He had been a brigadier in Marlbro's army; but was obliged to quit the service, by reason of a bad wound in the belly, which he got at the battle of Ramilies. The Duke spoke very kindly to him when he came away, and, though not much addicted to giving, he made him a present of a tortoise-shell snuff-box with silver hinges, having the letters J. C. on the lid. My mother had used to be very proud of it, and would sometimes, when I was a child, let me carry it in my pocket of a Sunday. What became of it upon her death I know not; but I suppose it fell, like everything else that had belonged to her, into the hands of my scoundrel of an uncle.

My father's family was Norman, and had lands at H——, by Berminghame, from, or shortly after, Hastings. One of his ancestors was Sheriff of Staffordshire, in the reign of Richard the Second. He had for his wife a sister of that Exton that killed the King at Pomfret; and there was a long tradition in the family that he was present at the murder, aiding his brother-in-law, and was wounded in the scuffle. Another was Parliament-man, for Litchfield, in the reigns of Edward the Sixth and bloody Mary. This one was married to a niece of Bishop Bonner; but he could have had but little love for the Bishop, for he was the author of a savage epitaph upon him, to be found, if I remember right, in one of the editions of "Camden's Remains."* A third, and more to be proud of than either, was a famous Herald, in James the First's time; and what does not often happen to men of that profession, he was a poet, or, at least, versifier of some reputation. Besides a learned treatise on the "True Use of Arms," dedicated to the Lords of martial discipline, to which Dugdale and other great Heralds lie under heavy obligations, he wrote rhyming chronicles of the lives and actions of Sir Jno. de Grailhy, Captal of Buz—fourth Knight of the Garter—and the renowned Sir Jno. Chandos. Scattered about these poems, "rarè nantes," in a great gulf of prose, are many sweet and pathetic verses. I had as lieve have been the author of the "Envoi" to the chronicle of Chandos as of any equal

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* I conjecture the following to be the epitaph alluded to, but it is in no edition of "Camden's Remains" which I have had the opportunity of consulting:—

"If Heaven is pleas'd when Sinners cease to sin,
If Hell is pleas'd when Sinners enter in,
If Earth is pleas'd when she hath lost a Knave—
Then all are pleas'd; for Bonner's in his grave."—*J. B.*

number of lines in the writings of Mr. Pope. If there is less shine and compression in it, there is, to my mind, a good deal more of tenderness and true feeling joined to something of the old dignity. These, and other particulars of our family, I gathered out of "Erdeswicke's Survey of Staffordshire," of which there was a copy at M——, with many notes and augmentations in my father's handwriting. S. Erdeswicke—who flourished in Elizabeth's time, dying the same year with that great Queen (the only sovereign, of her sex, I ever read of, that made me less in love with a Salique law)—had been in his younger days a great friend, and sort of patron of my ancestor the Herald; but had the meanness and folly, when he was grown old, to claim the other's books for his own—as is related by Sir W. Dugdale and, that honestest of all biographers, Antony à Wood.

Towards the beginning of Henry the Eighth's time, a younger son of the family married a rich heiress, a grand-daughter of that Sir Humphrey Stafford who was executed at Tyburn, for heading an insurrection, the year after the Battle of Bosworth, against that mean rogue Henry the Seventh; and descended from another Humphrey Stafford who was beheaded by Jack Cade. He bought with part of his wife's fortune a small estate at Dodford, in Northamptonshire, which his son and grandson, by other purchases and prosperous alliances, greatly increased. His descendants continued to reside upon it in opulence and, for aught that I know, in good reputation, until the end of last century, when it unluckily fell to two co-heiresses—wanting here too a Salique law—and passed, by their marriages, into the hands and names of strangers.

My grandfather was a younger son of this branch of our family. He married a lady of the name of Pickering (a connection of Mr. Dryden's, the poet), who bore him three sons, my father being the youngest of them. Being of small means, and those already deeply trenched upon in providing for his elder children, he willingly fell in with my father's views of adopting the profession of arms, as being at once the most honourable and the least costly of any; for that it is thought to need the least education for it. By the interest of the head of the family, in Staffordshire, at that time a very young man, but with whom my grandfather, notwithstanding the difference of their ages, was on very friendly terms, a pair of colours was provided for him in my Lord Dumbarton's Regiment of Horse. He served with that regiment, in Scotland, under the Duke of Monmouth and the famous Viscount Dundee, then Colonel Grahame, and he afterwards fought against Monmouth at the battle by Bridgewater. I have heard my mother say that it went sorely to his heart to have to draw his sword against his old commander, and that he would willingly have gone over to the Duke if any of the Scotch

officers would have joined him. But he took no part, as it chanced, in the mutiny which broke out in the corps on its being ordered off to Holland, after the revolution, and the command of it given to old Schomberg; and he was permitted, on that account, by favour of General Ginkle, to exchange into Talmash's Grenadiers, two companies of whom were, at that moment, on their march to Liverpool, there to embark for Ireland. The war in that country being brought to a conclusion, by the treaty of Limerick, his regiment was sent to Flanders, whither he accompanied it, and served through all King William's campaigns—none of them too honourable—up to the peace of Ryswick. He joined the army again at Nymveguen, on the breaking out of the war afresh in 1702; but was, as I have already mentioned, forced to quit it, for good, by the wound which he had got at Ramilies. He had been at that time upwards of nine-and-twenty years a soldier, and present in forty-and-odd battles; and, what was a very singular thing, for a most bold and hazarding man, had escaped thitherto without a scratch.

What with prize-money, picked up in Flanders, and a small succession, which fell to him at my grandfather's death,* my father had scraped together nearly fourteen hundred guineas, when he returned to England in 1706. This sum, or almost all of it, he laid out in the purchase of some land and an old fashioned manor-house upon it, called the Grange, at M——, in Northamptonshire, that had once belonged to the family of Napier.

Of his brothers, one had long been dead, unmarried, and the other had gone to settle in Penn's colony, and was never heard of afterwards; and my father did not, why I cannot tell, seek to renew the old intimacy with the elder branch of the family in Staffordshire. Perhaps he expected advances to be made to him, which being neglected, or his return to England unknown, he was too proud a man to seek for. Be this as it might, there were no family obstacles in the way, upon any side, when he fell in love with and married my mother, the daughter of a small Farmer in the village; though he would not, I dare say, very much have minded them had such existed, for he was, as I have always heard, both a wise and resolved man, who troubled himself very little indeed with the opinions of other people, but sought for happiness in his own way, and was wont to stop, as impertinent meddlers, those that were about to tell him what the world thought of his actions.

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* He died in 1694: poor, but of excellent repute—

"Laissant pour Tout son partage
Beaucoup d' honneur, peu d' heritage."—*J. W.*

Judging from the way in which my mother used to speak of him, and the deep and unforgetting sorrow with which she lamented his loss, they must have been a very happy couple. Indeed, with a temper and disposition like hers, it could not easily have been otherwise. But their happiness did not last long; for my father's Ramilies wound, which had never been thoroughly healed, broke out afresh, and after several months cruel sufferings he died, just as he had entered on the third year of his marriage. I was not christened, though nearly a year old, until a few days before my father's death. He could not, I believe, make up his mind whether to call me James, after Monmouth and the last of the Stuart kings, or John, after Marlbro' and Dundee; but the pusillanimity of the two former, added to its being an old family name, decided him, at length, in this important matter, in favour of the latter appellation. My mother, most likely, had it been left to her, would have chosen differently —for Monmouth was her favourite hero; and she maintained, woman-like, that it was only his love for the Lady Henrietta that had made him demean himself, so pitifully, in the presence of his uncle, King James. She had an aunt at Todington, in Bedfordshire, that had been waiting-woman, many years before, to the Lady Wentworth, and had lived with her and the Duke, at Bruxelles and other foreign places; and this good woman had filled her mind with a sort of idolatry for Monmouth, never wearied with telling her how handsome and graceful he was, of what gay yet gentle manners, and of how tender and affectionate a heart.

I loved my mother very dearly, and well indeed did she deserve it; for a kinder creature, or a more beautiful one, has rarely walked upon the face of the earth. Nature had given her good parts, and they were not without cultivation. She could read and write excellently; but she was of so soft and confiding a disposition, that anybody might cheat her who chose, and had the heart to do it. She and I were everything to each other, and she would consult me, young as I was, upon all matters, small and great. I don't think she ever ordered our dinner, without first asking me what I would like to have. I am carried back, when I think of her, to those old times when I used to stand by her knee, as she sate at work, in the great cheerful parlour-window at M——, telling me stories of my father's battles and what an ancient house he came of. Then she would put by her work, take me by the hand, and we would walk down together to the churchyard, where his remains rested, and stand and talk about him over his grave. She never missed going there herself for one single day, be the weather what it might, from the time of his burial until she herself was laid beside him. I would have chopped off my right hand rather than have done anything to pain or offend her, though it were ever so little. This seems childish enough now; but who

is not a child through life, or ought not to be one in his feelings, where his mother is concerned ?*

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*[The following note I have cut out of the context. If the reader is unwilling to pardon it on account of its singularity, it is likely, I fear, to find little grace in his eyes.—*J. B.*]

"It puts me out of patience with our playwrights, and still more with the French ones, when I think of the tender and pure affection which subsisted between my mother and myself. One would really imagine, from any tragedy that has been written for the last sixty years, that men were sent into the world for no other purpose than to become the willing slaves and fools of some imperious, ranting, stage heroine—'terror Virgo Virorum,' as was monkishly said of Elfleda—or some pretty piece of imbecility, a Portia or Marcia, that being any man's infatuator, for more than a fit of time, might move one's scorn or wonder. If literature owed no other debt to the great name of Shakespeare, she were unspeakably obliged to him for that he hath shewed what noble dramas may be written that either touch not at all upon that passion or incidentally only, as it occurs in the world and men's lives; or when 't is made their subject 't is only in a few of them, which being compared with the number that he wrote might serve to shew its measure and proportion in relation to the other passions of the soul; nor are such by any means his best dramas, or comparable with 'Lear,' or 'Macbeth,' or 'Hamlet.'

> "'When Lee makes temperate Scipio rant and rave,
> And Hannibal a whining am'rous slave,
> I laugh; and wish the hair-brain'd fustian fool
> In Busby's hands, to be well whipp'd at school.'

"I never read a tragedy of that writer—or of Mr. Dryden, or, with the honourable exception of Mr. Southerne, of any of our living dramatists—but I heartily agree with my Lord Rochester, and would consign them all to Orpilius. We buy dearly, to my thinking, the magnanimous, the almost divine character of Cato, in Mr. Addison's great play, by the folly and impertinence of the love scenes; and these, 't is commonly believed, were added on the advice of his friends, after it had first been written without 'em, to gratify the tastes of the town.

"But 't is the mode, and to rail or to reason against that, is as useless as to bid the sea-waves stand still and come no farther. The days of miracles are gone by, and no man, of his natural power, can make the sun to halt in the mid heavens. Till evening comes it holds on its course: and posterity and later judgments are the evening of tastes and opinions. 'T is but by that light we see things clearly, stripped of their short-lived blaze and glitter: now our eyes wink and are dazzled.

"If, in the words of Montaigne, we were to look upon love-books 'apart and more materially,' and spend an hour or two in the reading of that most excellent chapter of his, entitled 'the verses of Virgil;' or, what the late admirable Bishop Huet, 'sæclo mortuus Superis superstes,' wrote about it, who recommends its treatment 'methodiquement et par les règles de la medicine,' and likens it jocularly, elsewhere, to 'the measles and small-pox, which most people suffer from, some time or other, and the more dangerous the later they are contracted;' or what we find in Cælius Aurelianus, who compares the fruition of it to the lesser Epilepsy, 'siquidem similem faciat, &c.;' or what Brown says, in the 'Religio Medici,' ''t is an odd unworthy piece of folly

When a husband loses his wife, early in life, he sheds floods of bitter tears, tosses sorrowfully about in the bed she once shared with him, swears that he shall never be comforted, and commonly ends, in a year or so, by going into the world and looking out for a successor to her. Widowers at thirty, for the most part, marry again; and some, upon second bereavements, take to themselves third helpmates. Such men's love for their wives cannot, surely, be of a much higher order than their affection for a horse or a dog. 'T is a reparable loss, and being filled up again, is looked upon with tenderness indeed and kindly expression, but hardly with affliction. But the loss of a mother, what can supply?

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that our cooled imaginations revolt at, &c.;' or the learned licentious Middleburger, Adrian Beverland, in his strange book, 'de fornicatione cavendâ'—'nihil magis ridiculum est quam Eterozugon, &c.;' or one or two of Doctor Swift's poems;—I think we should have, for a while to come, but small stomachs for a love-play.

"It's a saying of a cucumber, to be found in Sir James Turner's 'Pallas Armata,' that when scraped and sliced, peppered and vinegared, it is only fit to be thrown away. So 'tis, to my mind, with our triumphs over the other sex. For the pleasure of them is chiefly in the chase, and our own hot exaggerating thoughts; and the bright colours fray from the butterfly's wings, when they are grasped by the possessing hand.

"Where there is passion there must needs be satiety, and disgust follows on the heels of desire—like a shadow and a retribution. 'Drinking,' says Congreve, 'is very pleasant; but, unluckily, it quenches a man's thirst;' and we hate, after dinner, the continuing odour of meat.

"'Qui satur est pleno laudat jejunia ventre,'

is a true verse of the Mantuan's, and hateful 'tis that it should be true. Love is painted blind; but the bandage speedily drops off, to be picked up again and replaced for a time or two, afterwards altogether. If Mr. Hobbes' definition of happiness, 'that 't is a constant succession of gratified desires,' were in a sensual way to be carried out, the most to be envied, of all human beings, were those legendary queens and princesses that had a fresh paramour every night, whom they turned into a beast the next morning.

"'Omnia nocte vident, nil cras meminêre lucernæ."

"'T is a strong thing on the side of authority what Milton and Sir Thomas Brown, the foremost poet of any country and the third or second prose writer of our own, have wrote of Polygamy and Divorce. Milton, 't is well known, was as ardent and unabashed an advocate of the liberty of unlicensed divorce as of the liberty of unlicensed printing:

'"For fierce and froward Miltonist
The nuptial knot would aye untwist.'

Matrimony, he seems to have thought, should be circumscribed by that Cæsarean law that placed it on the same footing as friendship ('adeo ut pactum matrimoniale huic non aliud haberetur quam sociorum contractus qui eo usque stabilis manet dum in eodem consensu utrinque perseveratur et renunciante societati alterutro solvitur.'—Selden, in his book—de Jure Nat. et Gent., lib. 5., chap. vii.). And with what violent asperity

Many years have passed since mine died—years so crowded with adventures, and dangers, and crimes, of most descriptions, save mean ones, that I scarce retain, like the Argonautic ship, a piece of the being I then was, yet my heart for her is as tender as ever. Scores of times, God is my witness, I have been stopped from the perpetrating of some savage deed, by the thought of her, gliding like a ghost between me and the object of my rage.

I was thirteen years old when she died. She had no illness. She came into my room, the night before, picked up and folded my clothes, which I had thrown about the floor, and after promising to go down

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and contempt he treated those that differed from him, in that way of thinking, we see in that Seventh Sonnet of his, against the impugners of his Tetrachordon.

"Brown, who appears to have looked upon Polygamy pretty much in the light of a second marriage, thought of one and the other as Donne did of suicide, 'that they were not so necessarily sins as that they could not possibly be otherwise: for neither,' says he, 'do I altogether disallow Polygamy, which, considering some times and the unequal number of the sexes, may also be necessary.' Two years after his death a bolder defender of it sprang up in the person of the Protestant minister Lyserus, in that famous and learned book of his 'Polygamia Triumphatrix,' wherein he argues for the allowableness, among other strange grounds, for that God hath sometimes permitted, nowhere denounced it: 'et cui Deus revelat ea quæ ad ipsum proprie non spectant certè non abscondet ea quæ ad salutem ipsius æternam referunt'—if the Deity condescends to tell a man many things that do n't at all concern him, He would never have left him in the dark about matters touching his eternal salvation—Thesis 45., pag. 258; which, truly, is what Campeggio thought, as I read in 'David Ancillon,' but had not the courage to assert.

"Ochinus and Martin Bucer, of Divorce, have both of them been Englished, the latter by Milton himself; and the other great reformer, that wrote approbatively both of that and Polygamy, was Theodore Beza, no incompetent judge, unquestionably, for he had three wives of his own and ran away with his tailor's, and was indeed inordinately fond of descanting on such sort of subjects, as we may see by those Treatises of his 'De fide Meretricum,' et cetera, which he published under the name of Passavant. Others that have writ as freely on them, and those men of the first rank both for learning and morals, were the Jesuits Sanchez and Raynaudus—the former in that extraordinary folio of his 'De Matrimonio,' of which the tenth book is devoted to Divorce, and the latter in his twentieth and unacknowledged volume, 'Apopompœus,' as he calls it, the scapegoat of his writings—both of them authors of the loosest language and the chastest and most saintly lives, 'pagina prava, proba vita,' so that it was not inaptly said of them 'that they, like the three Hebrews of old, had passed through the burning fiery furnace without scorching a hair of their head;' and of Sanchez, in particular, I find, in that account of his life wrote by Combecius a year or two after his death, that it had been vouchsafed to him, when young, to be made the subject of a miracle—for having been born dumb, and so continued until his fifteenth year, he burst his tongue in an effort of prayer, as Crœsus' son at his father's danger, and Peirescus in his palsy."

with me, the next day, to the mill and fish in the dam there, she kissed me and went to her own chamber. How little did I think, as I turned round to sleep, that my last day of peace and happiness was come to an end! How little dream what a miserable morning was to break upon that unconscious night! I was awoke by our old servant, Sarah Hewett, coming running up to my bedside, sobbing and saying, "Master John, Master John, get up directly and come into your mother's room." I remember staring at her, for a minute, as not comprehending what she meant, and then I jumped up and hurried, undressed as I was, into the next room. There in her bed, stone dead, lay my mother. Her cheek was resting on the palm of her right hand, and her long, soft, beautiful hair had fallen about her face, covering the greater part of it. Her other hand—which old Sarah, as she told me afterwards, had taken hold of when she entered the room, and thought her mistress was sleeping, and wanted to awake her—was hanging down by the bedside. I know not how I came to notice these things so exactly, for my mind was in a tumult at the time, ignorant of its own motions; but notice them I must have done, for the whole scene occurred to me afterwards like a picture. I threw myself on my knees, by the bed, took hold of her hand, kissed over and over again her still warm lips, and passionately implored her to speak to me, though it were but a single word. Then several persons came running into the room, my rascally uncle at the head of them, and endeavoured to force me away, which I resisted furiously. All of a sudden something snapped in my head, like a string suddenly let loose, a great rush of blood flowed from my mouth and nostrils, a quick darkness darted before my eyes, and I fell on my face to the floor.

It was not until the evening of the second day, that I came to my senses. The first object I became conscious of was poor old Sarah, sitting beside my bed. For the moment I was bewildered, scarce knowing whether I was awake or not, then everything that had occurred flashed across my mind, like a shadow on a sheeted wall. The kind old creature had her prayer-book in her hand; but the tears were pouring so fast down her cheeks that she could not, I am very sure, have told whether it was a printed page or a blank one that was lying open before her. "Sarah," I I said, taking her by the hand, "I must see her." She sobbed out something about its being too much for me in the weak state that I was, but all the while she was saying so she was assisting me to get up and put my clothes on. Leaning on her arm, for I was too feeble to stand alone, I went once more and for the last time into my mother's room. The chamber was nearly dark, partly from the shutters being half closed, partly from the shadow of evening falling upon it. One would think that all silence must needs be the same; but there was a stillness there such as I had

never before known, so heavy was it and oppressive. What little light there was fell upon the bed, which had been moved from its old place and brought nearer to the window. Upon it lay the coffin, and in the coffin my mother. Her face was quite white and, whether it was that death had swollen it or that my eyes served me but poorly, it seemed larger than it was wont to be, and the sweet expression was gone from it, though the features had experienced no change. I stood by the bedside, gazing passively on the sight, without uttering a word or drawing a sigh, for fully two minutes. I could not, indeed, have done either, had my life depended upon it, for there was a sensation in my throat as if I had swallowed something that would not go down. At length came a great gush of tears, like the bursting of a pent-up torrent, and that relieved me. I leant over the coffin and pressed my face to my mother's. O how different was the feel of it from the soft warm cheek I had so often laid mine to! The flesh was damp and chilly, and it sank down when I touched it, light as was the pressure, and did not rise up again. It was months before I forgot the sensation of that cold contact with death. I must then, I suppose, have fainted away, for I recollect nothing farther.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO UMBRELLAS.

The Joint-Stock Banking Company is a firm well known in the northern parts of England, although its reputation perhaps hardly extends to the sunny regions of the south. The well-thumbed notes of this Bank have long enjoyed an extensive circulation. Farmers look upon them with feelings little short of veneration, and much prefer the paper currency of the Bank to the gold it promises to pay the bearer on demand. Indeed, these manufactured rags, when stamped, have a sort of reverential value attached to them in the natives' eyes, distinct and apart from the established credit of the Bank itself: for many country folks, of insignificant education, are apt to fancy a five-pound note, of the J. S. B., fully as marketable as five sovereigns bearing the impress of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen; and it would take time and pains to convince such persons that in Paraguay or Pomerania they would be as little worth as the romantic notes issued from the "Bank of Love," (signed Cupid) conveying the time-worn promise of paying the bearer, on

February the fourteenth, an integral heart and a preposterous amount of kisses!

With faith strong as this it is easy to believe that even Mr. Matthew Marshall is looked upon with less complacency, and considered a sort of interloper, in the immediate vicinage of the Joint-Stock Bank. And I must allow that the pompous appearance of the Banking Company's notes is to the prejudice of those bearing Mr. Marshall's name; for the beautiful apparent simplicity, but, withal, latent complexity of these latter, is neither appreciated nor understood.

The notes of this country Bank are printed from a patent hardened steel plate, skilfully engraved by artificers, more cunning, probably, than ever was Tubal Cain. In one corner figures forth a plough, pictorially emblematic of the industry of the people; while in the other angle a fat-looking wheat-sheaf, in a perpendicular position, typifies the consequent fertility of the soil. The interval between is occupied by *Industria et Copia*, artfully meandering through the number of the note; many hieroglyphics and private marks are added thereto; while, as a finishing touch, the autograph of the manager is subscribed, in a style of flourish the most tortuous.

"Man is an imitative animal," said a philosopher, some centuries ago. This fact, being undeniable, is universally admitted to be true, even by all metaphysical writers, past and present, which is something curious when we remember that these gentlemen invariably take every possible opportunity of contradicting each other, and not unfrequently themselves also. Were an illustration of this statement concerning the mimic powers of man required by any sceptical individual, the following might be adduced as a strong one:—notwithstanding all the precautions taken by the Banking Company against forgery, I grieve to say, their plate was counterfeited and notes struck off, exactly resembling those issued by this highly respectable confraternity Great ingenuity also, I have been told, was displayed by the forgers in getting their notes into circulation.

When men of ill-regulated morals make up their minds to offend against the laws, in this manner, their interest is to be as expeditious as possible about the matter; for when once a spurious note is detected, alarm is quickly raised, the Bank hears of it, the police commence investigation, the news spreads, and the daily papers caution their readers against the imposition—so all persons examine closely every note tendered them, and refuse to change it for any suspicious-looking or unknown individual.

Well aware of this were several fashionably-dressed men, evidently strangers, who might have been seen, on market-days—in different towns of Yorkshire, Durham, and all those northern marts where the security and good faith of the Joint-Stock is infallibly believed in—busy making

purchases, not exactly in the leading shops, but in those of the second-class, where the bare idea of suspecting anyone dressed in gentlemanly garb would be considered nothing short of profanation!

The inventory of things purchased by them presents some curious features, as regards the diversity and heterogeneous nature of the articles.

In one shop a bland-looking gentleman had his fancy tickled by a bird-cage, price 3s. 6d., and bought it—receiving £4. 16s. 6d. change ("he had no silver about him")—directing it to be sent to his hotel, not on any account before nine o'clock in the evening—at which hour the cage arrived punctually, but, as may be guessed, the bird had flown!

The same benign-looking man had also a marked partiality for lean hams, which arrived at the hotel at the same hour as the cage; as well as a case of razors, a wheelbarrow, two pair of blucher boots, a hip-bath, some cocoa-matting, a patchwork counterpane, and a frying-pan.

Nine messengers, in all, as they stood in conclave, at "The Dragon," agreed in considering that the history of the benevolent gentleman afforded two serious points for their masters' contemplation: firstly, he was gone! secondly, throughout the day he appeared never to have had smaller change than a five-pound note!! Verily, he did not say, that evening, "*Perdidi diem*;" neither could his *confrères* have been impeached on a charge of idleness, for they had been quite as busy and successful in other towns!

When all the forged notes were collected, the sum total of the fraud was computed to be over £200., yet it is more than probable that the circulation and discovery were both effected in one and the selfsame day.

If the reader considers the title of this sketch either a misprint or a misnomer, there he is mistaken; and should he now enquire, with some impatience, "what earthly connexion can exist between a bank note and an umbrella?" the answer might be improvised—both are often lent, but neither ever returned.

Having established this temporary affinity, as earnest of the connexion I purpose setting forth between these two articles, I will now proceed with my story.

Leeds is pre-eminently the city of smoke. Everything looks soot-begrimed therein; and, consequently, the place wears such an expression of gloom that one would fancy crape to be its only manufacture. Indeed, a visit there might be an economical and expeditious method of going into mourning: one walk in its murky streets and your garb, be it how light soever, infallibly takes a sombre hue, as if it had been steeped in the dismal waters of Cocytus!

The second day after the forgery recorded, this stigmatic city was more than ever under a cloud; the coalition of smoke and vapour reigned over it, rivalling the darkness which once prevailed throughout the land of Egypt. The morning moreover was wet, and the rain, as it mingled with the soot, precipitated itself, like an inky torrent, on the streets —reminding one of "liquid blacking."

"The Red Lion" was crowded; commercial-men were breakfasting, and preparing to start, in despite of the weather, on their several avocations. Not being concerned with the guild of bagmen, we shall let them depart in peace, without note or comment. However, we beg to particularize three individuals from amongst them. The first is of the middle-height, middle-aged, and displaying a middling crop of whiskers. The second is short and pluffy, possessing merely a nominal amount of neck, a most flagrant wig, and spectacles framed on the principles of Wyatt windows. The third is a well-built man, with a pair of eyes thoroughly expressive of his "understanding all about it!" This is Mr. Sniffers, of the detective force. To look at him this morning, one would be led to imagine he had been accustomed to sunny climes all his life, and that rain must be a complete novelty to him—for he appeared to examine with intense interest all the unbrellas in the stand. Having satisfied his curiosity, he seems to be contemplating them, reflectively, perhaps, as trophies of art, as he lolls against the door breathing the aroma of a medicated cabbage-leaf.

The gentleman first introduced is performing the same idle process in the hall, and Mr. Sniffers has entered into conversation with him. Already has the stranger imparted to him, with much *nonchalance*, that his name is Gilbertson, that he is going to have some shooting with a great gun of the neighbourhood, to whose mansion he has been invited; and how he wishes the rain was over that he might get some confounded trap to take him up to the consecrated place!

As they thus stand chatting, cabs by wholesale come dashing to the door; the waiter is alive and looks out sharp for squalls, as the bagmen take their departure. How scrutinizing now is Mr. Sniffers on the topic of umbrellas!—eyeing everyone going to the stand, and extracting his own from it. Ten umbrellas have disappeared, and only three remain. Another gentleman departs, and diminishes this number by one. "The two umbrellas" are left, and how unlike are they in all externals! One is much deteriorated, and appears, by its jaundiced complexion, to have experienced, the vicissitudes of life. Evidently it is of plebeian origin, having gingham and stained wood for its basis, some brass enters into its complexion, and if dissected nothing better than whale-bone could be extracted from its frame. It cannot boast of much *tournure*, its figure

being devoid of symmetry, like a London Alderman after a Guildhall banquet. A sorry show it cuts by the side of its aristocratic companion, clothed with the finest green silk mounted on neat steel ribs, which fold in and allow it to derive a slim portable appearance by this arrangement. The handle is of ivory, and looks somewhat conspicuous, being out of proportion, like the overgrown head of a child affected by water on the brain.—Never judge from appearances. I should prefer the worst-looking of the two, had I to choose between them.

It is still raining. Mr. Sniffers has ignited a fresh rouleau of vegetable composition: by force of example, Mr. Gilbertson has done the same. Though the former paces the hall, and gives intermittent peeps through the parlour door, (green spectacles look suspicious, and some degree of mistrust is begotten by the wig!) yet he is not frittering away his morning, nor endeavouring to kill time merely, till the rain is over.

"Our fat friend is a long while at breakfast," he remarks, coming to anchor at the door-post.

"That queer-looking man?" says Gilbertson, half interrogatively, half carelessly.

"Queer! Do you think him so?"

Mr. G. *is* of this opinion: so the detective inquires what data have led him to draw such an inference.

"Why, he wears a brown wig," answers Mr. Gilbertson, somewhat unsatisfactorily.

"Nothing very queer in that!"

"Why, not exactly," rejoined Gilbertson, as he rolls a cloud of incense from his mouth; "but this morning he entered in a grey one!"

A very sharp penetrating glance does Mr. Sniffers dart upon Mr. G., discharging in fact both his eyeballs at him: however, that gentleman is quite calm and collected in his manner; indeed, he appears somewhat used up, and completely out of sorts at the foulness of the weather.

From him he turns attention to "the two umbrellas," and reflects.

While Mr. S. is cogitating, the fat man in the coffee-room has terminated his morning meal, and, glancing anxiously at the clock, he calls the waiter and demands his bill. That functionary appears and disappears, goes within the bar and performs compound addition with the landlady; then, armed with a long paper missive, he prepares to storm the pockets of the wig-wearer.

"Call a cab and put in my luggage, with the umbrella. Waiter! d'ye hear? Don't forget my umbrella!"

On the last head he is peculiarly emphatic.

This sound emanates from the parlour and disturbs Mr. Sniffers in his meditations: then the waiter beckons a vehicle over and places therein

a cargo of cloaks and carpet-bags; which done, he extracts the best umbrella from the stand and addresses Gilbertson, saying:—

"This yours, sir?"

Answer:—"No, the other."

Sniffers buttons his coat, and appears bent upon migration. While he pays his bill in haste, the fat gentleman makes off to the railway-station: so observing the cab retreating in the dim perspective, the officer calls another, and gives the driver injunctions to follow as fast as possible. Let us now accompany him, and bid eternal adieu to the hotel.

As the horse, drawing the cab which carried Sniffers and his fortunes, was not capable of high-pressure movement, by the time he reached the station, spectacles had unfreighted himself and luggage, and was now taking his ticket for N——, when Mr. Sniffers jumped from the cab, and catching the echo of the word he booked also for that town, and rushed into a carriage as the express was moving from the platform!

The train emerged from the smoke of Leeds as from beneath a tunnel, got into twilight in the suburbs, and full day when it reached the country; from whence might have been seen the soot-bag brooding over the city, like vapour on the summit of a cloud-capped mountain.

For none of these things cared Mr. Sniffers. The gentleman in the train—for whom he kept an unmitigated look out, at every platform, lest he might escape—the umbrella, and Gilbertson, were the motive powers of his most intense consideration.

When the "Fire King" drew up at N——, the "robustious perriwig-pated fellow" alighted, keeping tenacious grasp of the umbrella and a watchful eye upon his luggage. The same omnibus conveyed him and Mr. Sniffers to the hotel, where the former demanded a private room, in the which he bestowed himself and chattels. And now Mr. S. entered on the discharge of his functions. Taking the green silk umbrella from the stand where the gentleman had left it, he unceremoniously introduced himself into his apartment; where, the door being duly fastened, the following scene took place:—

"Is this your umbrella?" inquired the detective, pointedly.

The interrogated hesitated and seemed confused, at last he stuttered out: "Why—ah—really—I might say—"

"Come now," said Sniffers, positively, "I know well its yours, so don't deny it."

So far from being taken aback by this statement the gentlemen seemed encouraged, and replied, with immense good-humour, laughing in effect, "Well, sir, I have no objection as you insist on it—why, I'll admit the point. But may I ask to whom I have the pleasure of——"

Cutting him short the reply was "Sniffers," in the true fashion of Laconia.

"Oh! The eminent officer, I presume."

"The same," he answered curtly, taking the rank and compliment quite as a matter of course.

"Then, sir, I am happy to make your acquaintance," said corpulency warmly, "perhaps you know my name?"

"I know who you are, and that 's enough. Now tell me how many notes were circulated?"

"Notes!—circulated! Oh! Ah! you allude to the forgery, I suppose?"

"Rather! How many, I repeat? Disguise is useless."

"Well, two hundred, I believe."

"Pshaw! more than that."

"Likely so, I do n't pretend to know. But, tell me, have you any clue as yet?"

"A trifle," replied Sniffers, with a grin. (You should see Sniffers grin. A rusty rat-trap, opening its dentated jaws, is a faint copy of the movement!)

"Arrested any yet?" inquired obesity, with great apparent curiosity.

"Not yet—but agoing to."

"Haw! If you are unaccompanied I do n't envy you the job. They are a desperate set of fellows I hear, and well armed. Forgers, they say, would stop at nothing." (This last sentence was delivered with extraordinary emphasis.)

"Pooh!" cried Sniffers, with contempt, "they are sensible fellows, they are, and know well that hanging aint so healthy as foreign travelling to the colonies, and much more fatal to the constitution. Now, suppose I met one of them now, I 'd take out these," (he produced a neat pair of handcuffs) "and say to the party, whomsoever he 'd be, how would these fit?" (here he takes the gentleman by the arms and wrists.) "Then I 'd put them on so, and shut them just like that!" The sharp clicking of the bolt announced that they were duly locked. So far had Sniffers gone in his illustration, that his victim was actually sitting in his chair, shaking hands, involuntarily, with himself!

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed he "'t would certainly be clever. But I would n't like them on long. They hurt a little!"

"Then come at once," said Sniffers, rising.

"Come! where?"

"Pooh!" ejaculated the detective, with great disgust, "that game is old, you 're nabbed now: so let us slope."

He spoke with such familiarity, his captive looked annoyed, and said, with all the dignity he was master of under the circumstances—it was not much!—"I require you, sir, to remove these forthwith."

"I won't, and that's enough!" grunted the detective.

Mute astonishment gave way to sheer dismay. "What means this conduct," at length he gasped: "some gross misapprehension I conceive!"

"Misapprehension! Oh, lor! what a refined age we live in; we used to call that 'false arrest' in our day—dear, oh, dear!"

"Instantly remove these, or 't will be worse for you!" roared the fettered individual, as he chafed, and fumed, and stamped on the floor, livid with rage and passion!

"Now, harkee, friend!" cried the officer, sternly, "when I'm taken kind it's a little lamb I am, but when anyone puts upon me I become the very devil!" Mr. Sniffers delivered himself of this oration with some dramatic action.

"Mr. Sniffers! who do you take me for?" piteously enquired the wretched man.

"I take you for the Governor of the Joint-Stock Banking Company and all others whom it may concern," answered the officer, mistaking the question.

"Am I really to understand you arrest me?" roared the victim, sitting handcuffed in his chair, and appearing, by attitude, as if he was contemplating an aquatic movement—commonly called swimming.

"In the Queen's name," rejoined Mr. S., laying his hand affectionately on his head and shoulders, like a bishop bestowing his benediction, "and, now, could you guess how I scented you, eh?"

"No, I do n't know anything; not even who or where I am—"

"By your umbrella!!!" shouted Sniffers, impressively, as he flourished it insanely around his head, in the manner an Indian brandishes his spear while performing a phrenetic war-dance!

Our culprit groaned, like a congregation of primitive methodists!

"Now, see," continued the detective, with professional enthusiasm, as he rested his broad palm on the handle, and planted the point in a chink of the floor, describing concentric circles with the umbrella; "in the whole course of my career, never did I see a really prettier case." He reflected a second, and then issued a supplement to this statement, as follows:—"of course there was Tooler's—but, then, I tracked him by a walking-stick,—no, this is the prettiest, I should say."

By dint of gyrations, the umbrella becoming somewhat loose in the socket, the detective examined it minutely and discovered the thread of a screw beneath the handle. So, prompted by natural curiosity, he wrenched it, and pulling off its head there rolled upon the ground no less an article

than a thin brass barrel, which fitted accurately into the excavated handle.

As a cat springs on a mouse, so darted Sniffers on his prey: lifting it he opened the machine and extracted therefrom a roll of fresh crimp-looking notes—all forgeries on the Joint-Stock Banking Company.

"Live and learn!" he exclaimed, as he investigated "the plant," with some surprise: this, however, was but transitory, for the novelty over, the official quickly recovered his serenity; while the man in manacles still remained entranced. The whole affair appeared to him "like a phantasma, or a hideous dream!" Fain would he have rubbed his eyes, to dissipate the impenetrable mist which enwrapped them—but, alas! his hands could only reach the southernmost promontory of his face, where, stretched out, they looked for all the world like a full view of the fore part of a steamer.

"Five, ten, fifteen, twenty," laughed Sniffers; wetting his fingers in bank fashion, and counting out the notes. "How much will you take for them in the pound, old boy?"

The culprit gasped like a broken-winded bellows! No longer belonged he to the race of "articulately-speaking men," for his mouth was so parched with fright he could not project a syllable from his *faucis!*

While gazing on this tableau, the drop-scene falls; and in the next act we behold our two acquaintances in the court-house: premising that Mr. Sniffers having professional business in N——, which would delay him till the morrow, determined forthwith to procure the committal of the captive.

The magistrates were sitting, and clearly and concisely the officer preferred his charge. After receiving the usual caution not to commit himself, the chairman asked:

"Where do you live, prisoner?"

"Strantham Hall."

"What is your name?"

"John Thompson Pettigrew."

"What!" cried the magistrate, in amaze; "you wish to pass for one of the directors of the Joint-Stock Bank?"

"So I am," said Pettigrew, mournfully.

The justice looked at Sniffers, in explanation. That gentleman shrugged his shoulders, and by his looks insinuated ludicrous contempt.

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer," which infected the bench and court-house generally.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Pettigrew, the director," said the magistrate, "but I think I can take upon me to say that he does

not disguise himself in green spectacles, nor does he carry forged notes in the handle of his umbrella!"

"He wears a wig too, your worship, sometimes brown and other times grey," added the detective, with unshaken faith in Mr. Gilbertson.

"No!" said the justice, incredulously, being a little short-sighted. "You don't say so?"

To set the matter beyond dispute, the officer pulled off the peruke and exposed the phrenological development of Pettigrew to public gaze.

In defence, the wretched man only indulged in self-recrimination. He declared his own umbrella was a very dyspeptic one, and that the waiter had placed the other in his cab. However, though he had not stolen it, he felt morally guilty in having stood sponsor, when he should at once have repudiated all title to it. This story was specious: but could he prove it? No! He knew not a soul in N——; and as the telegraphic wires were not established between this town and Leeds at the period we write of, nought was left to do but commit the prisoner for the night, and (agreeably to his wishes) write to the manager of the Bank to at once come down and deliver him from "durance vile."

This pleasing event took place next morning. Let it not be supposed that detectives are infallible.

While Pettigrew bivouacked in the county gaol, Mr. Gilbertson (with any amount of Co.) was in the Hull and Hamburg steamer, putting distance between himself and the land which gave him birth. Whether Mr. Sniffers has ever as yet renewed his acquaintance with that gentleman it is not our purpose to inquire.

Before laying down the pen, however, it may not be superfluous to mention that soon after the occurrence recorded, a London artist patented an ingenious species of umbrella, the handle of which unscrewed, thereby rendering the machine useless to any save the owner. Whether "the notion" was derived from this transaction, I am not prepared to say: however, if anyone wishes to think so, there is strong circumstantial evidence, in the fact of its having been christened "THE DETECTOR UMBRELLA."

THE RIVAL CHURCHES.

POOR PADDY'S CABIN; or, Slavery in Ireland. By an Irishman. Third edition, small 8vo, pp. 240. London: *Wertheim and Mackintosh;* Dublin: *M'Glashan* and *W. Curry & Co.*

NOTES AT PARIS, particularly on the State and Prospects of Religion. 8vo, pp. 152. London: *Rivingtons.*

THE GREAT ECLIPSE; or, Romanism and Tractarianism versus the Bible. Small 8vo, pp. 141. London: *K. J. Ford* (Islington), *Simpkin & Co.*, and *Hamilton & Co.*

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF THE PERSECUTION OF THE MADIAI, for reading the Bible. By T. Frost, Esq. Small 8vo, pp. 93. London: *Read & Co.*, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.

In a recent number of *Bentley's Monthly Review* (for June)—a work now merged in this we are conducting—we reviewed a book written in praise of the Roman-Catholic Church, by a lady and a devotee. It was a tale by no means defective in literary talent, and abounding in that sort of argument which assumes as facts certain dogmas and religious tenets in themselves very questionable, and the authority for which can never be proved. To those who have read and admired "Kate Gearey," and who are disposed to surrender their imaginations to the teaching of its author, we recommend the perusal of "Poor Paddy's Cabin"—a work professedly written to bring into disrepute and contempt that Church and those religious rites which Miss Mason adores.

In treating of Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees" (*B. M. R.*, for May), we stated our opinion as to the limits of controversial discussion; and we repeat, that where truth and the good of mankind are the objects, and while becoming language is preserved, we are willing to give a fair hearing to everyone, in religion, politics, and morals, convinced as we are, within ourselves, that—although the most sacred subjects may be assailed—the right cause will never suffer by fair argumentation.

Nothing, perhaps, is more difficult than to disembarrass the mind of its early prejudices—to unlearn, as it were, the accumulated errors of past years, and to rise out of the conventionalities of the period, the place, and the position in life, in which we were born and brought up. In commen-

ting on the obstinate wrong-headedness of mankind, sufficient allowance is not usually made for this difficulty. It is no more disgraceful to a simple Mahometan that he does not abandon his belief and turn Christian, on your representations, than it is to a Christian that he continues in the faith in which he was educated; and in religious controversies this fact should never be lost sight of. The best of us may well doubt the correctness of his own religious convictions when he sees how many millions of thinking men there are in the world who differ from him in their faith, and who are, nevertheless, earnest and hopeful;—but we can never be wrong in denouncing any system which tends to enslave the human mind, and which endeavours to prevent its followers from becoming acquainted with the Scriptures on which it pretends to be founded.

"Poor Paddy's Cabin" is written with considerable power, and the scenes it depicts have an air of truthfulness about them which leaves on the mind of the reader the distinct impression they are intended to convey. There is nothing to outrage our experience as to the state of the Irish in Ireland under the government of the Pope and the priests; and, with the exception of the little romantic story incorporated with the history of "Poor Paddy's" family, the narrative might easily be understood as a record—very little embellished—of events which actually occurred in the order in which they are related.

"Poor Paddy" obtains a Bible, and his eyes are beginning to open to the real state of the case, when he meets with his priest:—

"'You're welcome, your reverence,' said Paddy, taking off his hat.

"'Thank you, Paddy,' said the priest: 'but what book is that in your hand?' said he, looking at Paddy suspiciously.

"'Oh! a good book, your reverence,' said Paddy, holding it open before him.

"'Why, Paddy, that is the Bible you have got, is n't it?' said the priest, in a tone of angry surprise.

"'Why, then, it is your reverence.'

"'And do you think you understand that book, you foolish man?' said the priest.

"'Why, then, what I understands of it, your reverence, does me good, and what I does n't understand does me no hurt. I understands more and more of it every day.'

"'I tell you, Paddy, you can't understand a word of it,' said the priest, in a loud tone.

"'Why, then, can't I, your reverence? I thought I could till now.'

"'Oh, Paddy, how could *you* understand it, when even I myself could n't understand it, except by the *unanimous consent of the Fathers*, as our fine creed by our Pope Pius says.'

"'The Fathers, your reverence! Wisha, then, who are they? I never heerd of 'em in my life.'

"'You never heard of them,' said the priest, 'and yet you expect to understand that book!'

"'Will your reverence tell me who are they?' said Paddy.

"'Why, Paddy, there is St. Jerome, and St. Chrysostom, and St. Gregory, and St. Basil, and St. Bernard, and a good many others.'

"'And will your reverence tell me, did they live before or after the apostles that used to go about with our Lord?'

"'Oh, Paddy, they all lived several hundred years after our Lord and his apostles, but—'

"'Oh, I understands your reverence; I sees how it is; there are all them Fathers, and sure 't is hard to find 'em all, to ask their consent to read the Bible. But I'll tell your reverence what 's runnin in my head all this time,' said Paddy, opening his Bible, and glancing from gospel to gospel—'here I have *the Grandfathers*, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and the rest of 'em; they are oulder, and I know where to find 'em. And now your reverence will pardon me for asking you, why was the Bible written at all, if it is n't to be read by the people?'

"'Paddy, 't is a shame of you,' said the priest, suppressing his anger, and hoping still to reason Paddy out of his heresy before proceeding to extremities with him. 'You ought to know that the Bible was given to the clergy only, that they should find out its meaning, and teach ignorant people like you.'

"'Why, then, your reverence,' said Paddy, 'I do n't know how that is, for I was readin in the Bible, 'these words that I command thee shall be in thy heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children.' Now, you know, your reverence, the clargy have no children, for the Church forbids to marry; they must be *for us so*, and not for the clargy.'

"'I'll make you sorry for your conduct, Paddy,' said the priest, shaking his whip: he then rode off in high dudgeon."

The author then gives us an account of the system of *Altar-cursing*, an extract from which we subjoin. He expresses his astonishment that a Christian country suffers such an abuse to exist—"the greatest blot on the page of modern history," he says, and "the greatest disgrace to modern legislation;" in which opinion we are inclined to agree with him.

Though it is the fashion to be excessively delicate in legislating on subjects which may hurt the refined feelings of the Roman Catholics, surely this evil might be put a stop to, without fear of provoking a public disturbance, any more than we might expect a mutiny in the army on depriving colonels of the power of flogging. The state ought to protect its citizens, in the exercise of their civil and social rights, against the thunders of any Church whatever. An English clergyman, who took upon him to curse any members of his congregation, would, we are quite sure, be speedily degraded from his office, or else incarcerated as a madman; although as to the effect his denunciations might have on his hearers, little harm would probably be done. Why then is such latitude allowed to Roman-Catholic priests, whose influence over their superstitious followers is so great, and whose spiritual denunciations are so dreaded?

To permit the exercise of this power in the pulpit is to place the political rights of the Irish Roman-Catholics at the disposal of the Pope;

and the very fact of the Government not putting it down gives it additional authority in their eyes, as if it were a heaven-descended privilege, too sacred and awful to be interfered with even by those whom they consider the greatest and most powerful enemies of their Church. And thus it happens that—while Parliament is gravely occupied in making it criminal for an election agent to expend half-a-crown in treating a burgess, lest it influence his vote—the priest is allowed, in open day, to drive five hundred to the poll for the popish candidate, under the threat, and not a vain one as far as this world is concerned, of depriving them of all happiness here and hereafter! Surely this is bribery and intimidation in their most shocking form!

"Ye privileged inhabitants of free and happy England, little can ye form a true and adequate idea of that mystery of terror and oppression, the *altar curse*, as wielded by the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy and priesthood. It is, in the ears of the ignorant worshippers of a priestly Deity, as the thunder-trumpet of the Archangel that awakens to judgment—it finds no counter-part but in the terror-inspiring peals of heaven's final vengeance—its thrilling, soul-prostrating influence upon the devoted victims against whom it is levelled, can only find its parallel in the last grating of the hinges, the last sound of the bolt which imagination can picture as striking on the ears of the lost, as the regions of light and hope are for ever closed against them.

"This is no exaggeration, at least as to those cases of supposed heresy, when the whole heaven-delegated power of *the Church* is supposed to be put forth.

"In ordinary instances, such as the recovery of stolen property, it is sometimes attended by circumstances of low, vulgar, or ludicrous absurdity, which cultivated minds could scarcely imagine to occur in a congregation called Christian, or in a place dedicated to the worship of God. Take the following example:—

"A late priest in the south of Ireland, though, in private, a kind, good-natured man, was remarkable for the fearful volubility with which he used to hurl a volley of curses from the altar. He is said to have enjoyed it as a pleasing pastime—perhaps as saving him the trouble of a sermon—and that he was rather disappointed when no case fit for cursing came to hand.

"A poor man, named Paddy Redmond, comes to him as he is on the way to mass, and says, 'Wisha! Father Jack, I hope you'll do the cursing well to-day, agen whoever stole my twigs last night.'

"'Never fear, Paddy,' said the priest, delighted to have a case in hand, 'I'll make the fellow make restitution if he has a living head on his roguish shoulders that carried off the bundles.'

"After mass, the priest, ascending the altar, with all due gravity and ceremony, after briefly describing the theft, opened his artillery to the following effect,—'And I now, by the power and authority of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, of our lord the Pope, &c., &c., do declare and pronounce against the said thief of the poor man's twigs, the curse of St. Peter, the curse of St. Paul, the curse of the Virgin Mary, the curse of St. Michael, the curse of St. Bridget, the curse of this world, the curse of the next world, the curse of all the saints, the curse of all the angels;' but the priest pausing for a moment to take breath, up starts Paddy Redmond from the middle of the trembling crowd, and unable to control his delight any longer, roars out in a stentorian

voice,—'Oh, wisha, Aumin Father Jack, agus ma volochth sa loe (and my curse along with them).' A solemn pause ensued, and the priest resumed—

"'Now is the time for the thief to come forward and confess, for that curse of Paddy's will fall, for *it came from the heart, whatever mine may do!*'

"This case, if it indicates a sadly-perverted morality, in sanctioning personal spite against a fellow-creature, at the same time frees the priest from any feeling of the kind in uttering these fearful curses. It shows that the Roman Catholic priesthood are merely the official engines of the *cruel and oppressive tyranny of their system.*

"The following fact tends to establish the truth of this remark:—

"At a contested election for one of the southern counties of Ireland, a farmer came to the same priest, and said,—'Father Jack, I'm very much troubled in my mind about my vote,—you know your reverence cautioned us all not to vote for Mr. ———; now, he's my landlord; and he's not only very kind to me entirely, but he has me entirely in his power, for I haven't paid any rent these three years back, barrin a trifle.'

"'Oh! I understand you, Paddy,' said the priest; 'well, whatever you do, don't set your friend against you.'

"'Oh, thank your reverence,' said Paddy; for accustomed, like the poor Irish Roman Catholics in general, to regard his own priest as the embodiment of both Church and Deity, he was quite satisfied he had the full sanction of heaven and the Church for voting for the Conservative candidate. But what was his dismay when, on the Sunday after the election, Father Jack, from the altar, delivered, with peculiar emphasis, and more than even his usual volubility, a thundering and tremendous volley of curses on the heads of all who had 'voted against God and their religion,' by supporting the Conservative candidate.

"Poor Paddy was horror-stricken; and, watching till the congregation were dispersed, he came trembling like an aspen leaf to the priest, saying,—

"'Oh, then, Father Jack, I thought you'd be the last man to thrate poor ould Paddy, that always respected your reverence, and paid up my dues honestly, in the way you did.'

"'What ails you, Paddy?' said the priest, really pitying him for his deep and serious distress of countenance and manner.

"'What ails me, your reverence? Why, then, sure I'll never have luck nor grace after all them curses you gave this day from God's altar, and I, after gettin, as I thought, your reverence's lave not to set my friend agen me in the vote.'

"'Oh! Paddy, you take the thing too much to heart,' said the priest, really wishing to soothe the poor man in his heart-broken condition; and adding, in a subdued, kind voice, 'Say no more about it, Paddy, my poor fellow,—*you know I must do my duty, when I'm bid; them curses won't hurt you Paddy; they all go with the wind—they all go with the wind!*'"

"Poor Paddy's Cabin" deserves to be very extensively read, and no doubt it is so, for it has already reached a third edition. It is written in a Christian spirit and is free from personal rancour. Paddy however looks rather too much to this life for the recompence of his piety.

In a literary point of view we should have had a higher opinion of the author if he had exhibited a little less vanity. He takes care to inform us that "the metrical mottoes at the heads of the chapters, as well as the

lines of poetry, both in English and Irish, introduced throughout the work, are all original." This is no recommendation of them to us! we should have given the author credit for better taste and more extensive reading had he selected his mottoes, appropriately, from the works of others. Scott certainly was guilty of a similar piece of coxcombry; but then, in the exuberance of his great talents, he delighted to puzzle the learned, and it was only when hard pressed for his authority that he admitted the pretended extracts from the "OLD PLAY" to have been all composed by himself.

We are told that the Irish in this work is written *phonetically*—not as it is spelt, but as it is pronounced. In trying to utter such words as *sprgga, thn, brugh, &c.*, one might nevertheless make a blunder. We find some little difficulty ourselves in pronouncing a mouthful of consonants at once.

"Notes at Paris."—These are evidently from the pen of a scholar and a gentleman, apparently a clergyman of the English Church, who visited Paris last year in search of the recently discovered "Philosophumena," or M.S. Treatise on Heresy, brought from Mount Athos, about ten years ago, and which is supposed to have been written by Origen, but has also been ascribed to Tertullian, S. Hippolytus, and others. Although he treats the Roman-Catholic Church very tenderly, he evidently has a great detestation of it in his heart, not unaccompanied with fear; and he sees no safety for the cause of Christianity in England, but in sound learning, enlarging the number of bishops, and promoting the study of church-history—the common error of theological teachers, who think popery is to be combated by arguments gathered from the early "Fathers," from which, in our opinion, no more good will result than from endeavouring to bring the wife of your bosom to reason by referring her to the example of your amiable grandmother, when she has a much more respected grandmother of her own to apply to, whose teaching she pretends always to follow.

We have more faith in the establishment of free institutions and the national jealousy of ecclesiastical encroachment, as a palladium of safety, than in any teaching whatever, except that of the Bible itself. We agree with this writer, however, that it is important that all Christians should be united in some common bond. In a certain sense we are so, but not cordially and manifestly as we ought to be. To us it appears that a Church of England is yet wanting; and however little there may be to object to in the thirty-nine articles and the creed of St. Athanasius, their verbal acceptation ought not to be enforced. We want a Church of a larger heart and a more comprehensive theology; and the Reform of the

Universities may, eventually, lead to such a happy result. A Church in the sense of Chillingworth, which would receive us all into her kindly bosom, so that we should feel ashamed not to belong to her; and then such a word as *dissent* would, for Christians, become obsolete.

"By the religion of Protestants," says the conscientious writer and divine to whom we have just alluded, who had been himself, as it is generally known, a Roman Catholic, "I do not understand the doctrine of Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon, nor the 'Confession of Augsburgh,' or 'Geneva,' nor the 'Catechism of Heidelberg,' nor the 'Articles of the Church of England,' no nor the 'Harmony of Protestant Confessions:' but that wherein they all agree, and which they all subscribe with a greater harmony, as a perfect rule of faith and action, that is THE BIBLE! The *Bible*, I say, the *Bible* only is the religion of Protestants.—I, for my part," he presently adds, "after a long (and as I verily believe and hope) impartial search of the true way to eternal happiness, do profess plainly, that I cannot find any rest for the sole of my foot but upon *this rock only*. I see plainly and with my own eyes, that there are Popes against Popes, and Councils against Councils; some Fathers against other Fathers; the same Fathers against themselves; a consent of Fathers of one age against a consent of Fathers of another age; in a word, there is no sufficient certainty but of Scripture only, for any considering man to build upon. This, therefore, and this only, I have reason to believe."

The houses of prayer or churches should, under the system we could wish to see established, be never shut up! Sanctuaries of refuge would we have them for the repentant, the afflicted, the pious, and the friendless, at all hours of the day and night. How can that be called the House of God from which we are excluded six days out of the seven, and which we only enter at certain fixed periods, to repeat certain forms of prayer with the priest in a very formal manner, and which we must quit, in order that it may be shut up, as soon as his office is concluded?

If you go to Westminster Abbey, for instance, on a Sunday, and linger a few minutes after the service is over to contemplate the monuments and prolong the solemn feelings which, in spite of the artificial nature of the performance you have witnessed, the consciousness of the honoured remains around you has engendered within your bosom, you will be more fortunate than we were if you are not ordered off with very unnecessary insolence by the verger in attendance, ere half the congregation has quitted the edifice. No stretch of the imagination could enable us to believe any longer that we were in the House of God, when we were so unceremoniously made to understand that we were in the house of the "Dean and Chapter" of Westminster!

The book under notice has a paragraph on opening churches:—

"It must be a great blessing to the people to find the churches always open, especially in this great restless city (Paris): the influence of the quiet of the church on their minds when harrassed and distracted by cares and business, and even on their bodies, when exhausted by fatigue, must be salutary, soothing, and refreshing. The churches in such a case are like spiritual ports and havens stretching out their arms to rescue them from the storm; or like wells of water in a wilderness. [And he significantly adds] Could we not imitate them in this?"

For our own part, we are sorry to admit, we usually feel more devout in a continental Roman-Catholic cathedral, or even in an Irish chapel when the priests are not officiating, than in any English place of worship. The quietude that prevails scarcely disturbed by the muffled steps of the entering or departing devotees; the absence of all formality, and the perfect order nevertheless which is observed as they kneel, singly or in groups, at the various shrines in attitudes of deep devotion—each apparently rapt in prayer—and abstracted from all else around them! Insensibly we become impressed with the spirituality of the scene, and at such a time and place it would not surprise us to see the poor publican enter, as described in the beautiful language of scripture, and "standing afar off," not daring "so much as to lift up his eyes unto Heaven," smite upon his breast and utter his emphatic and thrilling appeal—"God be merciful unto me a sinner!"

But where in Christian England is the temple into which we can at all times "go up to pray?"

We may here be referred to the example of Daniel, who went into his house and prayed and gave thanks in his chamber "three times a day."

But if Daniel had had a small house and a large family, or a public house, or no house at all, and no chamber even?"

"Doubtless he would have prayed in the streets or the fields," and so can anybody; and if we be referred to that privilege, we, like Daniel, can dispense with bishops and deacons, and prebends and canons, *et hoc genus omne*. The question is of a Christian Church, and what it might accomplish in the name of God for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the human family, or such part of it as would accept its teaching; and such a Church, we cannot but believe, might be established in this country, in conformity with the Bible, which would find worthy employment for all at present holding religious offices, and which would grow daily in the love and reverence not only of our own people, but of all other civilised nations.

The Church of England, as at present constituted, is too spiritually proud and too exclusive, to our minds, to win the affections of the

people. We continue a member of it, certainly; but why? Not that we think it an admirable religious establishment, but because we can find nothing better in the sense in which we wish to see it reformed. Moreover, we cannot secede from it, without appearing to be adverse to it; while we are only opposed to its exclusive system, not to its teaching. Besides, it was the bulwark of Protestantism in the days of its inauguration; nor should we forget that it overturned in this country the Popish scaffolds, and put out its Smithfield fires: but, we repeat, the Christian garrison has outgrown its citadel, and must go beyond its boundaries or starve, unless those boundaries be widely enlarged.

The heads of the Church have opposed the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays; but as it is a question of Sunday recreation and proper places of resort for the people, suppose they were to set the example, and begin spiritedly by opening the cathedrals and all consecrated places to the public on Sundays! Who knows what kindly influence might not diffuse itself through the community from such a novelty as everybody being able to go into a house of prayer at any time of the day, without asking permission of the astonished clergyman, and going to the indignant sexton for the keys!

So little reverence, we fear, exists for "The Church," that it is not impossible but that some awkwardness, amounting almost to ridicule, might attach at first to the exercise of this privilege; but we are much mistaken, if, under proper management, it would not soon come to be graciously accepted, and when made universal and for every day in the week, to be highly appreciated and dearly cherished—winning back to its altars thousands of the Church's wandering and discontented sons.

And this step, we conceive, might be taken without offensively disturbing the existing order of things. From the officiating clergymen we would require no increase of duty. At the usual hours let the usual services be performed; but from day-light to bed-time, at least, the church should be open, as a house of prayer and devout meditation, where beautiful music might sometimes be heard. Where all Christians should be invited to enter "to commune with their own hearts and be still," under a system of simple and kindly regulations, which they would soon learn to respect: not regulations accompanied with those repulsive threats of fine and imprisonment with which it is usual in this country to insult, by public notice, all to whom any privilege is offered—nor left to be enforced at the discretion of vulgar and officious beadles—but under the unostentatious superintendence of Elders, chosen from the parishioners, relieving each other at regular periods, and not distinguishable from the other persons assembled, unless when it became necessary for them officially to come forward.

Music is by some severe sects, and especially the Quakers, rejected as an aid to devotion, being accounted harmful and of a tendency to divert the attention from "thoughts of God and things divine." What its effect may be on those who study it as an art, and who are critics therein, we know not, but to us a "concord of sweet sounds" is always what Collins calls "soul-subduing," even when

> "The sun is in the Heavens and the proud day
> Attended with the pleasures of the world."

Still more does its benign influence pervade our senses, and abstract them from the grosser apprehensions of our fallen nature, when in the twilight hour we reverently tread the pavement of some ancient structure devoted to religious uses—

> "Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

The venerable cloisters, with their sculptured mementoes of the transitive nature of our sojourn here, impress us with devotional feelings: but the deep tones of the organ fill the mind with holy thoughts, like a voice from another world; and as its solemn sounds float away to a softer strain, we seem to hear an angel's whisper in the dying cadences of the distant chant!

If this subject were taken up by those competent to agitate and to promote it, they might count on us to become a member of the first church that should be opened as a temple of God on the plan we have suggested.

With one more extract, we conclude our notice of "Notes at Paris:"—

"The following startling language has been used by a distinguished writer, who has been received in the present year, with marked favor, by the Pope:—'Pour moi ce que je regrette, je l'avoue franchement, c'est qu'on n'ait pas *brulé* Jean Hus *plus tôt*, et qu'on n'ait pas *brulé* également Luther; c'est qu'il ne soit pas trouvé quelque prince assez *pieux*, et assez politique, pour mouvoir une croisade coutre les Protestants!'"

Thus we see that the spirit of Popery remains the same, and it confesses itself ready, with an outspoken candour truly edifying, to perpetrate another *St. Bartholomew*, on a grander scale, if only it can find a prince sufficiently *pious* to undertake the crusade.

"The Great Eclipse" would have pleased us better if its title had been some guide to its contents. It is only explained by exhibiting the attempts of the Roman Catholics and Tractarians to eclipse the "Sun of Righteousness," which, after all, is not eclipsed.

We took up the book expecting to be edified on the subject of astrology, instead of which, we found a collection of Popish and Tractarian

edicts and confessions of faith contrasted with Bible texts and the precepts of Christianity.

The one decree of "*The Council of Trent*" (the great Roman-Catholic rule of Faith) which renders controversy useless is this—*All saving truth is not contained in the Holy Scriptures.*

Now if my father has promised me, on going into a far country, in a letter which he has transmitted to me by his faithful servants, that if I comply with the conditions therein set down, he will, on his return, give me an inheritance, and that I must listen to no instructions as from him but what are included in that letter, should I not be accounted worse than a Heathen if I foolishly listened to those who would persuade me that all my father's mind was not in that letter, and that he would not give me the inheritance unless I followed their advice, which was contrary to this letter, and which, if it were true, would prove my father to be a liar? That he intended to deceive me and not to give me any inheritance at all? My only chance is clearly to abide by what he himself enjoined me. Upon the observance of his word I can expect the promised recompense; but will he hear me if I tell him that I was persuaded that he would not reward me if I did not disobey his injunctions, and therefore that I have disobeyed them?

If Popery does not rest on Scripture it rests on nothing, and it is an insult to the human understanding to pretend otherwise.

The religion of Christ teaches faith, love, and charity—that of the Pope inculcates falsehood, hatred, and vengeance. We have, therefore, no common ground of argument with it, because our objections to it are *ab initio*. It would be like arguing with a bastard who claims to be the rightful heir by repudiating his father, in whose name alone he could have any title at all. If it were a Church which proclaimed the Bible, inculcated charity and humility, protected liberty of conscience, and denounced the shedding of blood, it would then at least have something to recommend it to the consideration of Christians; but from its past and present history it can only be proved to be an abomination, and a scourge to the human race.

The Tractarians seem to be envious of the power possessed by Roman-Catholic priests over the minds of their flocks, and evidently turn a longing eye to Rome.

"Your trumpery principles about Scripture being the sole rule in *fundamentals*, I nauseate the word," says Froude, vol. 1, p. 413.

"All ideas of the Bible and the dispensing of the Bible, as in itself a means of propagating Christianity,, are a fiction and an absurdity," says the Reverend Mr. Bennett.

This appears to us to be language which might be pardoned in a Turk—hardly in one professing to be a Christian; but we object not to it on our own account. Any Church which does not persecute, and which distributes the Bible, may preach against it as much as it likes; nobody is obliged to listen to its preachers, and those who choose to do so, with the Bible in their hands, are not accountable to us.

The writer of the "Great Eclipse" has succeeded in exhibiting the evil doctrines and practices of Popery in a strong and repulsive light, and in the latter part of the volume are some descriptions, by sufferers, and by Dr. Geddes, Bishop Wilcox, and other credible witnesses, of tortures inflicted by the Inquisition, and at *Autos da fé*, which make the very flesh creep only to read them.

"The Tuscan martyrs," whose case is so well known, we only allude to here for the purpose of offering our tribute of respect to their spirited advocate, M. Maggiorani, whose bold and eloquent defence of the Madiai was not only highly honorable to himself, but must in our opinion do more damage to the cause of the Pope and his friend the Grand Duke than all the private reading of the Scriptures previously throughout their dominions. It is something, too, in favor of the progress of truth that such an appeal was, in such a tribunal, suffered to proceed without interruption, and to obtain publicity.

It is to be lamented that England, the land of religious and political freedom, and the liberator in past times of the human mind from the thraldom of priestcraft, does so little even at this day to assist Christianity on the continent. Our Government might make it the interest of these petty despots to behave better.

But we must take care we do not fall into the error of Bishop Hall, who wrote a treatise on "Moderation," towards the end of which he makes this extraordinary observation, "Master Calvin did well approve himself to God's Church in bringing Servetus to the stake at Geneva"!!

Will Polemics be always implacable?

This little book gives all the particulars of the case of the Madiai, from the period of their arrest to the conclusion of their imprisonment, and teaches an impressive lesson of Roman-Catholic power.

THE SWISS MOTHER.

BY J. L. A.

Awake! awake! my child, my own—my hunter-boy, arise,
The dawn breaks o'er the distant hills, the lark is in the skies;
The chamois climbs the mountain height, and on the dewy slope,
Free as thy footstep, and as light, bounds the young antelope;
And the hunter's horn sounds on the hills, where the echoes answer make,
And yet thou sleepest heavily; my child, my own, awake!

A radiant smile is on thy brow; what doth thy spirit dream?
Is it of some sequester'd dell, with its unsunn'd mountain stream—
Where thou hast laid thee down to rest upon the flowery brink,
Or stoop'd to cool thy burning brow, or the freshening wave to drink?—
Or, perchance, thou'st bent thy woodland bow, & mark'd thine arrow's flight,
And joyous art, for the goodly prey thou wilt bear me home to night.

How fast has slumber seal'd thine eyes! thou, that wert wont to spring,
Like a young eagle from the rock, ere the lark had spread her wing:
And yet thou liest there, although the light falls on thee now,
The glorious light of Heaven's own sun upon thy cheek and brow;
Thou liest there, still, in thy calm, thy all unwonted sleep,
So fair, and yet so motionless; and I,—why do I weep?

I had a fearful dream of thee: oh! was it all a dream?
The horrors of that wild abyss, with its deep unfathom'd stream;
With the lonely bittern's boding scream, above its rocky bed,
And the hollow waters' gurgling sound, as they closed above thine head;
And thy bright locks soil'd with tangled weeds, and thy pallid lips apart;—
Alas! for such deep dreams of woe, to load a mother's heart!

It was an idle vision all: thou wilt awaken soon,
And ask me for the cooling grapes, to quench thy thirst at noon;
Wilt sling thy bow upon thine arm, and try thy pointed dart,
And linger for thy mother's smile and kiss, ere thou depart;
Then bound along the mountain path, while the echoes will rejoice,
To learn the gladsome notes thou sing'st, and bear me back thy voice.

Thy precious voice, that can unlock the depths of my sad heart,
Calling back dreams of one more dear, all precious as thou art!
Till, like a flower that bowed its head beneath the tempest's wrath,
I raise my hopes while joy and peace seem bright'ning round my path:
But soon amidst the distant wilds I lose thy joyous tone,
And wake, to find myself once more, a widow—and alone.

A sunbeam yet more deeply priz'd for breaking through a cloud;
A staff to rest a weary frame, by age and sorrow bow'd;
A green tree in the wilderness; alone, amidst the sand,
A sparkling fount of gushing streams in a dry and thirsty land;
A star to guide a lonely bark on a dark and troubled sea;—
Thou hast been all of these, my child, aye, more than these to me.

But soft, thou wak'st:—thou wak'st; once more those joyous eyes unclose,
Flashing with light as proud as that the diamond's lustre throws:
Oh! precious to thy mother's heart, too tenderly endear'd,
I knew thou held'st an idol's place, and therefore have I fear'd;
I fear'd that He, who claims the heart of man to be his own,
Should strike the rival from his throne and leave me here alone.

But joy for my more blessed lot; again the hope I see
The vision'd scene that calls thee forth, a leader of the free;
That hangs around thy noble brow a halo of such light,
The proudest diadem of earth hath glory none so bright:
I hear the voice of prayer ascend, of praise from every shrine,
And the name for which those vows are breathed, my precious child, is thine.

Oh! chide ye not the mother's dream, she hath a prophet's eye;
She hears the voice of coming years, the time that draweth nigh;
She holds a gem of richest price; she feels its unknown worth,
She sees him marked for glorious deeds,—a hero from his birth:
And high the throbs of generous pride within her bosom swell,
For she waits till Alp to Alp shall bear the name of—WILLIAM TELL.

GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

BY A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

The war and the weather have divided my attention during the month. The former has made a little progress, as far as the Turks are concerned—none whatever as regards the allies. The English and French troops are still doing nothing in the East, and Sir Charles Napier is effecting precisely the same in the North. In the meantime it is highly satisfactory to learn that soldiers, sailors, and ships, are all in the highest condition, and don't seem at all disposed (we speak of their leaders) to risk getting out of it. I don't know the number of pounds sterling the Baltic expedition has cost; but I *do* know the amount of its achievements —the capture of a few miserable merchantmen and the burning of some ship-timber! But the French troops are on their way, and—*quid vis amplius?*

As for the weather, I am astonished to find that any part of me is left, after being exposed to a heat in which I should have considered that *any* body was combustible or soluble. The Wenham Lake Ice Company have been making a fortune, and the crops are ripening superbly. The latter fact ought to atone for our own sudorific miseries.

The anticipated battle in the Commons, on the 17th, did not come off. The ministry expected a bullying from the Conservatives, on the subject of the Duke of Newcastle's appointment as war-minister; but Pakington was quiet, and Disraeli reserved himself for a greater occasion: so there was no fight, and Lord John got what he asked for the new war-office, viz., his £17,300., almost *nemine contra dicente*. Perhaps the meeting at Downing Street of the 174 members to take counsel with Lord John, in the earlier part of the day, had something to do with it. On the 24th the forces on each side looked more formidable, and this (on the question of the £3,000,000.) was evidently a field-day. But it terminated in a sham-fight, no earnest blows having been struck on either side. Lord John, as usual, began by promising a good deal more than he meant to stand to. Lord Dudley Stuart moved an amendment, which he had no intention to press, and Layard, who made a good speech, was over-eager to put ministers in the wrong, and weakened his argument by asserting too much. The Member for the West Riding made it clear that there was only one man in the House for whose opinion he had any respect, and that man was Mr. Richard Cobden. Then followed the great gun of the opposition, Disraeli, who good-naturedly collared the President of the Council, just as a friendly tipstaff does an incorrigible old debtor whose tricks he is up to, and whom he always knows where to

find. For the look of the thing, he must seem to do his duty, but any bail at all will be taken; so the noble Lord was released on his own recognizances and a sort of promise to pay a composition of three farthings in the pound of his original undertaking, if ever he should seriously be called on to do so—a proof of honesty which seemed to touch the House very sensibly.

Lord Palmerston wound up the debate in his usual free-and-easy way! What's anything to anybody? Pay your money and go home to your friends. There was a *rechauffé* of the subject on the following evening, but the time for debates was gone by. Ministers obtained their £3,000,000. without a division, and are now contriving how to put up the Parliamentary shutters with the least possible delay, and to chalk on the doors "Gone to Jericho."

Speaking of Disraeli, permit me to correct an error in your literary biography of him, last month. I can assure you he never was in any way connected with John Murray's newspaper, *The Representative:* I have the best authority for saying so. Neither do I believe that H—, the barrister, had anything to do with that atrocious life of him, to which you allude: but on this point I am less positive.

Everybody agrees that the present season is a dull one. Whether it be the war or the weather, or both, the fact is nothing is thought of but jaunting about by land or by water. If you want a trip let me commend you to a very pleasant one. Those excellent fellows, the Directors of the S. W. Railway Company, whose liberal regulation cannot be too widely known, will give you a return-ticket on Saturday which will last you till Monday night, at about half fare—that is, you only pay for the journey down, and within the period mentioned you come back for nothing. So take a return-ticket for Gosport, or Portsmouth, and cross over to Ryde—per steamer—and with your scrip in your hand (not railway scrip) set off for a ramble round the coast, or over the hills—about five miles—to St. Helen's, where you may spend your Sunday, and visit Brading Church, and the tomb of the "Dairyman's Daughter," immortalised by Legh Richmond.

The Crystal Palace, the only genuine novelty, though attracting great numbers daily, does not draw to the extent expected.

There is absolutely nothing going on in the theatrical world worth notice, and who could sit out a play such weather as this?

But I went to Hampton Court the other day; and if you take a trip to the same Tempé, don't go by water—unless you are prepared to spend the night on it. I attempted to return in the evening by that venerable old tub "The Locomotive." Some two hundred people were on board; and it appeared after we had all paid our fares, and got a mile or two

on our way, that there was no water to float the vessel—nor would there be until midnight—when we were unceremoniously told we might stay on board, or go home as we liked; "no money would be returned" —for the Captain stated that although he had engaged to leave Hampton Court at a quarter to six o'clock, he had not said when he would reach London! So that, after vain expostulations, nearly all the passengers—men, women, and children—were landed on the banks of the Thames: some without money, others without strength, and all without temper.

Pray make public this ingenious mode of raising money without doing anything for it.

Mr. Albert Smith has been honored by a visit from her Majesty, who sent him a diamond pin, with a message that she had seldom been more pleased or amused than on the occasion alluded to. I am confident that her Majesty was sincere in this avowal, and her good taste is well known.

At the Gallery of Illustration scenes in the Baltic have been added to the entertainment. They are all good—the best being a bird's-eye view of Cronstadt.

An amusing story is related of Lafont's Company at Liverpool. The printer, not being *au fait* at French, first printed the well-known piece "*La joie fait peur*" as *La joie fait père*. When the mistake was indignantly pointed out, he promised to rectify it, and next day all Liverpool was placarded with enormous posters announcing LA JOIE FAIT PUER! Imagine Lafont's horror.

By the way, Miss Mitford is making a collection of her "Dramatic Works," which are to be published by Hurst and Blackett. They will be new to most readers.

Poor Madame Sontag is dead! What a strange history is hers! First a singer, taking the world by storm with her beauty and her sweet voice: then the *nobile dama* of private life, the wife of the rich and courted Count Rossi: lastly, treading the stage again, after twenty years' absence from it, and winning greater admiration than ever, to the day of her death in miserable Mexico.

Two places of amusement are advertised to be sold, by order of the Court of Chancery—the Princess's Theatre and the Colosseum. Probably Kean will purchase the former. Who will ruin himself with the latter?

Lastly, let me refer to one of the most noticeable events of the month—the inauguration of the monument erected in Kensal Green to the memory of glorious Tom Hood. Nothing could be better—more graceful, more feeling, more affecting—than the address of Monckton Milnes on the occasion. How few thoroughly understood Hood while living: how few know his works, now that he is dead! All have read *something* of his; but there are some pieces that few have seen which yet contain the most varied beauties of wit and pathos. Let every man possess himself of a copy of Hood's poems: he will gratify himself and do good to those near and dear ones whom Hood left behind him.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A very amusing caricature has recently appeared in Paris. An unfortunate author is presenting to a publisher a voluminous manuscript, with the words—*Voilà, Monsieur, un manuscrit qui est fort intéressant.* The publisher interrupts him—*Tenez, Monsieur; est-ce qu'il parle des Turcs ou des Russes?*

Such is the true state of the case: everything is a drag in the literary market at present that does not discuss the war, or something connected with it. Authors who cannot write about Turkey and Russia may starve, or turn crossing-sweepers till the "piping times of peace" return. Moreover, July is notoriously about the dullest publishing month in the year. Paternoster Row is deep in ledgers, with the half-yearly accounts and balances of profit and loss. It is too hot to read or to do anything at all: so that altogether it is little short of miraculous what a goodly amount of books we still find before us awaiting our judgment. *Allons, donc!*

WAR BOOKS.

Russia and England, their Strength and Weakness, by J. R. Morell (Trubner & Co.), has an extremely taking title. Its main object is to point out the advantage of aiding the Circassians against the Russians, and securing their co-operation with our own forces. The author seems well acquainted with the people, and we were astonished to find that he estimates their armed force at from 3 to 400,000 men! Their mounted warriors are confessedly the finest light cavalry in the world. The book is very interesting.

Letters of an American, mainly on Russia and Revolution (Chapman & Hall), profess to be edited by Walter Savage Landor. They are evidently *written* by him, and show the unfailing eloquence and vigorous intellect of our venerable correspondent.

Islamism—its Rise and Progress, &c., by F. A. Neale (Madden), is not what it professes to be, because it is a romance and not a history, excepting towards the end, where Mr. Neale's remarks on the present condition of the Turks are founded on his own observations and experience, and therefore worthy of attention.

Russia and Europe, or the Probable Consequences of the Present War, by Count Valerian Krasniski (Chapman & Hall), is a plea for the restoration of the kingdom of Poland. Even the future king is proposed—H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge!

O'Byrne's Encyclopædia of the War (Skeet) is a very useful compilation, being a kind of history of the war, more methodically arranged than in the current newspapers.

The Close of the War (Stanford), by an Income-tax Payer, contains suggestions as to the terms on which we are to make peace with Russia. Here is another new kingdom proposed—that of the Caucasus: and another new monarch named for it—Omar Pasha.

Major-General Macintosh gives us *A Military Tour in European Turkey, the Crimea, and Eastern Shores of the Black Sea*, (Longman & Co.). Mostly military descriptions and suggestions. The General takes credit to himself for having been the first to point out to the Government that Gallipoli was only strong towards the water, and he "had the gratification of learning that operations had been commenced by their repairing direct to Gallipoli, &c."—which supposing our position, with regard to our Turkish allies, to

be reversed, that England were invaded by Russia from the north, and they had to send us auxiliary troops, it is as if, while the Russian army was marching on London by way of York, our Turkish friends should disembark manfully at Penzance, and fortify St. Michael's Mount, "on the land side," by way of turning the enemy's flank.

Military strategists appear to have been looking out for fortresses to garrison, without reference to the seat of war, as if Turkey were to be over-run by the Russians, in conformity with ministerial plans, as a matter of course, before our part in the fighting was to begin. With a British fleet in the black Sea there could be no question of Gallipoli till Constantinople had fallen. The General seems to think that "after the time which has been allowed to Russia to erect fortifications there" the Crimea can only be taken by a regular campaign. We commend his observations on that head to the consideration of enterprising military men. Hitherto the Russian armies have been more formidable on paper than in the field of battle.

A Journal of a Residence in Northern Persia and the Adjacent Provinces of Turkey, by Lieut.-Col. Stuart (Bentley), is interesting, from the quantity and novelty of its materials. In a literary point of view it is less commendable.

We now proceed to

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The seventh volume of the *History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles*, by Lord Mahon (Murray), has been published, and concludes the work. Lord Byron pronounced Mitford's violent prejudices one of his virtues as an historian, because they made him write in earnest. Judged by such a standard, Lord Mahon would be a very bad one, for he is the most unprejudiced historian whose works we have ever read. For our own part we greatly admire him on this very account, and we cannot but feel regret that so admirable a work as the one before us has come to an end. Yet how much remains to be written of the history of our own country, and how few more competent to perform the task than Lord Mahon!

The indefatigable Charles Knight has published a volume entitled *The Old Printer and the Modern Press*, being a life of Caxton, with a commentary on cheap literature.

It is the fashion now to speak of cheap books as we do of cheap bread, as if the more we could devour the better it would be for us; but when we consider that there are ten times as many books published as can be read, or are worth reading, we for our part would not care if they were dearer. Solomon said "and further my son be thou admonished; of making many books there is no end: and much study is a weariness of the flesh." What would he have said in our day, when it is "a weariness of the flesh" to read even the titles of the books that are published!

History of Charles the First and the English Revolution, by M. Guizot (Bentley), is a reprint, with additions and corrections, and a preliminary Essay on the Causes of the Revolution. Like all that has emanated from the same pen, it is distinguished for research, sound reasoning, and graceful eloquence.

The same publisher gives us Lamartine's *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters*—a most charmingly written work, with an astonishing amount of information in the small compass of two volumes.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe (Low & Co.), will be read for the sake of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is a record of Mrs. Stowe's late visit to Europe, sketchingly and pleasingly written, though in tho-

roughly American (*i. e.* bad) taste; for we cannot say less of the wholesale introduction of private names, private houses, and private conversations, into a book intended for all the world to read. Did not Mrs. Stowe learn during her visit to England that *we* draw a great distinction between social intercourse and public display, though to an American they appear to be synonymous? We do not live in hotels, and sit down six hundred to dinner every day. We do not care to have all our private and friendly conversations dished-up for the amusement, or to gratify the curiosity, of a crowd of Yankee "chiels." Some of the people, whose names are thus paraded, may be gratified to see themselves in print; but they will certainly be the less respectable portion of the company. N. P. Willises, Beecher Stowes, Grace Greenwoods, and the rest, will become such nuisances, if this system of book-making at the expense of all proper feeling be continued, that no one will admit them into society in England at all. Except for this defect, Mrs. Stowe's book would be an amusing one.

Pictures from the East, by John Capper (Chapman & Hall), are in truth pictures, of Ceylon, drawn on the spot and extremely well executed.

Scandinavian Adventures, by L. Lloyd (Bentley), will be eagerly read by the lovers of romantic incidents and a sportsman's life. They are worth a hundred novels, for interest and excitement; and they are the truthful record of a life of upwards of twenty years in the north—Norway, Sweden, &c.

The Land of Sinim; or China and Chinese Missions, by the Rev. W. Gillespie, (Macphail) is the work of a gentleman who was for seven years Missionary at Hong Kong. It is full of information regarding the people, the country, the language, and the manners and customs of China. It also enters largely into the question of how far Christianity has prospered there—the answer being most discouraging to philanthropists.

FICTION.

Crewe-Rise: a Novel, by John Cordy Jeaffreson, (Hurst and Blackett) is, we believe, a first novel. It is certainly a very creditable production: an intricate plot, pleasing sketches of rural scenes, well-delineated characters, and good dialogue. It is a novel that must find favor and fame for its author.

Phillip Rollo; or The Scottish Musketeers, by James Grant (Routledge) is a military novel, abounding in incident, and vigorously written.

Magdalen Hepburn, by the author of "Margaret Maitland," (Hurst and Blackett) is a Scotch Historical romance, rather sombre, but earnest and truthful, and full of the broadest of broad Scotch.

Jerningham: a Story, (Chapman and Hall) would have been better christened "An Extravagant Romance." It is an extraordinary jumble, and will not be very likely to bring profit to the publishers or credit to the unknown author.

Ambrose the Sculptor, by Mrs. Robert Cartwright (Smith, Elder, and Co.), is a very well written novel—simple in plot, but earnest and feeling throughout.

POETRY.

We made an onslaught on some small poets last month; and, except so far as we have touched on the subject elsewhere, in our present number we shall leave them great and small to slumber as they have often made us do.

Many other works, on religious and general subjects, which we had intended to notice must, from want of space, be deferred till next month.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Our gallery of literary portraits already includes names known in the National Councils: and the nobleman whose title is prefixed to this paper, in addition to his world-wide reputation as a legislator, has aspired for fame in the character of a poet, historian, and biographer. It is in his capacity of author that we are about to review him; and, therefore, leaving to others the task of weighing in the balance his political merits or deficiencies, we propose to examine what he has done, for his contemporaries and for posterity, as a man of letters. At the same time, we do not pledge ourselves to abstain from any reference to politics in this disquisition; for such a promise, in reviewing the life of Lord John Russell, would be almost impossible of fulfilment, unless we determined on affording our readers an outline too meagre to be even called a sketch.

To announce the parentage and family history of Lord John Russell may appear almost superfluous. But as every biography should be written not only for the reader of to-day but for those who are yet to come, and as we are all apt to forget things which we fancy are familiar to us, till our memory is really put to the test, we may venture to be a little more minute on this point than might, at a first glance, seem necessary. Apart, therefore, from Burke, Debrett, Lodge, and Co., we may say that the first ancestor of the Ducal house of Russell, known to history, was a country squire, in the reign of Henry VII., who appears to have obtained the favour of that avaricious monarch. In the following reign, also, he seems to have retained, and even added to, his Court favour; for on the demolition of the Monastic Establishments and their distribution among the faithful servants of the Crown, he was fortunate enough to have assigned to him Woburn Abbey and the broad lands "thereto appertaining," with divers other possessions, which we need not particularize, both in Bedfordshire and Devonshire.

The country squire was now Earl of Bedford; but, unlike most of the newly-ennobled families of those days, that of Russell seems to have stood by the cause of the people whenever that came into collision with the prerogative of the Crown. Thus, in the time of Charles I., one of the principal parliamentary leaders was the Earl of Bedford. In the days of the Restoration one of the "patriot martyrs" was Lord William

Russell, the friend of Algernon Sidney. In the time of Queen Anne, when the question was between the Stuarts and Catholicism, on the one side, and the House of Hanover and Protestantism, on the other, the Russells stood firm for the latter; and from thence down to our own day their house has been the great rallying point of the Whig party.

Lord John Russell is the third son of the late Duke of Bedford; and first saw the light—the dim twilight of a London sun—in Hertford Street, May Fair, in 1792. Born a Russell, he may be said to have been born also a Whig and a politician; for few of his family, from the days of the Henry-the-Seventh squire to our own, have failed to be both. We mention this circumstance here, because the influence it must have had on Lord John's future career can scarcely be overrated.

Unlike the sons of most noble English houses, the subject of our memoir was sent to neither of the great public schools Eton, Harrow, Rugby, or Winchester; but to Sunbury first, and afterwards to the University of Edinburgh to be trained under the care of Dugald Stewart, the renowned old metaphysician. The reason usually given for this selection of a Scotch University, in preference to Oxford or Cambridge, in the case of Lord John Russell, is that the English seats of learning were also the strongholds of Toryism. Such, however, is not the case; nor ever has been, with reference to Cambridge, which, in the year 1806, elected the Whig candidate (Lord Henry Petty, now Marquis Lansdowne), to represent her in Parliament, by a majority of votes amounting to more than double the number bestowed on his opponent. It is more probable that the brilliant array of genius then congregated in the University of Edinburgh induced the late Duke of Bedford to select it as the place of his son's studies, in defiance of the custom of his order. At the same time, it must be confessed that the friends of Dugald Stewart were likely to confirm Lord John in the political creed of his ancestors; and the conversation of Brougham, Jeffrey, Macintosh, Horner, and others of the same stamp—men of genius, red-hot politicians, and thorough-paced Whigs—was not likely to be without effect on the mind of the young student.

Lord John is said to have distinguished himself at the University Debating Club, which bore the unpractical title of "The Speculative Society." Indeed, scarcely any man of eminence in the Senate has failed to be a member of some such club in his younger days; and the circumstance of Edmund Burke having, in his youth, belonged to one, which met at the house of a baker, gave occasion to Sheridan's remark that "the honourable member had formerly gone to a baker's for his eloquence, and now came to the House of Commons for his bread."

His Lordship appears to have left College much earlier than most men, for at the age of seventeen or eighteen he proceeded on his travels. The "grand tour" was impossible in 1809, on account of the war; but Spain and Portugal—thanks to Lord Wellington—were open to the Englishman: and to Lisbon Lord John directed his steps, in that year. His subsequent travels in Spain, by directing his attention to Spanish history, manners, and scenery, no doubt aroused all the poetry of his ardent mind, and inspired him to write the tragedy with which his name is always sneeringly coupled by those who seek to depreciate his literary talents, or who still more unjustly insinuate incompetence as a statesman to be a necessary accompaniment to failure as a dramatist. But *Don Carlos* was not the first published work of Lord John Russell, though it was probably the first *written* one. We shall, however, take it in its turn, in the order in which it appeared before the public.

In 1813, a month before he attained his majority, Lord John Russell entered Parliament, as member for Tavistock. The next year he made his first speech against the treaty for handing over Norway to Sweden; and in the year 1819 he published his first work, the *Life of William, Lord Russell*, his great ancestor.

This respectable quarto, dedicated by the author, in most affectionate terms, to his father, the Duke of Bedford, is not only a biography but contains also a sketch of the times in which the subject of it lived. It is extremely well executed, as far as care and research are concerned; while it is, of course, characterized by an ardent admiration of the political principles of Lord Russell. Few will deny the truth of the assertion—that it is by such men as this that the liberties of England have been secured; for even those who do not thoroughly approve of the conduct of these "patriots," and lean towards the party against whom they were arrayed, will confess that but for the stand taken by such spirits as Sidney, Hampden, and Russell, despotism might have fastened itself upon England with too firm a hold to be afterwards cast adrift.

In the year 1817 Lord John made a speech in the House of Commons on the subject of the proposed suspension of the Habeas-Corpus Act, by Lord Castlereagh. We refer to it, because it displays one of his lordship's most prominent characteristics—courage; and also his devotion to liberty. "We talk much—" he says, "I think a great deal too much—of the wisdom of our ancestors. I wish we would imitate the *courage* of our ancestors. They were not ready to lay their liberties at the foot of the crown upon every vain or imaginary alarm."

The following year he thought of retiring from public life altogether, weary and disgusted with the continued failures and want of popularity of the Whig party, whose fortunes were then, certainly, at a very low ebb.

But he broke his resolution, and in 1819 he even ventured to make a a motion in favour of a reform in the representation—a hopeless task to attempt at that date, but which showed the earnestness and the self-reliance of the young member for Tavistock.

In 1821 Lord John Russell published *An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution*, dedicating it to the great reformer Earl Grey. The author traces the first germs of our Constitution as we now enjoy it to the reign of the first Tudor, Henry VII. It seems strange, at first sight, that the most tyrannical house that ever governed England should really have laid the foundation of true liberty in our country; yet those who doubt that it did so will be convinced, if they follow Lord John's arguments. Certainly, the introduction of the reformed religion, with the subversion of the Papal power in the reign of Henry VIII., and the progress of the good work in the days of "glorious Queen Bess," may have done much towards this end; but that either of the Tudors cared for the liberty of the subject, or were willing to forego one iota of the royal prerogative, cannot be for a moment contended—nor does Lord John Russell make such an assertion. The good that the Tudors did, in this respect, came in spite of themselves.

One of the chapters in this work is headed "Lawyers," and commences thus:—

"Among other cavillings at the practice of our Constitution, there has been raised a cry against the influence of lawyers. From the earliest times, however, that influence has been felt, and felt beneficially for the country."

Lord John thus shows himself above common prejudice, and by no means inclined to flatter it; and certainly he is a bold man to venture to say anything in favour of lawyers. After instancing several great men of that profession, and, amongst others, Lord Camden—who by his judgments on cases of libel and other subjects "saved the country from the slavish doctrines by which it was threatened to be inundated"—Lord John continues:—

"In the House of Commons the members who have taken a chief part in the debates have generally been lawyers. This is the natural result of their habits of speaking; and we see them on one side of the House as well as the other. On the side of freedom we may reckon a series of bright names that began with the beginning of our Constitution, and, I trust, will only close with its termination."

In discussing the patriotism of Englishmen, Lord John intimates that the long war, and the consequent increase of the taxes, disposed many a man to Jacobinism who on the return of peace became a loyal subject:—

"The pressure of sixty millions of taxes have indisposed more sound and loyal men to the Constitution of their country than the harangues of Citizen Brissot and the fraternizing decrees of November could have done in a hundred years."

After carefully tracing the history of our Constitution from its germ to the present fair fruit, with great skill and care, and pointing out its many blessings and advantages, Lord John concludes his work by discussing the securities we possess for its *stability*. The two principal ones he considers to be the National Debt and the Liberty of the Press. The latter is an instance which occurs to the mind of everyone; but the former appears somewhat paradoxical. He contends that liberty alone reconciles nations to the payment of large imposts (has it done so in America?); that despotism, to establish itself in England, must at once destroy the national debt (has it done so in France?); that the Fundholders, and all indirectly interested in the Funds, would never consent to this; and that, finally, the English people prefer open discussions of affairs with large taxes to an absolute monarchy with light taxes. This is true; but would they not vastly prefer the liberty and the light taxation together? Indeed, Lord John significantly adds

"It behoves the Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, not to provoke them to balance this question in their minds."

Truly, my lord, the nation relies more on its own indomitable will, to maintain its liberties intact, and on the warning which its history furnishes to experimental despots, than on all its other guarantees put together. If ever the kingdom should be afflicted with another Charles the First, there will not be wanting another Cromwell to chop off his head.

This Essay, which we recommend to general perusal, concludes with quoting Milton's few but sublime words—"Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live!"

The year after the publication of this Essay appeared Lord John Russell's tragedy of *Don Carlos*, inscribed to Lord Holland. It has been usual to speak of this work as a perfect failure, both in regard to its circulation and its merits. That it could scarcely have been so, in the former respect, will appear from the fact that in 1825 (three years after its publication) it had reached a *fifth* edition. If the play had not many admirers, it certainly had plenty of readers. How many of the critics who have sneered at it ever wrote anything that obtained such a sale? That *Don Carlos* is not deficient in literary merit—that it is far above the general run of modern tragedies—is equally certain. Its grand defect, and one that would inevitably prevent its success on the stage, is its want of sufficient action.

The story is founded on certain events in the reign of Philip II. of Spain, whose son, Don Carlos, is greatly disposed to be a "heretic," and is suspected of an attachment to his step-mother, who was formerly betrothed to him. The author does not profess to have adhered closely to history, and confesses that he has rendered the character of Don Carlos more amiable than it was in reality. An Inquisitor, named Valdéz, plays a conspicuous part in the tragedy, and thus speaks of the passion of Carlos:—

"The Prince is in that melancholy mood,
The offspring of a young and teeming fancy,
That boys call love; but no more like to love
Than the weak lightning of a summer night,
That plays upon the horizon's edge, is like
To that which issues from the loaded cloud
And rives the oak asunder."

The mind of the King is soon poisoned against his son, the calumny being gradually instilled into him. that Don Calos is the favoured lover of his step-mother. Philip, therefore, hates his son, and resolves on his destruction. Meanwhile the populace love the heir to the throne, and the King comments on the fact:—

"Thus for the future monarch Fancy weaves
A spotless robe, entwines his sceptre round
With flow'ry garlands, places on his head
A crown of laurels; while the weary present,
Like a stale riddle or a last year's fashion,
Carries no grace with it. Base, vulgar world!
'T is thus that men for ever live in hope,
And he that has done nothing is held forth
As capable of all things."

The character of Don Carlos is merely an amiable one. Hating tyranny and priestcraft, he is, nevertheless, quite unsuited to wield the sceptre of Spain. He feels this; and says—in rather puling language—

"My faculties but ill become a Prince.
Our mother Nature, with a strange caprice,
Fits us for other parts than those we play:
A priestly robe covers the brawny limbs
And lion-heart that should have been a soldier's;
While many a delicate fibre, that seems formed
To be for ever wrapt in silken bonds,
Is torn by peasant toil, or wastes itself
Beneath the scorching Phœbus or night-storm
In guarding camps. I, even I, was framed

To wander idly all day in the woods,
To gather flowers, to feed on the wild grape,
To drink the natural spring, to list to birds,
And find my joy in breathing balmy air—
I was not made for sovereignty."

The King, as thoroughly priest-ridden as ever was even a Spanish monarch, wishes to bring Carlos under priestly dominion; but his son, who was once fated to be present at an *Auto-da-fé*, has imbibed the greatest horror of religious persecution, and thus addresses Philip:—

"King, I have drank
The stream of revelation at its source!
That book, to common eyes denied, to me
Was early given: best and dearest gift
That man can give to man, becoming thus
The minister of God, and, angel-like,
Carrying glad tidings to the immortal soul.
* * * * *
"There have I read,
Alone and unassisted, late at night
And early in the morning, words of peace,
Forgiveness ev'n for sin, brotherly love
And charity that beareth, hopeth all.
I found, and wept with joy: but to this hour
Find I no precept that commissions man
To slay his erring brother."

This kind of language was not very likely to be acceptable to his auditors—a bigotted King and a Priest of the Inquisition. The latter resorts to the old plea that persecution is pursued in order to reclaim heretics into the bosom of the "true Church." Don Carlos is entirely dissatisfied with this plea, and answers—

"Souls of immortal men acquire new strength,
New temper from the fire of persecution;
And future ages shall avow the truth
That, in the warfare of contending creeds,
The Martyr's blood waters the Victor's palm!"

Then, turning on these blood-thirsty priests, who arrogate to themselves a commission from Heaven to perpetrate the crimes of persecution, he exclaims

"Shame upon you all!
Your hands are bloody; to the God of Peace
You offer carnage: this is not divine:
It cannot be; your title-deeds are forged—
A mortal usurpation.
* * * * *

"The faith
Of an all-powerful Benevolence
Thrives not by blood; nor is it given to spread
The charity of Christ by homicide."

Of course so rampant a heretic as this could never escape in Spain in the days of Philip the Second. The Inquisitors resolve to have his life; and his father, believing in his guilt in reference to his step-mother, connives at his murder. He is slain; but he does not die before he has convinced the King of the falsehood of the dark charge against him. The father is in despair—the murderer of his own son: his wife, a gentle, tender-hearted being (whose character is rather feebly drawn), arrives to upbraid him: a bit of poetical justice is done by throwing the arch-priest Valdéz into prison, for life: and the curtain drops.

We have necessarily given but a rough outline of the play; and the few extracts we have made have been taken from it almost at random. They by no means represent its best poetry; but we think that any candid reader will confess that they show enough power, poetry, taste, and passion, to entitle *Don Carlos* to an honourable place in the dramatic literature of our country. Those who will turn to the play itself will be even more disposed to admit this.

From 1818 to 1827 Lord John Russell's Parliamentary career was chiefly distinguished for his annual motion on the subject of Representative Reform, for his defence of Queen Caroline on the discussion of the notorious Pains and Penalties Bill, for his attempt to procure the Emancipation of the Catholics, and to repeal the Test and Corporation Acts. During this period his only literary work was a kind of narrative or review of *The Affairs of Europe since the Peace of Utrecht*, a work little known and of no great interest at the present day.

Canning became Prime Minister in 1827; and Lord John Russell, though he would not join, abstained from opposing him. He even relinquished his annual motions regarding Reform and the Corporation Acts, during the tenure of office by the Tory-liberal. But Canning died, and the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel came into power. It was in 1828 that Lord John Russell brought before Parliament his bill to repeal the acts which forced every man to take the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England, before he could hold any corporate office. The bill was carried by a large majority, in spite of the opposition of the Government, and its author now took his stand as a leading Reformer.

In this same year he appeared again before the world in the capacity in which we are more especially viewing him, by publishing (anonymously) the *History of the Establishment of the Turks in Europe.*

It is expressly stated by the author of this work, in his preface, that the historical matter contained in it is not his own, but merely a compilation from well-known sources; but the disquisitions are original. It is curious to refer to them at a moment when everything connected with the Turkish Empire is attracting such attention, and to observe what were Lord John Russell's views regarding that nation six-and-twenty years ago. Our limits forbid us to make many extracts from the volume, which is only a small octavo, very thin and very widely printed, but our readers may be interested by its concluding paragraphs:—

"So long as fanaticism retains its influence over their (the Turks') minds, the Christians must look for contumely, insult, and injury: race, religion, manners, policy, all forbid that the Turks should ever be the just and righteous governors of the Christian people of their provinces. Some have pleased their fancy with the notion of an extraordinary Sultan, assisted by an extraordinary Vizier, pushing forward the Turks in the path of knowledge and civilization: if such an one were ever to arise he would probably be strangled, and his successors would repeal his laws and regulations."

At the very time his lordship wrote this the "Extraordinary Sultan" had arisen in the person of the late Mahmoud. Indeed the author, in a note, refers to the destruction of the Janissaries (which had recently taken place) as "a step in the right direction:" but he seems to have had little idea of the extent to which Sultan Mahmoud would push his reforms; and still less suspicion that his subjects would submit, acquiesce, and finally take up and pursue, of their own accord, the new system he sought to introduce. But what shall we say of Lord John's assertion that everything forbids "that the Turks should *ever* be the just and righteous governors of the Christian people of their provinces?" That it is true even to this day; and that although we may in one sense be said to be at war to retain the Turks in possession of these provinces, yet in reality our object is merely to prevent a still worse system of rule—the hateful, grinding, soul-enslaving despotism of Russia—from usurping the place of the milder, though incompatible, sway of Turkey. Lord John Russell might not venture to *say* this now, in his position of Cabinet Minister; but we may be tolerably confident that such is his opinion.

Regarding the future of Turkey, as a military power, Lord John Russell proved himself a bad prophet; for he thus concludes his volume:—

"The Turks owed the empire to religious and military fanaticism. With the extension of their conquests the military spirit declined, but religious fanaticism remained, and enabled them to withstand the armies of the Christian powers. But as the art of war became more and more enlightened, a new dilemma presented itself to the Turks: either they must gain the knowledge of their opponents, or they must fight them without it. If they were to attempt to acquire the knowledge, and

adopt all the precautions that are now used to insure victory, they must lose their fanaticism, the inseparable companion of their ignorance: if they prefer the spirit of the soldier to the improvement of the art, how great must be the disproportion between an ill-disciplined ill-provided army and the legions which have decided the battles and swayed the fate of modern Europe!"

Sultan Mahmoud may be said to have formed the regular army of the Turkish Empire, and its strides towards efficient discipline have been immense; but it has lost little of its fanaticism and enthusiastic spirit, and for this very reason, far more than for its discipline (in which it is still vastly inferior to its enemies), it has beaten step by step the most vaunted of those armies "which have decided the battles and swayed the fate of modern Europe"—the legions of the Czar, which even Napoleon thought capable of over-running the world.

In 1829 the Catholic Emancipation Bill passed: Lord John voting in its favour. The Tories were disgusted with the measure, and withdrew their confidence from Wellington and Peel. Next year William IV. came to the throne, and a new general election took place. The Ministers were beaten on the Civil list question, and resigned. The Revolution took place in Paris, which placed Louis Philippe on the French throne; and its influence spread to England. "Reform and liberty" became the popular cry; the Tories were hooted; Earl Grey, the great leader of the Whigs, was called to office; and the country was forthwith to be set to-rights.

Lord John Russell was made Paymaster of the Forces in the new Ministry; but without a seat in the Cabinet. This was scarcely a grateful return for his hard and valuable services; but, truth to say, gratitude has never been a distinguishing Whig characteristic. To shew the estimation in which he was held, however, he was employed to introduce the Reform Bill into the House of Commons—which task he performed on the first of March, 1831. How the Bill passed, to the delight of the populace, the annoyance of country gentlemen, the indignation of the peers (threatened with being "swamped" by a new batch created from the highways and byways), the secret satisfaction of the King, and the overwhelming popularity of the Ministry, is a matter of recollection to many of us, and of well-known history to the rest.

The next great question, after the meeting of the reformed Parliament, was that of the Irish Church-establishment. Lord John wished to divert some of its revenues to secular purposes. Lord Stanley and others were violently opposed to such a measure: a split took place in the Cabinet: "Johnny had upset the coach," as Lord Stanley phrased it: the people began to distrust the Ministry: so did the King, and he turned them out. Peel came into power: a new Parliament was summoned, and Lord John became the leader of the opposition in the House of Commons.

The new Government were in a minority, and resigned. Lord Melbourne became Prime Minister and Lord John Russell Home Secretary. And now began his difficulties. It has been the subject of constant reproach against him that he has always done too little—less than he has promised.

We do not belong to Lord John Russell's party, but we wish to do him justice. It should be borne in mind then that he has never had much *power*, however the semblance may be the other way. The Whigs are a very small party; the Radicals are not a very large one, and are greatly sub-divided. Both call themselves Reformers, and as such look to Lord John Russell to lead them. But these Whigs and these Radicals, with their many sub-divisions, differ vastly among themselves. If Lord John goes too far in Reform, he is checked by the Whigs; if he does not go far enough, he is abused by the Radicals; if he steers a medium course, he is reproached for want of energy. How is he to satisfy all? True, he may pursue his own course—for he is a genuine Whig, and as much opposed to Democracy as the highest of Tories—but where would be his party then? Could a purely Whig Government retain power for a week without Radical aid? And supposing the Whigs turned out, could a Radical Ministry get a single majority? Undoubtedly, the only large, united, and compact party is the Conservative one. The rest are strong only when they coalesce, and act together; and we doubt whether any more skilful generalissimo of their combined forces could be found than Lord John Russell.

How Sir Robert Peel again came into power in 1841, and resigned in 1846, is too well remembered to be discussed here. And now, for the first time, the subject of our notice was Prime Minister of England, resigning office in 1852, when beaten on a motion regarding the Militia, introduced by his ex-colleague Lord Palmerston, with whom he had unwisely quarrelled.

In this same year Lord John Russell again appeared before the world as an author, or rather an editor, publishing the first two volumes of the *Life, Letters, and Diary of Thomas Moore*. Interesting as the book is, from its subject and materials, it will not add to the editor's fame; for his work has been loosely and carelessly performed, as might be expected from a man of his important avocations in the political world.

Last year his lordship edited the *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, a work commenced, but left unfinished, by the late Lord Holland. It was a labour of love to perform such a task, both from the friendship he bore to Lord Holland and the admiration he felt for Fox; but in a literary point of view the task was a light one, and while the

work is one of the greatest interest to every Englishman, it is not one that can be fairly criticised as Lord John Russell's.

We have thus sketched, briefly, the outline of Lord John's career as author and politician, down to the present time. We have purposely said as little as possible of him in his more important capacity, because it is beside our purpose. As an author we think he is not properly appreciated, and his works deserve more attention than they have received: as a dramatist we repeat that his production entitles him to an honourable place: as a biographer he is both careful and lucid: as an historian, without much pretension, he is accurate and candid: while as a Constitutional Essayist it would be difficult to instance many English names that we should feel inclined to set above his own.—De Lolme, be it remembered, was a Frenchman.

The talents of Lord John Russell have been variously estimated, according to the prejudice or party of the writers. Everyone has perhaps, at some period, believed him capable of great things; though few have been wholly satisfied with the attempts he has made to accomplish anything. Often giving utterance to sentiments which do him honour as a statesman, and declaring his sympathies to be all in favour of a bold and popular policy, he seems to falter when put to the test, and no longer to have faith in his own declared convictions; and, from a zealous friend of liberty, as he was at first believed to be, he has declined into a wary politician—not unmindful even, when out of office, that if he succeeds in overturning a Ministry it is not the People who will have to appoint its successors.

The words used by Clarendon in describing his ancestor Lord Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, who flourished in the reign of Charles I., may, perhaps, not inappropriately be applied to Lord John:—

"He was there (in the House of *Peers*) the great contriver, and principal agent of those who were for asserting the liberty of the subject; but a wise man and of too great and plentiful a fortune to wish a subversion of the Government: and it quickly appeared that he only intended to make himself and friends great at Court, not at all to lessen the Court itself."

There is, nevertheless, a large portion of his countrymen who still have faith in the leadership of Lord John Russell, and who rely no less on his heart than on his head.

NOMADIC SKETCHES.

No. 2.

Having been interrupted, when last writing to you, by the arrival of an old acquaintance [our friend is still on the continent.—*Ed.*], it brought to my mind the circumstances of our first meeting. I was travelling to Munich, some time ago, in company with a black leather bag, to which was attached a card, inscribed "Mr. Hopkins, passenger to Vienna." A slight incident, not worth detailing, having broken the ice, I entered into a conversation with this gentleman; in the course of which I asked him what he thought of the town we were leaving in the distance.

"Can't say I went into Augsburg," replied he.

"Perhaps you visited Stutgard?"

"Well—no—I'm going to Vienna."

"You saw Heidelburg, I suppose?"

"No, it was dark when I passed through."

"What do you think of Frankfort?"

"Only saw it from the station: could n't stop, as I'm going to Vienna."

"You came by Cologne, very probably?"

"Yes, but did n't see it a bit: just caught the Rhine boat, by three minutes, and came on direct."

"Do you admire Brussels?"

"Can't say I was in it: passed near it though. This is my first trip abroad, sir, I'm going to Vienna."

Amused with the idea of meeting such an incurious traveller I became as interrogative as a Yankee innkeeper.

"Do you intend to remain long in Munich?"

"Not five seconds. Bradshaw says this train meets the one o'clock 'diligence,' so I'll go on at once."

"To Saltzburg?"

"No, sir; to Vienna."

"Well, you will surely stop at Gmunden, to see the lakes?"

"I'll do no such thing! Perhaps you may not believe me, sir, when I assert, positively, that I am going to Vienna; but if you'll just take the trouble to read this label, on my bag, you may satisfy yourself that I *am* a passsenger to that place!"

Mr. H. was evidently annoyed. I hastened to assure him that I did not, for one moment, question the truth of his assertion. I was merely suggesting that he was passing by very interesting towns on his way. As an apologetical appendix, I trusted none of his friends or relations were ill, in the Austrian capital, so as to demand such rapid locomotive expedition on his part.

"Oh! dear! no; nobody's ill, that I know of," quoth Hopkins: "the fact is, I can only spare a week for travel. So I determined to go as far as I could. I shall reach Vienna to-morrow, at eight in the morning; get seven hours sleep; dine; and start that evening, by four, for Prague; pass by Berlin and Hanover, like a shot, and just reach London as the week's up. That's sharp work, I think! that's what I call getting over the ground. Don't you?"

"In my opinion, too fast by many degrees!"

"Well, you see, as I shall have travelled so far, it will be supposed I must have seen all the intervening towns you have mentioned; as a man could n't go, where I am going, without passing through them—leastways, else he went in a balloon: so when anyone says to me, 'Mr. Hopkins, have you seen Ghent, Liège, Coblentz, Mayence, &c.?' I'll answer 'Oh, dear, yes, been to all of them, saw them all distinctly (that is, you know, the outsides) at the time when I took my journey to Vienna!'"

"This is one mode of travelling!" I mentally reasoned, as I ranked the information which Hopkins would acquire, by his continental trip, not exactly on a par with, but considerably below, the mundane experience of his concomitant black leather bag; like which he himself appeared, in my eyes, simply and unmeaningly labled "To Vienna!"

Since the above colloquy has taken place, I have received the testimony of travellers, in general, with extreme caution.

Simply having been in Laibach will not suffice to persuade me now that a man must be conversant with the political economy of Austria; I doubt whether he who has visited Potsdam is intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of the Prussians; and I consider a person who has seen Paris may know no more of French character than had he never been there. For my part, I prefer a chat with him who having landed at Calais, passed his week in walking to Boulogne, viâ Guisnes, Wymille, and Marquise. The pedestrian who has visited Limburg is better authority, in my opinion, for a *critique* on German customs, than half the English tourists, who rush frantically up the Rhine; and I would rather hear the continental impressions of one who has wandered, wallet in hand, through any other country, than crude exotic remarks from a coalition of fifty men like Hopkins!

But in order to practice what we preach, we must revert to Liège, so as to journey leisurely; and being once more at the railway station, we introduce the reader to Mr. and Mrs. Graham's luggage (I saw their name on Bradshaw's adhesive labels). It consisted of four large-sized trunks, three portmanteaus of decent dimensions, two mystic-looking wooden boxes, five carpet-bags, two brown-paper parcels, and a hat-box.

"Mille tonneres! Dix-sept colis!! C'est impossible!!!" cried out the clerk, from his pigeon-hole, in amazement, as the officials were employed endeavouring to pile the luggage on the machine; but as it was not equal to it, "en gros," the effects had at last to be weighed "en détail." The English are proverbial for travelling with an infinity of luggage, providing themselves with every requisite, from a medicine chest to a patent registered-stove, inclusive.

"But never did I dream," said my travelling companion, "that a fellow like Graham there [in the first-class], would come abroad, saddled with a marquee, forty volumes of 'Rees' Cyclopœdia,' a slipper-bath, and a complete set of gardening implements! The former he brought to encamp under, lest the hotels might prove inconveniently crowded; and the two latter, not so much that he wanted them, but merely to convince foreigners how remarkably portable they make these things in England."

"They entered into the entire spirit of it," remarked I, "in the baggage bureau of Liège, by charging him forty-three francs for luggage to Cologne. I find the first-class fare is only sixteen."

"What, the doose, do you want?" said my friend Bruffles, "but your dozen shirts, a hair and tooth brush, a comb, 'Murray's Handbook,' and a lump of soap?" By the way I may remark, what is perhaps unknown to the editor of "Notes and Queries," that the rather vulgar interrogation "How are you off for soap?" is obviously of continental origin, in fact, 't is a question frequent amongst the English, in these countries, and a very natural one, as they never provide you with this article, at any of the hotels.

On board the Calais boat, about a year ago, I met a King's College man, the identical Tom Greenfinch of whom you spoke in a former number, bound for Paris, where he said he intended spending eight or ten days.

"And why are you bringing those three large trunks and the carpet-bag with you?" I enquired.

"Why," responded the academic, with beautiful *naïvete*, "Paris is a gay place, I hear, and I may be asked out to a good many parties: so I've brought all my traps."

"Do you know any families there?"

"No, not a soul."

"You have letters of introduction, of course?"

"Oh dear, no! I suppose they are not requisite. I believe the English always get into the top society abroad. Don't you think so?"

When Mr. Greenfinch reads this, perhaps he may remember the person who very gravely told that experienced Grecian — but very verdant traveller—that he, a member of such a seat of learning, was infallibly certain to be asked to all the Faubourg St. Germain balls, and likewise that it was very possible he would be receiving invitations to most of the *réunions in the Tuileries.*

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

GYMNASTICS, an essential branch of National Education, both public and private. By Captain Chiosso. London: *Walton and Maberly.*

Education has become quite a fashionable subject. It is discussed everywhere, from the House of Commons to the tap-room. Everyone, too, has his own theory on the subject; and is firmly convinced that to carry out a system of National Education is easy enough, if you will only follow *his* plan. Religion is the great stumbling-block with most people: how are the various sects to combine, and little boys and girls to be saved from doctrinal heresies? Some cry out for Secular Education, alone; and others will be content with nothing less than the Church Catechism in all its integrity and incomprehensibility; while the more reasonable majority prefer a middle course, and, without throwing religion overboard, suggest the teaching of simply its greatest truths, which all sects acknowledge.

The religious difficulty settled, they see no other. What will you teach? A chorus exclaims, on all sides, "Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, &c., &c." Is this all? Ask this question of any hundred people, and ninety-nine will answer "Yes," or look puzzled. Now we perfectly agree with Captain Chiosso, the author of the little book before us, that this is *not* all. We have bodies as well as minds, and they stand quite as much in need of exercise; for, as a general rule, you will not find the *mens sana* anywhere but in the *corpore sano.* Anyone who has read the works of Andrew and George Combe will be fully impressed with the importance of cultivating our bodily powers as well as those of the intellect. George Combe boldly asserts it to be a duty towards God to do so; and certainly if we consider that He gave us nothing in vain, and that we are not justified in neglecting *any* of His gifts, the truth of the argument will be apparent.

Captain Chiosso's book is both an argument in favour of Physical Education, a history of gymnastics from the earliest times, and an explanation of the system he recommends. His arguments are sound; his history displays reading and scholarship; while of his system we are enabled to speak warmly, from having personally experienced the benefits of a similar one, in our younger days. The perusal of the Captain's book makes us long again for the Gymnasium.

We recommend it to parents and instructors of all classes; and if they should be disposed to imagine the subject beneath their notice, we would ask them whether the attainment of health, strength, and long life is to be despised by the most intellectual?

TOM SUFFRAGE'S VOTE:

A TALE.

BY A SITTING MEMBER.

(Continued from page 158.)

CHAPTER V.

Meeting of Mr. Scampton and the Miller—Tom's eligibility as a husband for Ada is discussed—Miss Dovecote, "a friend in need"—Plotting.

As Ada and her father were at breakfast, the following morning—Ada in a pretty demi-toilet, and the old man in his morning coat and slippers, with the "Muckborough Old Englishman" (tory paper), by his side—came a double knock at the door.

"Bless my soul," said the old man, "who can that be, Ada?"

Ada knew well enough that it must be the old Indian, but she would not lose the treat of "a scene," by telling him.

"Master's in, sir, at breakfast," said the servant-girl to someone, after opening the door. "Is he, then I'll go in to him," the somebody was heard to reply.

"Who in the world is it?" Mr. Brancrust said: "he's coming in here—that stupid girl—"

"Hollo, Ned, old boy, how are you?"

"Really, and I—I—very well, thankye—but—but who may I be speaking to, I—"

"Not know me!" broke in the Indian: "look in my face, Ned—not know Charlie!"

"What—what—you don't mean to say it's you!"

"Don't I though?"

"Oh, Lord, Charlie, give me your hand again, I'm so glad to see you, but you took me so by surprise—sit down. How are you, when did you come, who have you got with you—Ada, my dear, your uncle—let's look at you; rather altered, eh, and a little browner. Egad, I'm glad to see you—ring the bell, Ada, another cup and saucer—you look quite hearty," and so went on old Mr. Brancrust (the whole of whose morning stiffness seemed to have melted out of him), his face as red as fire.

Ada and the Indian, in the meanwhile, watched the old miller's hearty reception with great satisfaction.

"But, Ada, don't you hear, I say it's your uncle!" cried Mr. Brancrust, again.

"I know, papa!" said that young lady, laying her hand on the sleeve of the traveller.

"Yes, Ada and I have had our meeting over," said he.

"Why, when did you come?" asked the astonished Mr Brancrust.

Here followed one of those explanations which, as every play-goer knows, are invariably the most stale and unprofitable parts of every play, and are usually spoken by a muff of a serving-man, in a green jerkin and yellow hose, with a bad voice and no action.

Then the old friends got back to their youth, and wandered among old loves and old scrapes, and ancient pleasures, to the immense delight of Ada. Imagine the fat, pursy, thick-winded Mr. Brancrust talking of his youthful loves and hair-breadth 'scapes.

The traveller inquired after an old flame of his, who, he learned, had only died the previous Christmas—and unmarried too. The wayfarer looked, for a moment, serious and reflective; and then, sipping his coffee, and helping himself to another slice of the fragrant ham, he started off again into some laughing recollection of the tricks they played old Jones, or crusty old Stubbs, or how they used to pull the grey hairs out of Wilkins's pony's tail—to make fishing lines—and such like. Suddenly, he said,

"So poor Mary's left us!"

All were solemn then—it was Ada's mother! After a pause, of a few minutes, the Indian, with a merry nod towards Ada, went on:—

"The young ones are the same as they ever were, Charlie—she has a lover!"

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Brancrust.

"And I hope you approve of him!" pursued the Indian—whilst Ada had found out that something was wrong with the coffee-pot, and was busy examining it—"a modest young fellow, and the right sort to make a good husband!"

"Well, the lad *was* well enough, but—but—well, never mind—Ada knows!"

"But what?" asked the Indian, "there ought not to be any 'buts,' for I can tell you they love one another 'like turtle doves,' old friend."

"Why," answered Mr. Brancrust, in spite of Ada's imploring looks across the table, "why, you see, we have got a lot of those skulking scoundrels, the Chartists, in the town, and I'll be hanged if Tom has n't been fool enough to go and join 'em!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the old Indian, looking on Ada with a horrified expression in his countenance.

Poor girl, she thought he would take her part; but she might have known better, for an old Anglo-Indian used for the best part of his life to despotism in the state and in families, and to the broken-down subservience of the unfortunate natives, could not be expected to sympathize with Chartism.

"You don't say so!" he repeated.

"Yes, but I do though," said Mr. Brancrust: "they have a club, at the 'Cat and Trumpet.' I was afraid Tom liked 'em too well, so I told him if he did not keep clear of 'em he should never have my girl."

"Very proper too!" exclaimed the traveller. Poor Ada!

"Ah," continued Mr. Brancrust, "but what do you think? he promised me he'd leave 'em; and the very next night, where was he?—at the 'Cat and Trumpet,' and what's worse he'd joined 'em, and what's worse still he was taken home stupidly drunk—that's who he is!" Mr. Brancrust's hand came down upon the table, with a fierce crash.

"Impossible!" cried the appalled Mr. Scampton.

"Fact," said Mr. Brancrust.

The Indian made that particularly disagreeable noise, with his mouth, which is used by genteel drivers hurrying lazy horses.

There was a dead and unpleasant silence, which was broken by the old traveller: raising his head, suddenly, with the air of a man that has made up his mind to say something, and beginning—

"That will never do—that will not do by any means!" Then as if a thought crossed him that he was too stern in his words, he added "and I'm sure my little niece will see at once that it won't do." (Ada did not seem to see it at all.) "The fact is," he went on "I've saved a lac or two of rupees. It sounds odd that a man with a *lac* of rupees should have plenty of money, does it not?" And laughing at his own pun, he proceeded, "I've saved a bit of money—got nobody to leave it to but Ada—should n't like to let anyone but Ada have it—but I'd sooner throw it in the sea than for a Chartist even to touch it. King and Constitution, is my rule: none of your sham liberty for me—no—no. Ada will think better of it. You must forget him, niece—you must forget him."

Now some young ladies in Ada's position would, doubtless, on the suggestion of these lacs of rupees, have entertained certain new ideas on the subject of matrimony. A miller's daughter with a handsome fortune and a pretty face might look higher, surely, than a small tradesman and the member of a club at the "Cat and Trumpet?" Might not the aristocratic Cavendish waive the consideration of birth for the more important consideration—even among aristocracy itself—of money?

But if Ada ran these things through her mind, at any rate they made no change in her feelings towards Tom. She was no heroine, but she had much of the better part of her sex's quickness of apprehension as to what was worthy and becoming in her to do; besides she really loved Tom, who had shown himself able and willing to defend her, at all risks to himself: so that, instead of taking the opportunity which now offered of dropping him, dutifully, at the instance of her father and her wealthy uncle, she resolved, on the other hand, to stand by him to the last.

Poor Ada, by this time, was in tears.

"Ah, don't cry now," said the rough traveller, "don't cry: I cried once after a sweetheart, but I was very young then, I should n't now!" nor did he look as if he would!

"Well," broke in Mr. Brancrust, "I'm not a hard man; I did like Tom, and I'm going to give him one chance—it all depends upon his vote at the election, that will settle it!"

"Who are the scoundrels going to put up?" asked Mr. Scampton.

"A retired tradesman, named Winnegar."

"I've heard of him—I know him, sir—greatest rogue that ever lived: lots of money, but how did he get it, eh!" The Indian looked positively ferocious, as he asked this question with a bitter smile.

"Well, uncle dear," said Ada, "Mr. Suffrage may not vote for him, and then—"

"May not, he shan't, or else you'll have to forget him: he won't if he cares anything for you, now he knows the consequence of doing so; if he does *not* care for you, let him vote and be—ahem!"

"Well," said Mr. Brancrust, "time will show, let's have no more of it this morning. Ada, ring for the table to be cleared."

"Well, I'm sick of it," said Mr. Scampton; "and, I say, Charlie, if you can spare time, let's have a stroll and look at some of the old places, and see how many faces I know again: can you come?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Ada will do her best without her sweetheart, and it'll be all right yet, I know." He made up for his late roughness by a playful tap under his niece's chin; but Ada was very angry with him for all that. So the old companions went out together.

The ladies, I dare say, will think that, as soon as the door was closed, Ada would settle herself for the enjoyment of what is called "a good cry:" no such thing, matters had gone too far for weeping. Ada was determined to *do* something to prevent Tom giving the fatal vote: he must be prevented—but how? he could not break his oath—she would not desire him to do that, even for her—therefore he must be prevented against his will; but again *how?*

Ada stood as she had never stood before, looking out of the window with a vacant gaze, her teeth pressed into her under lip, and her brows contracted, in the very brownest of studies.

The opening of the door did not suffice to rouse her; a light hand tapped her shoulder, and a feminine voice cried in her ear—"a penny for your thoughts, Ada!" Ada turned—

"Oh, my dear Amelia!"

"Oh, my dear Ada!"—a tremendous embrace here followed.

Now when ladies are rushing into each other's arms, and consequently not thinking how they look, is the very best time for a gentleman to criticise them coolly. We will do so.

Ada was embracing a female form—in a tuscan bonnet, with bows of scarlet ribbon that were perfectly appalling to look upon, festoons of long raven ringlets, with a rather pretty face, and an appearance altogether rather more dressy, rather less elegant, and rather less loveable than that of little Ada herself. Miss Amelia Dovecote was the daughter of a surgeon, in a village, a mile or so from Lower Fleecington. Mr. Coodle Dovecote was an old man, who wore, on all occasions, a shocking hat, a sable boa round his neck and sable cuffs to his coat, summer or winter, who was very fond of chucking the pretty housemaids under their chins, as he called to see their mistresses or masters; had had four wives and fifteen children, and had survived them all, except Amelia.

Miss Amelia, from childhood, had a great notion of herself and hers. She had, at least, a dozen sketches, in her own handiwork, of her family crest and family coat-of-arms (obtained heaven knows where from); and had dreams of past greatness, because her father had told her of a great uncle of his, who had a cousin who was in Parliament, and had been seen whispering with Sir Robert Walpole, in the lobby of the House of Commons. Miss Amelia had imbibed no small portion of her father's capabilities of loving. At the age of thirteen her heart was "broken," at sixteen her prospects were "blighted," in her twentieth year the world was a "desert;" but somehow or other, whether flowers had begun to spring in the wilderness, or whether a dim prospect of spinsterhood had warned her that a blighted heart was not the way to get a sound one,—at any rate, after the twentieth summer, her spirits improved vastly. Her ribbons grew vivid, and her ringlets curled longer and with a greater gloss than ever; and at the time when she was called upon to take her part in this little "vaudeville," she was in her twenty-fourth year, a chatty, enthusiastic, mischief-loving, witty young lady, the especial friend of old matrons and maids in easy circumstances, who wrap their declining days in a cloak of scandal, and tea-leaves, and wool-work; and by all young gentlemen with large neck-ties and large hearts, soft velvet

waistcoats and heads of the same character—rather feared, yet admired very much nevertheless! She had been Ada's schoolfellow, and she was her bosom friend.

What a queer thing a lady's bosom friendship is. The friends are frequently old schoolfellows, who have left off trousers and taken to long dresses together, who have gone into decimal fractions and love together, and who not unfrequently get married together. They invariably backbite one another on every possible occasion, dote on one another in public and sulk with one another in private: they vow eternal friendship in the playground, and in a few years Mrs. A. sneers from her *brougham* at Mrs. B., "her bosom friend," in her gig—or Mrs. C., who has married a merchant's clerk, declines to be introduced to her bosom friend Mrs. D., who has married a tailor!

After the embrace was over, and the ribbons had been admired by Ada, and Ada's morning dress had been a source of great rapture to Miss Dovecote—after Ada had brought out an anti-macassar of a new pattern, a present from London, and had received homage, as its possessor, from her envious friend—after Miss Dovecote had, in her turn, gained a victory over Ada, by describing a grand ball which she had attended whilst staying, with her cousins, in Derbyshire—after all this, Ada, as all people do to their "bosom friends," began to *un*bosom herself to her dearest Amelia.

Now the only fault that "dearest Amelia" had to find with her "own Ada," was the pertinacity with which Ada continued to like Tom Suffrage. Amelia, as mentioned before, had outlived her period of broken hearts and blighted hopes; and she had higher notions, for Ada, than a mere romantic attachment. She would have been far better pleased if Ada had given herself to one of the rector's "young gentlemen," for *that* would have been something to talk of—but Tom Suffrage, eh!

But Amelia had by no means a bad heart of her own; and so, finding that Tom was really in possession of as much love as Ada had to bestow, she manfully fought Tom's battles against his detractors, for the sake of her bosom friend.

So when Ada had unfolded all her troubles, and all her dread of the election, and of her father, and of the unhappy vote which belonged to Tom Suffrage, Miss Amelia set seriously to consider what was best to be done.

Miss Amelia, with a quickness of invention which astonished Ada, in the course of a quarter of an hour proposed a dozen wild schemes for preventing Tom from giving the fatal vote, or for softening Mr. Brancrust's Roman determination; but all these were rejected by Ada.

"Well, then, dear," said Amelia, "we 'll think again."

Then, after "thinking again," a plan, deep and dangerous, was at length resolved upon, by these two female plotters: so deep and so dangerous was it, that it had to be whispered for fear of the very dust, in the carpets, holding it and telling it to the girl in the morning.

This plot, gentle reader, I must not reveal to you yet, as it would spoil my tale: you must therefore "read and learn." Suffice it to say that a man of Mr. Brancrust's was sent for, from the Mill, and was ushered into the room and the presence of the ladies, to the great wonderment of the man himself, and of the girl who fetched him—that the man was asked if he was willing to do a kind thing for his young mistress and a guinea—that he finally consented to do a very illegal thing for both—and the girl received a gratuity to seal her mouth.

After this mysterious proceeding, worthy of a chapter of Mrs. Radcliffe or Eugene Sue, the bosom friends parted. Miss Amelia, having extended her visit far beyond the limits of a morning call, departed in a hurry; and Ada, who felt rather elate at the thought of their plan, went to superintend certain domestic operations, very interesting on tables but not upon paper.

(To be continued.)

A SIGH TO YOUNGER DAYS.

BY E. T. G.

At length farewell, sweet days of youth!—
Time of warm-heartedness and truth!—
Still one by one those days have gone,
Whilst age has rolled its winter on.

The glow of love, and mantling wine,
The future's golden dreams were mine;
But love and wine, and fancy's dream,
No longer urge life's flagging stream.

Then farewell, youth! thy joys are past,
Yet backward still my looks I cast:
Like exile from his native shore,
Who quits it, to return no more.

THE COUNT OF CAGLIOSTRO:

A SKETCH.

There is a character, in modern times of the world, that has always perplexed us beyond measure. It is that of Joseph Balsamo, better known as the Count of Cagliostro, so celebrated in Paris and through most parts of Europe, towards the end of last century. Next to our own King William the Third, Mr. Macaulay's perfect hero, Dr. Johnson's consummate scoundrel, and to a plain man, like ourselves—who cares not the shank of a button for either party—a person of very mixed qualities, the selfish one predominating, never has any human being been represented in such conflicting colours, just as a friend or an enemy has laid hold of the brush. "What betwixt the dirt and the daubing," as Oldmixon angrily exclaimed of the imaginary interpolations in Clarendon's History, it is well nigh impossible to discover the truth and substantial character of the man.

We stumbled, yesterday, on a French version, with the addition of numerous notes, of the rare Italian account of his Life and Trial, published at Paris and Lyons, in 1791, and itself a book of no common occurrence.* If there be a word of truth in the whole of this volume, such a born and bred knave—such an ignorant, impudent, lying, cheating, and thoroughly heartless vagabond and impostor—such a restless, wandering, accursed Cain, only that he roved about the earth not for the purpose of hiding the brand upon his brow, but of constantly adding to the blackness of it—never justified the law of his birth and the fallen state of man. Circumambient scoundrelism wrapped him like a mist; and he no more halted, in his way through it, to gulp a mouthful of purer breath, than the earth rests in her revolutions, the blessed spheres in their music, or the ordaining will and foreknowledge of God from the beginning to the end of all things.

Here follows a piece of his youth, from the pen of the holy apostolic scribe, the author of the Italian original, written with an ink that had as much gall in it as ever went to the making of that fluid.

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* It is "traduite," says the title-page, "d'après l'original Italien, imprimé a là Chambre Apostolique, et enrichie de notes curieuses." The original itself, "Compendio della Vita et delle Geste de Giuseppe Balsámo, denominato il Conte Cagliostro, &c.," is only to be found in one or two libraries.

He is born at Palermo, on the 8th of June, 1743; the son of Peter Balsamo and Felicia Braconniere; both of the middle class of life. His father dies while he is yet in his cradle; and the good men, his mother's brothers, bestow a world of pains upon his education, secular and spiritual. But his perverse nature revolts alike from letters and religion, and he commences his career by running away, not once but repeatedly, from the Seminary of Saint Roch.

He is entrusted, at the age of thirteen years, in the hopes of amendment, to the charge of the Father-general of a Religious Order, in the town of Cartagirone. Here again his evil propensities quickly burst forth, in flagranter colours than before. When it is his turn to read aloud some holy book, as is the daily custom of the Monks, he interpolates, into the sacred text, any lewd nonsense that may come across his brain, to the infinite scandal of his hearers; and on one occasion in particular, when the blessed Martyrology was placed into his hands, for the names of meek and murdered virgins he shamelessly substituted those of the most notorious courtesans in Palermo! "All that he learns at Cartagirone," exclaims his indignant biographer, "are certain godless secrets of chymistry, which he picks up, with amazing readiness, from one Vardi, an astrological apothecary, at whose house in the town he lodged."

In a year's time he returns to Palermo, as tired and hateful of the good Monks as they are shocked and scandalized at him. By way of occupation he takes to Design; but continues, in the intervals of study, as great a profligate as ever. He associates with the wildest and most dissolute youth, of either sex, in the town; and displays the greatest audacity and ingenuity in helping such of his acquaintances as have fallen into the hands of justice, sometimes to break their prisons, sometimes to baffle their prosecutors. He forges tickets of admission to the play-houses, which puzzle the very directors to distinguish them from the true ones, till they are driven to make a regulation that no one shall enter the doors without paying—and then he cheats them with bad money. He robs his uncle, with whom he lives, of gold and jewels, and threatens to poison him when he complains. He turns Pandarus to one of his female cousins, makes her duped lover to believe that his mistress passionately covets the possession now of this trinket now of that, obtains them from him to be conveyed to her, and keeps them himself. Having found means to enter the cabinet of a distant relation of his mother's, a notary of great practice in the place, he mischievously alters a Will which he finds there, by erasing the name of a religious community, which was intended to be benefited thereby, and inserting, in the place of it, that of a crabbed avaricious old lord, the Marquis Maurigi, who was no sort of kin to the testator, and could never be brought to admit the mistake.

And to make an end of his misdeeds, a worthy Monk, that was no great scholar, having entreated him to write a letter, in his name, to the Superior of his Convent, asking leave to absent himself for two days from Palermo, he not only obliged him in that respect but undertakes to deliver the letter and to bring back the reply. In a short time he returns with a paper, signed by the Superior, giving the Monk the permission which he sought; and demands a piece of money for his trouble and welcome intelligence, which the good man joyfully bestows. But, behold! the paper is a forgery; and on the Monk's return to his Convent he is sentenced to very rigorous penances, for a breach of discipline of his order in staying away without leave; nor is it of any avail to him to say that he obtained the paper in question from Balsamo, for the latter impudently affirms that he knows nothing whatever about the business.

Even thus early in life he is addicted to unlawful and damnable arts. He pretends to exorcise his sister of a devil, she being only troubled with a bad colic, by beating her with a rope steeped in holy oil. And one day, being in the country, with some of his usual associates, and a sudden curiosity springing up to know how a certain lady was at that moment employed, he takes a piece of paper, draws a square upon it with his pencil, passes his hands rapidly over it, and there appears the figure of a lady engaged at the game of tressette, or, as it is more commonly called, vingt-un. They send one of the number to the town, and find her engaged at that very game!

In the sixteenth year of his age, grandiloquently continues the apostolic scribe, he abruptly quits, like a second Cataline, the city of his birth. The reason of his flight, or rather his departure, for he goes boldly off, in open day, is as follows:—There is living in the street of Toledo one Marana, a jeweller, a man of true Sicilian character: weak, passionate, covetous, and credulous. This man he persuades that a mighty treasure is lying in a grotto, in the suburbs, which can only be taken possession of by means of certain magical ceremonies, to be performed at dead of night. He obtains from him, beforehand, for the cost and trouble of these rites and incantations, no less than sixty ounces of gold. But the loss of his money is not the worst of the business to the unlucky jeweller. On going, by night, to the grotto, where Balsamo has promised to meet him, he is surrounded by several figures, in hideous masks, who dance about him for a while, to his great terror, uttering fearful noises, and end by cruelly beating and otherwise torturing him. For many days he is confined to his bed, sore alike in body and spirit, and believing himself to have been assailed by the demons that guarded the treasure. At length he grew better and wiser; and then, notwithstanding the hypocritical regrets of Balsamo, that they should have been thus unfortunately

prevented from the performance of the requisite ceremonies, he opens his eyes to the trick which has been played upon him, and not only denounces the knave to the tribunals but threatens to take vengeance with a poignard. Balsamo laughs at him and treats him contemptuously, but, knowing the dangerous character of his countrymen, thinks it prudent to quit Palermo, and a short time afterwards Sicily itself.

Now begins, and continues through upwards of thirty years, such a series of wanderings, adventures, and experiences of either fortune, as never fell to the lot of mortal man. Fiction herself, we really believe, with Ahasuerus for a subject, could hardly have crowded into eighteen centuries so many such various and extraordinary events as are gravely recorded of this strange being. He is Monk, Pilgrim, Physician, Soldier, Count Cagliostro, Marquis Anna, Marquis Pellegrini, Marquis Balsamo, Ararat of the holy lineage, and wants but his own consent to be raised to the Ducal throne of Courland. Sometimes, when dupes are scarce, competing rogues abundant, and the ordinarily owl-like eyes of the law are open with a keener speculation than was usual to them three-quarters of a century ago, he is saved from the streets and bare starvation by the wages of his wife's prostitution. Sometimes he is the owner of a palace, and travels with a pompous train of attendants, blazing in sumptuous liveries at twenty Louis apiece. He is the inmate of gaols; he is hooted from cities; he experiences such bitter mortifications and sufferings that a twinge takes hold of his reverend biographer, and he refrains, out of very shame and pity, from the mention of them. He is followed by enthusiastic crowds; his likeness is on every man's ring, or snuff-box; paintings of him are in all houses; his bust is carved in marble; his features are perpetuated in medals; his statue is set up in public places, and on the pedestal, of more than one of them, is inscribed "to the divine Cagliostro." He is the rudest and most uncouth of mortals, uttering a vile unintelligible mixture of Sicilian and Hebrew. He harangues large and polite assemblies, in all the languages of the earth, speaking with the tongue of an angel. He is a man of low stature, swarthy skin, and base licentious aspect. His deportment and figure are those of an immortal; and his eyes shine with a celestial intelligence, striking awe and veneration into the minds of all beholders. He is a miserable charlatan, subsisting on the sale of washes and powders and invigorating balsams. He is profoundly versed in all secrets of chymistry, real or imaginary—the elixir of life, occult magnetic influences and sympathies, the most sacred mysteries of Mecca, the buried knowledge of the pyramids; and walks through hospitals, like a god, scattering money, healing sickness, making the lame to walk, insomuch, that in one hospital alone were hung up a hundred votive crutches, in grateful commemoration of his miraculous

powers. His associates are thieves, swindlers, forgers, pimps, catamites, and wretches that are afterwards hung, grand-masters, princes, ministers, cardinals. He is forty-five years old, he lived before the deluge, he was present at the marriage of Cana of Galilee, he is the son of a Princess of Trebizond, he is born at Palermo, he is born at Malta, he is born at Madeira, he is the worshipped of the Mufti, he spends three years at Mecca, the guest of the holy Scherif. He sees visions; he founds sects, where he is adored as the grand-cophte, and initiates his followers in the arcana of physical and moral regeneration—the former by the means of the acacia or juice of youth and immortality, the latter by the figure pentagon, which restores mankind to their original purity and the state before the fall. And, finally, having—according to the Inquisitor—exhausted every crime in every country, he is imprisoned in the Castle of Saint Angelo, on no worse accusation than that of free-masonry, and is believed —for the epoch of his death is as great a mystery and as variously reported as his life—to have perished in its dungeons, in the year 1795, in the fifty-second year of his age, "being the cycle of one hermetic year," in the jargon of his followers, "as fifty-two weeks make a common year."

This is the life of Cagliostro, as it is sent forth to the world upon the authority and from the press of the Holy Apostolic Chamber. Other persons, a little more enlightened and of a somewhat sharper knowledge of mankind, while they smile as contemptuously as the French translator at the monstrous prejudices and credulity of his Italian biographer, yet record many circumstances about him that are inexplicably puzzling.

Madame the Countess de la Motte, the barbarously-punished heroine of the diamond collar, even admitting her guilt—which has always appeared to us to be very doubtful—than whom, of which there is no doubt at all, very few people were harder to be deceived in matters of money, speaks with a feeling almost of awe of the unheard-of riches—"la fortune inouie"—of Cagliostro.* He, himself, in his Memoir—published on the occasion of that famous process from which not a single person, queen, cardinal, or countess, emerged honourably, except himself—speaks of the

* Vie de Jeanne de St. Remy de Valois, ci-devant Comtesse de la Motte, ecrite par elle-même, Paris, 1793:—a frontless book as ever was written; but she seems to have felt her whipping, such an one as Jefferies would have warmed her with, with more moral bitterness than one might have anticipated. Her joy at learning that her friend, Cagliostro, has fallen, notwithstanding all his cunning, into the claws of the Holy Inquisition is not unamusing:—"qui pourroit bien ne sortir du Chateau St. Angelo où le Saint Pere l'a fait enfermer que pour aller consommer sur une Place publique les grandes Destinées qu'il s'est dit appeler á remplir."—Vol. ii., page 394. After all, it is very doubtful whether his "great destinies" were really completed in that fortress.

enormous sums deposited, to his credit, in every celebrated bank in Europe; and the assertion was never contradicted. La Borde, a man of science and learning, in the household of Louis the Fifteenth, and the author of a work on Switzerland, testifies to the wonderful cures performed by Cagliostro, at the public hospital, at Strasbourg—to his immense donations to the public charities, in that and other towns of France—where fifteen thousand people, says he, owed to him their existence; and to the marvels of his appearance.

"Ce prodige de notre Siècle," writes to a friend the well-known Marquis de Segur—"plus savant que Pic de Mirandule, plus errant et pretentieux qu' Agrippe de Nettesheim, plus mysterieux que l'homme du Masque de fer, qui a tout vu, tout su et apparemment qui tout peut:"—he is the wonder of the age we live in, more universally-learned than Picus of Mirandula, a greater traveller and a loftier pretender than Cornelius Agrippa, more puzzling than the Man in the Iron Mask, has seen everything, knows everything, and to him apparently all things are possible.

In brief, the man was a mystery; and only required to have lived in a different age and country to have founded a religion that might have spread as wide, lasted as long, found as ardent believers, and been just as moral and as true as the religion of Mahomet.

TEXT BOOK OF ARITHMETIC, containing progressive Exercises in the Elementary Rules, with calculations adapted to modern mercantile transactions, including Exercises on the Decimal Coinage. By Mathew Wilson, Head Master of the Glasgow Normal Seminary. *London: Richard Griffin.*

This is another "Tutor's Assistant," and as such it has its merits: like all compendiums it is useful for reference and to refresh and exercise the memory on a science perhaps long neglected, and rules almost forgotten.

The inadequacy of language to convey all that the mind is capable of conceiving might be proved, we believe, from any work on arithmetic, with which we have ever yet made acquaintance; provided only that the compiler of it could be shewn to have been master of the language in which he wrote. It is remarkable that we have no "Pupil's Assistant" in this science, as if it were impossible to teach it by written rules alone, and that the most that could be done was to lighten the labour of those who, by oracular teaching, had already arrived at some proficiency in it.

Mr. Wilson has written on Etymology and Grammar, and has been gratified by the laudations of the contemporary press, for his lucidity and the intelligibility of his lessons; but we are not sure that he has succeeded, better than his predecessors, in simplifying the rules of arithmetic. Take the following, for instance:—

"To extract the cube root of any number. RULE:—1. Point off the figures three by three, pointing from right to left; making the decimals even periods, by adding ciphers, should their number not consist of three, six, nine, &c. 2. Find the greatest cube contained in the left hand period, and to the first difference annex the next period. 3. Divide this number by 300 times the square of the root first found, and set down the product of the quotient and divisor. 4. Multiply the square of this last quotient figure by those which precede it, and this product again by 30, and to the sum of both these products, add the cube of the last figure, and subtract the sum from the dividend. 5. To the remainder bring down the next period, and proceed as before, till all the periods are brought down; the quotient will be the required cube root."

The whole of this is illustrated by the following example only:—

"EXAMPLE.

What is the cube root of 15625?

$$\begin{aligned} & 15625\ (25\ \textit{Ans.} \\ 2^3 = 8 & \\ \hline & 7625 \\ \hline \text{Next divisor } 2^2 \times 300 = 1200 \times 5 &= 6000 \\ 5^2 \times 2 \times 30 &= 1500 \\ 5^3 = \quad 125 & \\ \hline & 7625 \end{aligned}$$

Now for any pupil to comprehend the rule, he must first be able to solve the problems which it professes to explain; and, after many trials, he will begin to see the application of the words to the ideas they are intended to convey. A standard vocabulary is wanting in arithmetic, with definite meanings to the words, to which all teachers should confine themselves. At present each explains in a language of his own, which of itself first requires explanation.

The examples of the application of decimals to the proposed new coinage should have been preceded by tables showing the relative values of the proposed new pieces of money to each other.

It is, however, a very neat little pocket volume; and certainly well worth the fifteen pence charged for it.

THE LIFE OF A PIRATE:

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

Somewhere about the years 1730—1.

CHAPTER II.

I have mentioned my uncle's name, once or twice, in what I have thus far written; and with expressions of abhorrence. He well deserved to be so spoken of, and something worse than words; and that, in time, he got also.

He was my mother's only brother; but as unlike her as I am to a Quaker, or, as Hamlet says of himself, to Hercules. It was always a sort of mystery to me how they could have been the children of the same parents; unless all the good of them went to the one, and all the evil to the other. Strangely different influences, an Astrologer would declare, must have reigned over the hours of their birth.

By trade, or rather business, he was a farmer and grazier, and possessed of a good deal of property, with which—as he was unmarried, and, save in respect to eating and drinking, of very niggardly habits—he might well have been contented, without coveting other people's. But he was a mean avaricious hound as ever existed, and what was worse and viler—if anything can be, than idolatry of money—he had the malignity of the very devil, but unaccompanied by any of the devil's courage. Had he lived a hundred years ago, when racks and thumbikins were the fashion, he would, I verily believe, have offered himself for executioner, out of his love to look upon human suffering. He had, when quite a child, witnessed the burning, at Tyburn, of poor Mistress Graunt, of the family of Ascham's Biographer, for the sheltering of some of Monmouth's men; and nothing delighted him so much, whenever he could find a listener, as to describe and imitate, with a horrid eloquence, how she had shrieked and twisted in the flames, as the sputtering flesh peeled off her. Men, 't is an old saying, are born poets, not become so; and my uncle had derived from Nature—very little to her credit, say I—a turn and genius for cruelty that needed no cultivation. I never could satisfy myself why, in the first place, Providence should ever have permitted the existence of such a wretch at all; or why, if she had only intended him

for a specimen of what she was capable of doing, in the way of making two-legged monsters, she had not cast him upon an age, and country, and position in life, where he might have given full swing to his villanous propensities. It was quite a throwing-away of such a Nero to doom him to a Northamptonshire village. The devil would have made a king of my uncle.

I sometimes used to speculate, as I grew up, whether a good long torturing illness might not have wrought a salutary change in his disposition. But, for the misfortune of those about him, he was cursed with a constitution of adamant. Never a day's respite got they, from his being confined to his bed with illness, ever so temporary. And had it pleased God to have thus visited him, and good resolutions grown out of danger acting upon a cowardly heart, they would, I doubt not, have disappeared at the same time with the doctor—like Satan's, in the adage—a reformation brought about "non moribus sed metu." For, as was wittily, but very unjustly, said of a late poet, Mr. Prior,

> "Events are chain'd to causes; generally
> Those that are rascals born will rascals die."

In person he was by no means an uncomely man to look upon: of middle height, very broad and square about the shoulders, his hair of a yellowish red—something resembling rhubarb in colour,* and with an exceedingly fair complexion. His face was smooth as a child's, and clear and healthy, like a pearmain apple, which was the more extraordinary as he went to bed drunk almost every night of his life; but he shewed no signs of this, except that his eyes were wet and winky of a morning, and his lips glazed and crackly. He had particularly large hands, ridged with high-standing veins, and the tips of his fingers round and stubby, from a habit he had of biting his nails, which I never remember to have seen in anyone that was of a frank and lively temper. He talked very loud and grating, and always in the same tone of voice, like a barrel-organ. His week-day wear was a horseman's coat, of a brown colour, with great flaps to it; a small three cornered hat, with a coppery-silvered binding; thick-soled boots, wax-topped and oiled, instead of blacked, the better to keep the wet out; and he always carried in his hand a heavy greasy hunting-whip. You would have set him down, at first sight, for a clownish vulgar fellow enough, without a drop of good blood in his veins, even though it came to him without a license; but it was only when you saw him in his cups and his cunning, drunk within him—or, what he liked better than

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* In the margin of the M.S. are the following words:—"Xantho-coloi quasi capillis dominatur flavi-rubia bilis."—*Editor.*

his liquor even, when he was engaged in cheating or making some one miserable—that his flat eyes would lighten up, and his whole vile reptile soul shine malignantly through them.

During my father's lifetime he never, or very rarely, came to the Grange; for my father, though he had married his sister, could not, as poor Sarah used to say, "abide mistress's brother." But he contrived, after my father's death, to wriggle himself into the management of our property; and my poor mother strove to think herself, and persuade the neighbours, that he did it out of good-will towards her and her child. I have no doubt but that he either embezzled the profits of our land, or, out of sheer malice, purposely miscultivated it; for though it had always, the servants told me, yielded enough, in my father's time, to maintain us all in comfort—and he, as it may well be supposed, was no great proficient in the "res rustica"—we were hard pinched to live upon it now the family was reduced to two. Between me and my uncle there had never been any love lost. One day, when I was about twelve years old, he came up to the Grange and bullied and insulted my mother about an old bushel-measure that was missing. I thought, at first, he was only joking, in his brutal half-earnest sort of way, for there was a pucker upon his cheek and a twinkle in his eye all the time he was speaking. At last he said something, I forget the precise words, very disparaging about my father, and her daily visits to the churchyard, and that it was another husband that she wanted. My mother burst into tears, grasping my hand convulsively, as I stood beside her, in her efforts to suppress them. My anger had been for some time seething, but now it boiled right over, and, letting drop her hand, I flew at his throat, like a bull-dog. He was so taken by surprise, and the fury of my attack, that he staggered back a yard or two, and then fell full-length upon his back, bringing me to the ground with him. My mother shrieked out, and the farm servants, who were at dinner in the kitchen, came running in at the outcry, and pulled me from off him. I had pretty nearly throttled him, and would to God I had done so quite; for his death, at that period, would have changed, in all probability, my whole career of life, while he, by dying a few years earlier, would have the fewer sins to answer for, and he came, as it turned out, to no very different end thereafter.

At another time, only about four months before my mother's death, I caught him one day, in the farm-yard, flogging, with his eternal horse-whip, a poor half-witted dumb boy, that minded the poultry. He had tied him fast against a waggon wheel, that he might not run away, and was beating him unmercifully. I saw him raise himself on his toes, like a man in the act of making a jump, that his blows might fall the heavier. The lad's contortions and grimaces, and the horrid sounds to which he

gave utterance, in his ineffectual attempts to express his pain, seemed to amuse my uncle wonderfully. "O, if you don't like it," I heard him say, "you have only to tell me and I will leave off immediately; ay, but you must speak plainer than that, I don't understand what that means;" and down again came the lash, twisting and clinging round him like the coils of a boa-snake. I was so maddened, at the sight of his brutality, that I snatched up a pitch-fork, that was standing against a wall, and rushed upon him with it. He parried my first thrust, with the handle of his whip, and then taking to his heels he ran roaring across the farm-yard till he got to the gate, over which he vaulted into the home-field, with the agility of a posture-master. It was a lucky thing for him that he was too quick for me, for if I had come up with him I should have driven the tines of the fork into his back, with as little scruple as if it had been a dung-heap.

I continued so ill, for many days after my mother's death, that I had neither spirit nor strength to make any sort of resistance to my uncle's proceedings. Indeed, for the greater part of the time, I was in a state of unconsciousness. And had I been aware of what was going on, I know not how I could have prevented it; for I was but thirteen years old, and my mother had died without a will, and he being my nearest, indeed my only relation, the law, I suppose, invested him with full power over me. He lost no time, now that he had it, in exercising his authority. He let the Grange, immediately, to one Sharman, a rich shoemaker, at Wellingborough, who, however, never came to live there; and he had an auction on the premises — the very day after my mother's funeral—at which everything was sold, that could by possibility be turned into money, down to her old garden bonnet and my father's sword and walking-cane. The only relic I was ever able to obtain, of either of them, was a lock of my father's grey hair, set in a gold ring—which Sarah Hewitt bought for me, at the sale, with her own money—and one of my mother's long gloves, that was picked up by the dumb boy and carefully put aside till he had an opportunity of giving it to me. The ring I wear still, the glove I lost two years ago when I was shipwrecked off Cape de la Vela.

As I was quite unable to walk to my uncle's house, which was at the farther end of the village, he had me trundled there in a wheel-barrow. I remember, as if it were yesterday, old Sarah trudging along by the side of me, her hand on the rail of the barrow, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. And break it did, very shortly, for she survived her mistress scarcely a month. They never told me she was ill; nor could I have gone to her if I had known it, for I was confined to my bed, the whole time, too ill to walk or even stand without assistance. Every day I would enquire, of the doctor, what had become of her, and why she did

not come and sit with me; but the brute would give me no answer. He was the parish apothecary, one Freeman, whom my uncle had called in to me; and was entirely under his influence, as being a rich man and one of the overseers. How many a bright sunny afternoon have I heard this fellow and my uncle, as they sate in the room underneath me carousing over their cups, singing greasy songs and mimicking the voice of my mother.

My uncle had never once been near me, since I was brought to his house, but he could not resist the temptation of coming himself to tell me the news of old Sarah's death. "Well, you young vagabond," he called out, as he entered the room, "there's another of your friends gone now." I was not, at that moment, thinking of poor Sarah, and I did not catch his meaning. "O, you need not stare so," he continued, "it's your old servant, I mean: she died last night, just in time to escape being sent to the work-house." A thrill, like the edge of a knife, shot through me at his words. My heart seemed suddenly stopped in its beating, like the swinging of a clock's pendulum; for I felt that I had lost in her the last being upon earth that loved or cared for me, or for whom I had any love or care. But pride and hatred were now beginning to lift up their heads within my bosom, like serpents on a spring day, and I was resolved he should not have the satisfaction of seeing how miserable he had made me. So I looked at him, with a sullen eye, and only said, "Well, how can I help it?" He gazed at me with astonishment, for a moment, and then pursing up his purply lips into a whistle, like a pig's mouth, he walked out of the room, without another word. I waited till he got to the bottom of the stairs, and then, giving way abandonedly to a gush of tears, I pressed my face flat on the pillow, and wept till it was as wet as a wrung towel.

It has always appeared to me that I may date, from that day, the hardening and fixing within me of a new and evil nature. If the elements of any qualities, innately bad of themselves, had hitherto existed in me, they were but as floating humours, that might, under happier circumstances, have passed away altogether without coming to a head, doing no injury; but from that time forth they balled themselves together, and struck their fibres through my whole frame, cancerous and ineradicable. My mother's death had taken me by surprise, like a sudden blow from behind that prostrates a man on his face at once, giving him no time for resistance or remonstrance. The precipitate letting of the Grange, and the cruel unnecessary selling of the smallest articles that had belonged to her and my father, I did not know until some time after they had taken place, and the having me wheeled to his house in a barrow had made far less impression upon me, as regarded myself, than the sight of poor Sarah

wretched and crying by the side of it. But the treatment which I had experienced, for some weeks past, had been gradually changing my disposition—curdling and turning sour within me the milk of human kindness. I had, when I first came to my uncle's house, been carried up to a large desolate-looking chamber, with no furniture in it but a flock bed—that stood upon the ground in one corner, with an old sack spread over it by way of coverlet; a deal table, spotted with ink and stinking with slopped beer; and two or thee rush-bottomed half-green chairs; while the broken window-panes, more numerous than the whole ones, were some of them stuffed with wisps of straw, and others covered with oiled paper. My victuals—when I asked for any, and none were brought me till I did ask—consisted of pieces of stale bread, with the crust cut off, and the juiceless sodden meat-scraps, that had come out of the servants' broth, and would, doubtless, have been emptied into the hog-trough, or given to the yard dog, if I had not been there to eat them. Not a soul came near me but the flat-eyed rascally apothecary, with his pock-pitted cribbage-board of a countenance, and a sullen old farming-man, of the name of Robin, who brought me my meals and did what was absolutely necessary in the chamber, grumbling all the while at his trouble. My uncle I never saw, save upon the occasion which I have just mentioned; but I could hear him, at all hours when he was in the house, cursing and swearing at some one or other if he was sober, and singing and shouting like a madman if he was drunk. I had used to lie a-bed all day, tossing about and thinking what a terrible change had befallen me. Sometimes I would work myself up into a paroxysm of passion, and call out "O, that I had a gun or pistol that I might go down stairs and shoot my uncle!" and then I would picture him, to myself, lying upon the ground, bleeding from a great wound which I had given him, writhing and groaning and shaking his fist at me. And once or twice, when I heard him roaring over his bottle, of an afternoon, I would shout out, at the top of my voice, and drown his, till he would leave off with a curse upon me. But all these bad and bitter feelings, would, in all probability, have passed away, if I had been removed, ere that day, from my uncle's house, and fallen into kind hands; and I should, most likely, soon have forgotten them altogether, or looked back upon what I then suffered as a distant dream of my childhood, or faint embarrassing recollection of some former state of being. For my temper, I repeat, was originally not a bad one. A word, a look even, from my mother, would rule me like a witch's wand. With her to love and talk to, and next to her, old Sarah, and one of my father's books or my fishing-rod to amuse me, I had been at once one of the happiest and most easily-ruled children in creation. If I had any melancholy moments they were those I spent in the churchyard with my

mother; and those, though sorrowful, were not unhappy ones. How many a long happy morning have I spent, in those days, sitting on the bank of the mill-pool, my fishing-rod beside me, with my line out at full stretch, drawn down by the current, my attention fixed on some learned old volume, such as had, probably, never before occupied a boy of my years; or letting my mind roam, at random, conjuring up bright foolish fancies. Sometimes I would imagine myself a great writer—a Sir Thomas Browne or a Doctor Swift—that had just put forth a work full of paradox and learning, delighting at once and puzzling the world to know if I were in jest or earnest. Sometimes I was a king, at the head of a mighty army, invading neighbouring states, fighting obstinate battles, but in which I always, eventually, gained the victory, and dying at length on a heap of enemies, leaving an immortal name behind me, like the two great kings of Sweden. And then I would suppose myself to be gifted with invisibility—like Gyges' ring, that we read about in Herodotus; or the power to be transported where I pleased, into goldsmiths' strong-rooms or statesmen's council-chambers—like King Erick or Fortunatus—and laugh aloud with pleasure at the consternation my appearance created. And once when my mother, some two years before her death, had purchased for me, at a book-stall, at Northampton, a "Life of Raymond Lully," the alchymist, that filled King Richard's treasury with gold, I could think, for several days afterwards, of nothing but the philosopher's stone and the wonders to be wrought by it. I teased her to procure me a crucible and ryllus;* and as we could find no such things in the village, nor did either of us, to say the truth, know exactly how to describe them so as to set the blacksmith upon making them, we took an old frying-pan, put a quantity of pieces of different metals into it, with sulphur and vitriol for agents, and set about gold-making, with an ardour worthy of being celebrated in a fourth book of Augurellus.† But those days of happiness and dreaming were now for ever at an end. My mind and whole disposition, like a stream that had long remained motionless and undecided, as it

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* A sort of funnel, used by the Alchymists. It is included in Kircher's list, at the end of the eleventh book of the "De Mundo Subterraneo."—*Editor.*

† John Aurelius Augurellus, a celebrated poet and chemist, of the sixteenth century. He was the author of a poem, in three books, "De Chrysopoeiâ," dedicated to Leo the Tenth, who presented him, in return, as the story goes, with an empty purse, sagaciously observing "that a man who knew how to make gold needed nothing but a purse to put it into." The Chrysopoeia was once held in considerable estimation as a poem; but Scaliger, the universal depreciator, allows it but very little merit, "Elaboratior ipsius Chrysopoeia, cæterùm vix adeo spirat; ita languida omnia ac pænè emortua; trepidationis potius quam limæ agnoscas vestigia."—Poetices, lib. 6, cap. iv., p. 303.—*Editor.*

were, which way to run, seemed all at once, by a sudden impulse, to be turned into a particular channel, in which it could never afterwards stop itself or be diverted from it. What at bowls they call the bias, the accidentally-given direction that decides most men's characters, that have any, and their careers in life, now befell me; and unluckily it was a bad one. As the greatest of living writers is reported to say, of himself, that his moody misanthropical temperament, that temperament which hath lately given birth to those most beastly true Yahoos, grew out of a disappointment which he experienced, when quite a child, in losing a large fish that he had drawn up to the top of the water and that then suddenly dropped in again, so did the tidings of old Sarah's death, thus brutally communicated to me, and the feeling of being alone in the world with only bitterness of soul for a passion, give a twist and wrench to mine (to compare small things with great), making me what I am:—

"Mansit et illue
Quod mutare queat; quod flectere nulla potestas."

CHAPTER III.

When my crying fit was over, and it lasted fully half-an-hour, I sate up in my bed, dried my eyes with the corner of the sack, and fell a thinking. My mind, at first, flew back, notwithstanding all my efforts to prevent it, to the Grange; and the figure of my mother would rise up continually, and stand before me, smiling and affectionate, as she looked the night before she died. But I drove the beloved image from me, as well as I could, and set resolutely to the asking of myself what course I had best adopt, under the circumstances in which I was placed. And then the thought darted through my mind, like a sunbeam into a dark room, on the opening of the shutters, that if I were to kill myself and die, I should be buried in the churchyard beside her and my father, and rejoin them in another state and be happy. Perhaps this notion occurred the more readily to me, as the meeting and recognizing of our dead friends and relations in heaven had been a favourite topic with my mother. Rarely, indeed, had we walked home from church, of a Sunday, but she would ask me if I did not think that this was a very reasonable belief, and whether there was anything in the books which I had read that forbade or discouraged our entertaining it. Had there been a phial of laudanum at hand, as one sometimes stumbles upon in cupboards, or an old sword, hanging up by the wall, on which I could have fallen, I have very little doubt but that I should have put an end to my existence on the spot. The only wonder to me is that I did not jump out of the

window, or strangle myself with the cords of the sacking. But my head was full of ancient suicides: the bowl of hemlock, the sword, the opened flowing veins of the dying Philosopher, surrounded by a crowd of weeping admiring friends—reasoning with and consoling them to the last—

"Je vais etre semblable à Dieu;
Je vais etre immortel; amis, adieu!"

and other means of effecting it really did not suggest themselves to me. And perchance I should have neglected them, if they had—in the sort of mind I was then of, and very Pagan admiration of antiquity—as modern degrading ways of sneaking out of existence.*

Then I began to enquire of myself whether I had any friends or connections that would receive me into their houses; or, at least, insist, if I stayed at my uncle's, on my being very differently treated: but I could think of none. Our distant kinsman, at H——, the same that had got my father's colours upwards of forty years before, was still living: but him I had never seen, nor he assuredly ever heard of me; and my mother thought but ill of him—for though she had written to him at my father's death to make him acquainted with it, he had not even acknowledged her letter.

Six months before I should have found a warm friend and protector in old Mr. Staunton, the Vicar of M——: a kind, learned, merry old man, with a white head and red face, that would come up, almost daily, to the Grange, and read some old book, sometimes one that he had brought, sometimes one of my father's, and rub his hands with pleasure, and tell my mother, still more to hers, that I was a wonderful scholar for my years, and should grow up a very learned man—a Wasse, or perhaps a Bentley. But he too, like all that I had loved, had gone the common road; and the church-duty had been performed, since his decease, first by one parson, then by another, just as Jno. Darker, the parish-clerk, could find one willing to undertake it, till a new Incumbent was appointed.

In the village itself there was no one I could appeal to. My uncle owned a great part of the land in the parish; and the rest of it, save what little belonged to the Grange, was the property of Squire Sanderson, a grandson of the great Bishop, who lived upon another of his estates in a distant part of the country. The other inhabitants of the place were, besides

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* "Exitum ferum et inhonestum," says Tacitus of Tigellinus, that cut his throat with a penknife; and of Judas, the accurst apostate—

"He whom the Jews debauch'd with paltry bribe,
Amounting just to half-a-crown a tribe—"

the Rabbis say that he penitently selected the dishonourable death of hanging, as a fit retributory ending for his villanous existence."—*J. W.*

the apothecary, some four or five hard-working farmers, mostly with large families of their own; old Jno. Darker, the clerk and tailor, scarcely a step above the poor-house himself; a low blackguard fellow of a horse-jockey, one Barber by name, a great friend and crony of my uncle's; and a score or two of labourers and petty shop-keepers, whose cottages, standing in a line on either side of the high-road, made up the village of M——.

One while I had nearly decided on stealing out of the house at night-fall, taking the first road I came to, and setting off, like the sons of Aymon, in quest of adventure. I had four shillings in my pocket, a crooked sixpence—that had belonged to my father—and two or three penny or two-penny pieces. Formerly I had been possessed of a gold Jacobus, a first-coined guinea of '73, a quarter-guinea of the late Elector, and a couple of Spanish pillared dollars. These treasures I had used to keep in a silk purse, of my mother's making, in an old cabinet in her room; but I never saw them after her death, and did not choose to ask my uncle about them.

What wild extraordinary projects came flitting across my brain, one after another, as I brooded over this scheme, if scheme it merited to be called! Now I would go to London, enter, like a second Dick Whittington, into the service of some rich merchant, suggest some new wonderful sort of traffic to him—what I knew not, like the intended yet still unimagined luxuries of Sir Epicure Mammon—be taken into partnership with my master, and marry his only daughter. Then I would dismiss this from my mind, as too tame and pacific a fancy, and speculate on turning highwayman—like Dick Turpin and his predecessor Duval, biographed 't is said by the great Butler—and stopping my uncle, on the road, as he returned from Wellingborough market. But a gloom speedily fell upon me, such as we feel when a dark cloud comes drifting over our heads, betwixt us and the cheerful sun, striking us with a sudden chill and shadow. I had determined to think soberly and manfully; and I could not but see, on a little reflection, that these were, one and all of them, idle foolish visions. It was astonishing, indeed, how much wiser and less imaginative I had grown, or at least how cold and unimpressive my day-dreams had become, and what a short time they lasted, since I had been unhappy. Plans that a few weeks before would have appeared exceedingly feasible, worthy to be thought over and discussed in all their bearings, I now rejected almost as soon as conceived, wondering how I could ever have formed them; as a man does by his night's resolutions, when he thinks over them again in the morning. And I could not, after all, make up my mind, without a bitter pang, to quit M——, where I had been so happy; and the Grange and the deep mill-pool, with its noisy weir, dashing and flashing over the eel-baskets; and its bright-eyed

prickle-finned perch, lying in mid-water, looking upwards; and shining green bleak, and silvery dace, darting about like so many water-swallows, now coming up to the surface, to snap at a fly or other small object, now turning round and plunging to the bottom, leaving a bright streak and ripple behind them; and the solemn little church-yard, with its ivied half-broken walls, and turf graves, withy-bound and slanting stones, buried to the middle, whose inscriptions I knew, every letter of them; and the railed-in square enclosure where peacefully rested my father, and that had so lately been opened to make room, by his side, for another coffin, holding what was dearest to me on earth. As I thought of these things all my newly-formed fortitude gave way with a gush, and I sobbed and wept in my misery till I fell asleep.

When I was strong enough to get up, which was some days after this, the first place I went to was the church-yard. There, indeed, for a long while afterwards, I spent a good part of my time. It was a lonely spot, nearly a mile away from the village; and except on Sundays, or the rare occasion of a funeral—four or five times perhaps in a year—no one ever came near it. I had used to kneel down and press my face against the cold railing, that surrounded my father's tomb, and strive to thrust my head between the bars, to get as near to the stone as possible. One day when the sexton had been digging a grave, and left his barrow in the church-yard, I contrived, by standing upon it, to clamber over into the enclosure, and laid myself exactly over the spot where I supposed my mother to lie—for to her there was no stone raised—till the man came, in the evening, for his barrow, and helped me over the railing, with kind rough words of comfort.

I would wander about the lanes and fields, gathering sloes and blackberries, and hips and haws, in the hedge-rows, and picking the sharp sorrel-leaves, rather than go home and get a meal. The village I avoided as much as possible, and would make off when I saw anyone coming, or lie down and hide myself in the nearest ditch, among the nettles and the dock-leaves.

I should not have been unwilling to have employed myself in such of the farm business as was suited to my strength; for it would have diverted my mind from dwelling on bad and bitter thoughts, like Banquo's line of kings, without an end to them. Often would I ask old Robin to let me assist him and the other labourers. I could have helped, in summer, in the hay-field; or kept the crows, in autumn, from the corn: but he would either push me from him, without a word, or surlily bid me begone, for I was only in the way. With my uncle, I rarely or never exchanged a syllable. If ever I came into contact with him, anywhere about the premises, he would cut at me with his horse-whip, or, by way of

amusement, set the yard dog at me. For I had, for a time, lost all the energy with which I should, formerly, have resented his brutality; or at least it slumbered, for a season, within me, and sullenness and black thoughts had taken the place of passion. Instead of flying at him, as I had once done upon far smaller provocation, I would slink into some solitary field, and brood over schemes of revenge when I should be a man as big and strong as he was.

The only woman about the house was old Hannah, Robin's wife: a lean, peevish, rheumatic body, ever complaining of her ailings, and how high the prices of things were, and of the hardness and badness of the times; and looking as if she grudged me every mouthful of the remnants of hers and her husband's meals, that had used to be set aside for me in a cracked saucer, on the dresser, against the time I should come in.

One day, by way of variety, I bought a ball of string, and with the aid of a crooked pin and a willow-stick, cut out of Ashby osier-beds, I manufactured a sort of fishing tackle, and repaired to my favourite mill-pool. But I had scarce thrown my line in the water, when old Brett, the miller, came out, and ordered me off the ground. He had been very civil to me in former times, coming to enquire what sport I had; and, sometimes, if I had not lead enough, bringing me a piece from off the mill window. But he was a tenant of my uncle's, and doubtless had received instructions from him how to behave towards me, if I came there to amuse myself.

Reading, as I have already said, I was passionately fond of, and had, with Mr. Staunton's assistance, gone through all my father's books, and many of those at the village. But now, of reading, as of everything else that could have afforded me any pleasure, I was altogether deprived. Except a number of old calendars, and lists of the different fairs and markets, and a dog's-eared prayer-book, with the psalms torn out of it, books there were none in my uncle's house. At length I stumbled upon a great treasure. This was Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, continued by E. Phillips, Mr. Milton's nephew, which Jno. Darker had found, in a garret, at Mr. Staunton's, mislaid most likely at the time of his sale. I bought it of him for a shilling; and never, I think, did twelve pence purchase so great a quantity of amusement—for though I had, for my age, picked up a wonderful deal of strange knowledge, I was sadly ignorant of most matters in which children are commonly instructed, and the greater part of Sir Richard's book was entirely new ground to me. All that I knew before of English history, up to the reign of King Charles the First, was from Milton the Poet's volume, which descends no lower than the Conquest; a black-letter Fabian's Chronicle; Mr. Habington's Life of Edward the Fourth; and another of Richard the Third, writ by

the famous Chancellor Sir T. More, out of which I knew by heart a long passage about Jane Shore—her gathering food in the streets and gutters, and going about in rags and wretchedness, ugly, miserable, remorseful, starving, a monument of her own shame and others' worse ingratitude. After that time I had read Mr. May, the continuer of Lucan—his round-head wrong-head Parliament History; Doctor Bate's Lives of the Regicides; and gleaned some contemporaneous particulars from W. Lily the Astrologer's Almanacks and Biography.

The other books which we had at the Grange were Mr. Hobbes's Leviathan, and Verse-life; the Treatises "de Veritate" and "de Religione Gentilium erroresque apud eos causis," of the all-accomplished Lord Herbert, "Achristos non Atheos," as Korthold and others have called him,* and first of English Deists, in parts and learning as in time; the Histories of Greece and Rome; Mr. Milton's works, prose and poetry; Drayton's Polyolbion; Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson; with a manuscript copy of Forde's noblest Tragedy "'T is a Pity she 's a Whore." Forde, who had lived at Dodford, a great deal in my great-grandfather's time, had writ that and others of his plays there, and dedicated one of them to the deserved honour of his patron and his wife.† Of ancient English Poets we had Lydgate, and Occleve, and whoever it was that writ "Piers Ploughman;" and later, Thomas Churchyard, whose life was such a strange romance—"his heels" in Wood's phrase, "as restless as his head;" and of those still nearer to our own times, my Lord Brooke—his "World;" and the witty unappreciated Cleveland, "England's best Poet," in the opinion of Milton's own nephew, and called by Fuller "so incomparable, that to praise any one of his writings were an injury to the rest of them"—his noble bitter satire against the scoundrel Scots. We had Peter Lombard of Paris—his four Books of Sentences, in 187 Distinctions; Jno. Fidause; Saint Buonaventure's Comments on the Master of the Sentences; the works of the famous Duns Scotus, in a dozen mighty folios; and an old Treatise "de Aucupio," on the manner of catching fowls, ascribed by some to Albertus Magnus, Bishop of Ratisbon. Of miscellaneous writers

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* In a curious little book, entitled "de tribus magnis Impostoribus," viz., Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Hobbs and Spinoza. Sebastian Korthold, one of a learned family, was Professor of Theology at Hambourg, in the year 1700.

Phillips, tutor to the Duke of Gloucester, gives, in his declamatory way, a very different opinion of Lord Herbert: "ex quibus abunde constat illum non fuisse Atheum sed virum profectò optimum qui bene cupiebat humano Generi; ut liber ejus auro contra charior testabitur seris Nepotibus"—de Atheismo.—*Editor*.

† May I take this opportunity of observing that Forde's name is now improperly spelt without the final vowel? How he himself spelt it is evident from the well-known anagram, with which he frequently signed his letters: "fide honor," *i. e.*, John Forde. —*Editor*.

we had Ochino of Sienna, one of the hundred accused authors of the "de Tribus Impostoribus"*—his "Dialogue of Divorce," Englished; Doctor W. Tooker, Queen Elizabeth's Chaplain's "Charisma Sanationis;" with Morhof's "Princeps Medicus;" and a book of Sergeant-Surgeon Wiseman† (the Worcester man), on the same subject; Reuchlin—his three books, plentifully besprinkled with Hebrew, "de arte Cabalisticâ;" Sennert's Controversy with Freitag; Peter, Martyr of Angleria; and the writings, in two folios, of Jno. Picus, and his uncle. We had Jno. Trithemius of Spanheim, a giant in knowledge as in stature—his Treatise on the Seven Great Archangels, each in his turn that rules the world, vicegerently to the Almighty; Marsilius Ficinus's "Libellus Mundi;" the complete works of the pious imaginative Robert Fludd, so highly esteemed by Selden; one of Thyræus's three books of Apparitions; Beza's Poems, French and Latin; Wurfbainius of Salamanders; Montaigne, and Sir T. Browne.

The whole of these books, with the exception of a few of the English ones, had belonged to a former owner of the Grange, an old

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* So believed by Browne, but unjustly; for Ochino wrote only in Italian. That "villain and secretary of hell," as Sir Thomas indignantly designates him, is therefore still to seek, if indeed Grotius be not in the right who doubts whether such a book ever existed—"nemo est qui viderit; quâre Fabulam esse arbitror." Freher, who with his usual confidence questions this nothing, attributes it to Peter Aretin, charitably remarking both of it and him "opus dignum quod cremetur cum Auctore." The subject, such as it is, is exhausted by the late excellent President de la Monnoye, in his letter of June, 1712, to M. Bonhours; the conclusions whereof, as it seems to me, are untouched by Arpi's answer.—*J. W.*

The title of this mysterious book has frequently been copied with slight variations —as by Korthold (see preceding note), by Stapylton in his "de tribus Thomis," and others.—*Editor.*

† Wiseman, who was surgeon to Charles II., and a man eminent, in his own age, for skill in his profession, vindicates the Touching for the Evil upon medical grounds, as Tooker long before him had done upon religious ones. The belief in this strange superstition, as old at least in our own history as Edward the Confessor, was put an end to by, that which destroyed so many other traditions and prejudices, the French Revolution. At his coronation, at Rheims, June, 1775, no less than 2400 persons were touched by Louis XVI.—"The King touches, may God heal thee!" was the formula employed. Carte, the historian, it is well known, spoilt the sale of his book, in 1742, by the insertion of a passage which was supposed to imply that the Divine gift of healing had not descended to the House of Brunswick, and that in order to be cured of the evil, by the imposition of hands, it was requisite to go to Paris, where the old Pretender was then residing. It was last exercised in England by Queen Anne, and perhaps upon Doctor Johnson.

In addition to the books mentioned by the author, Camerarius has a not unamusing chapter (the 43rd) on the subject.—*Editor.*

deeply-read physician, having descended to him from the celebrated Doctor Richard Naper, of Little Lindford, by Stony Stratford, of whom the same thing is related as W. Lily records of another Buckinghamshire Vicar—that he was so fond of smoking that he would cut up the bell-ropes, to fill his pipe with, when he wanted tobacco; and so much addicted to praying, that his knees had grown horny with constant genuflexions. His descendant, I gathered from some of his marginal observations, was a believer in the doctrine of superintending intermediate spirits carrying on the work of providence,* and a little in the philosopher's stone; nor was my sort of school-master, Mr. Staunton, altogether, to say the truth, a Didymus as to either notion. He and I together had made out a catalogue of all those volumes, with a sort of compendium of their contents, which it was that fixed them so firmly on my memory.

It was, I remember well, in the month of December that I obtained Sir Richard's book, and greatly did I regret that it was winter-time; for we had no candle in the kitchen, as old Hannah said the light made her eyes ache, and reading was of no use to anybody but the parson. I had used to kneel down, on the edge of the fender, and read by the fire-light, when the day waned. I was obliged to go to bed when old Robin did, which was seven o'clock; and I would lie awake for hours wishing for the morning, and wondering what would be the end of some conspiracy, or battle, that I had left off in the middle of.

To church I never went, during the whole time I stayed at my uncle's house. Service was performed, at M——, every second Sunday only; nor even that very regularly, since Mr. Staunton's death. My uncle himself had not the slightest notion of anything in the shape of religion. Church-rates and the paying of tithe were quite enough, he was wont to say, to make a heathen of anybody. His only way of keeping the Sabbath was by putting on a clean shirt and a green coat, with silver buttons, instead of the old brown one, and casting up his farm accounts; and, if he had not taken medicine, which he did regularly every fourth Sunday, he would wind up the day with a bottle of better wine than ordinary, and go to bed, if possible, drunker than upon week-days.

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* "Vectores quidam inter terricolas cœlicolasque"—"in aeris spatio intersiti"—"quorum obsequio et operâ et ministerio omnia fieri," says Apulcius: a doctrine of second causes, which, to those that entertained that belief of Epicurus "nullus Deus ipse miscetur hominibus sed hoc præcipuum eorum sublimitatis specimen est quod nullâ contractatione nostrâ contaminatur"—that "magnificent and high-strained notion of God's majesty," as it is called by the great and pious Browne—may have appeared not wholly unreasonable. In truth, many a more absurd one has and still does set men together, dog-like, by the ears.—*J. W.*

But why dwell thus minutely on the miserable days of my childhood? There is neither pleasure nor profit in the thought of them; and for any sort of apology, that they might be held to afford for my subsequent career, what matters that to me? *I am* what I am, and desire not to be other!

(To be continued.)

THE LAY OF THE PRINTER.

(From an old Newspaper.)

Print, comrades, print: a noble task
Is the one we daily ply;
'T is ours to tell, to all who ask,
The wonders of earth and sky!
We catch the thought, all glowing warm,
As it leaves the student's brain;
And place the stamp of enduring form
On the poet's airy strain.
Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round:
A glorious thing is our labouring—
Oh, where may its like be found?

Print, comrades, print: the fairest thoughts
Ever limned in painter's dream,
The rarest form e'er sculptor wrought
By the light of beauty's gleam,
Though lovely, may not match the power
Which our proud art can claim,—
That links the past with the present hour,
And its breath—the voice of fame.
Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round:
A glorious thing is our labouring—
Oh, where may its like be found?

Print, comrades, print: God hath ordained
That man by his toil should live;
Then spurn the charge that we disdained
The labour that God would give!
We envy not the sons of ease,
Nor the lord in princely hall;
But bow before the wise decrees
In kindness meant for all.
Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round:
A glorious thing is our labouring—
Oh, where may its like be found?

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BOURBONS.

History of the Reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. By Eyre Evans Crowe. London: *Bentley*.

The Bourbons are fast disappearing from Europe: and, as Sovereigns, it is a pity that the race is not entirely extinct. France is free from them, and will undoubtedly remain so, in spite of the wishes, of the sanguine few, for a "Henri Cinq." The Two Sicilies would fain be quit of the race; and it is doubtful whether Spain will hold them much longer. The traditional policy of the Bourbons (for policy, like the gout, appears to be hereditary) was more tyrannical than that of the English Tudors, more fanatical than that of the Scotch Stuarts, more grasping than that of any royal family in the world, the verdict of all nations has long since condemned them. No country would now submit to be ruled by a Bourbon—that was not too crest-fallen, too priest-ridden, too feeble, to express its own will.

In the work before us, we have the history of the reigns of the two last members of the elder branch of the Bourbons, that have ruled in Europe. What a record of folly, crime, and weakness it presents! For these two men was half Europe in arms: to restore them to the throne of France did the nations join and spend their blood and their treasure: to reinstate them a second time was the Battle of Waterloo fought and won. And what were they? and how did they deserve what was done for them? how prove, by their subsequent conduct, their fitness for the position to which they were thus hoisted on the bayonets of Europe? We confess, we look back on the events of forty and fifty years ago, with a kind of incredulous wonder. Can England really have wasted her gold and her energies to thrust upon a foreign people a Sovereign whom they hated or despised? Can she really have looked upon the Crown of France as the personal inheritance of the Bourbons, of which they were unjustly deprived? And yet, upon no other grounds could she have had any pretence for espousing the cause of these men. How we disclaimed, nay how we ridiculed, the idea, six years ago, of interfering on behalf of Louis Philippe, or any other man—Bourbon, Orleans, or Bonaparte—in a question which concerned the French people alone. In the aggressive policy of the first Napoleon our fathers find, now, their only excuse for the war of

fifty years ago. And if they were *in principle* wrong, they had the misfortune also to support the most unfit and incompetent men that could well have been found. Louis XVIII., an old *gourmand*, who loved good cheer better than anything in the world; and who was, in truth, an easy-tempered well-meaning old gentleman, with whom it must have been a pleasure to dine and crack a bottle of Lafitte, but who had no more talent than one of his own heavy old coach-horses, and was about as competent to govern the France of 1815 as a venerable dame, of seventy, is to have charge of the education and morals of a young gentleman of "fast" tastes and habits, of the age of twenty. Cannot one imagine his reception by the "old guards" of Napoleon?—

"Human figures could express nothing so menacing or so terrible. These grenadiers, covered with wounds, the conquerors of Europe, who had seen thousands of bullets pass over their heads, who smelt of fire and powder; these men, robbed of their old captain, were brought to grace the triumph of an old King, invalid with years, not wars, whilst an army of Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, surrounded and watched them. Some, moving the skin of their foreheads, made their large fur hats descend over their eyes, to prevent them seeing what passed before them: others lowered the corners of their mouths, in the contempt of their rage: others, athwart their moustache, displayed their teeth, like those of tigers. They presented arms with a fire and fury that made one tremble. Never were men put to such a trial, or suffered such an infliction. If one voice had called them to vengeance, at that moment, they would have been exterminated to a man, or they would have eaten the earth!"

In this description there is, perhaps, some exaggeration, as there is doubtless much truth. Could the idol of cooks be the idol of these old men of war? He reigned nine years, during which time he displayed, at first, moderation—for he was an easy man, who liked the material comforts of his palace better than regal duties—and afterwards, when terrified by the assassination of his nephew, the Duke de Berri, he was disposed to be tyrannical. The rage of a good-tempered man once roused is more fearful than that of the ordinary Hotspur: the tyranny of the weak coward who thinks his life in danger, is a thousand-fold less endurable than the strong rule of the bold despot. Louis XVIII. became more and more unpopular, but saved his crown—by dying.

Charles X. was a man of another stamp. Free from his brother's love of pleasure and ease, he was also without his placid amiability. Cold, harsh, suspicious, and fanatical, he was a more dangerous man for the liberties of France—a truer Bourbon. Within a year of his accession he had procured a law to be passed, making death the penalty for the profanation of the consecrated host. And this in free-thinking, sceptical, scoffing France! It was scarcely the way to lead his subjects back to a true reverence for religion, or to conciliate their affections to himself. Then followed his attempts to gag the liberties of the press,

in which the Chambers refused to aid. He prorogued them, and formed a new ministry of his own creatures, and the Chambers voted that they had no confidence in them. He persisted, with the blind infatuation of such men, to pursue his obnoxious schemes, and on the 25th July, 1830, issued a series of his own ordinances, suspending the liberty of the press, dissolving the newly elected Chamber of Deputies, and altering the system of election! On the 29th of that month—four days later—a revolution had been carried out, and Charles X. had ceased to reign. The country rejected the Duke de Bordeaux (the posthumous child of his son the Duke de Berri), in whose favour he abdicated, and chose Louis Philippe of Orleans—to discover, a few years later, that it had only substituted one Bourbon for another: a younger branch, but with the same tainted root.

Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe (formerly, we believe, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*) has written the history of these two Bourbons—the old gourmand, and the priestly fanatic. He has done his work well: he might have given us a more entertaining book, but scarcely a more instructive one. Its perusal should go far towards eradicating any lingering love of Bourbonism that may yet exist in Europe.

TURKEY IN ENGLAND.

No Englishman need go to Turkey now; for Turkey has come to England. Not exactly the country and climate; but the people, their manners and customs, their costumes, and their every-day habits of life.

Do you wish to comprehend all the secrets and luxuries of a Turkish bath? do you desire to see one of the faithful having the whole of his head shaved except the little tuft by which he is to be dragged into Paradise? do you aspire to see the uncomfortable way in which Turkish gentlemen dine, with their legs tucked up under them, like tailors, and a copper thing, like the lid of a large boiler, for their dining-table? Do you want to see a dishonest baker, with his ear nailed to his own door-post? a Sultana at her toilet? another one smoking her *narghile*, sipping her coffee, and receiving her guests? Are you anxious for a peep at a Circassian beauty, with the *yashmak* or veil of the finest gauze over her face—whereby she fulfils the letter of the Prophet's law and evades its spirit? In short, if you want to see and to know all these things, and a hundred others concerning Turkish people and their domestic lives and manners, *don't* go to Constantinople—where you will waste time and money, and

miss your object—but betake yourself straightway to the Turkish Museum, at Hyde-Park Corner, where you will see and comprehend all that we have mentioned, and a great deal more well worthy of being known.

A more complete Exhibition than this it would be difficult to imagine. You enter the well-known St. George's Gallery, and see different groups in wax-work, so exquisitely finished that it is difficult to persuade yourself they are not living creatures. There are different apartments also—such as a public bath, a coffee-house and barber's shop, a shoemaker's store, a sleeping apartment, a Sultana's drawing-room, and even the late Sultan on his throne, in full divan, with all his many officers of state about him. There is a full-sized Turkish carriage, drawn by full-sized oxen, and containing within it some beauties of the harem. There are people of every rank—from a life-like figure of the present Sultan, Abdul Megid Khan, down to the porters of Constantinople, with their tremendous burdens. The costumes are beautiful: some of them rich and gorgeous in the extreme, others graceful and pleasing, and all picturesque. The Janissaries are especially interesting.

This Museum is as instructive as it is amusing, and we sincerely trust it will prove as remunerative to the proprietors *as it deserves* to be. We could scarcely wish it higher success than this. If you go and see it on our recommendation, we feel sure you will be obliged to us for having sent you there.

The Guide-book to this Exhibition deserves a word of praise: it is just what such a work should be—full of information, succinctly and pleasingly given.

THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE WAR.

The conclusion of the Parliamentary Session, by the rising of the Houses on the 12th of August, presents a fair occasion for reviewing the state and prospects of the war; and now that the voice of party is for awhile silenced, and power again vested only in the hands of the Crown, it may not be unprofitable to consider dispassionately in what position we stand with regard to the other kingdoms of the world, and to ascertain, of all that has been done, how much remains for congratulation, and how much for regret.

The observation of Prince Metternich that "Europe was not in a state of war but only of disorganized diplomacy," has been partially corroborated by the slow progress of naval and military events. In April last, to pacify the people, a large armament was despatched, in hot haste, to the seeming assistance of the Turks; and after landing at Malta, and again at Gallipoli and Scutari, and losing all possible time in forming needless encampments, at a distance from the seat of war, they were at length forwarded to Varna, where they arrived too late to be of any use to the Turks, as Silistria was left to its fate, and must have fallen had it relied, for its safety, on its tardy allies. In fact we have reason to believe that the commanders of the Allied troops were instructed to consider Silistria as a doomed fortress; and they probably dissuaded Omer Pacha from wasting his energies by going to its assistance, and advised him to await, with them, the further advance of the Russians, so that their united forces might have a better chance of giving the enemy an effectual check. The result of that siege in the repulse and retreat of the Russians appears to have been entirely unlooked for.

In the meantime, when ministers are interrogated, they declare that everything is going on in the best possible manner—that no one is aware of the difficulty of getting the *materiel* of war ready for an actual advance against a powerful enemy—and having lighted on the saying of a great commander, in a moment of pique, they quote him as authority, that in war the English are never satisfied without "bloody battles." Thoroughly ashamed of the accusation, and feeling that the very enquiry he is making implicates him in the sanguinary charge, the inquisitor sneaks off ignobly, leaving the ministry in triumphant possession of the deserted

field. With history before us, and our reason to appeal to, it is surprising how much honest credulity still remains to us.

To accomplish great events, great expedition was always used in real war. Had not the Egyptian legions of Dessaix been pushed on by forced marches to the field of Marengo, how different had been the result of that day; and if Blucher had not dragged his artillery through thirty miles of mud, on the celebrated 18th of June, the whole subsequent history of Europe might have been differently written. The nation, however, accepts the situation, advances any amount of cash, and is willing to await the result of this "disorganized diplomacy," which is not a war, and in school-boy parlance "to open its mouth, shut its eyes, and see what God will send it!"

But while a great deal of money has been expended in fitting out expeditions—which appear to have been forwarded without an object, and which have as yet achieved nothing worthy of their might—the progress of the war has developed some very satisfactory facts. It has turned out that the power of the Emperor of Russia was only colossal for aggressive warfare while it was believed to be so, and that when opposed resolutely it shrinks into very ordinary dimensions; and that his coasts may be blockaded, and Russian trade suspended, with less injury to the commercial interests of Western Europe than, probably, would arise from simply shutting up the Adriatic Sea. Then again the long oppressed nationalities of the Caucasus are liberated from the incubus of Russian aggression, and civilization will be at liberty to raise her head again in those trans-Euxine lands. If the war had no other result than that of permanently re-establishing the independence of these regions, it would not have been made in vain; and civilized Europe would be a gainer by it. The destruction of the Russian forts on the Sulina branch of the Danube, which re-opens the carrying trade on that river, is also of importance; and should the Crimea be occupied by the French and English armies, and Sebastopol disarmed and destroyed —which ought, it is now evident, to have been the first object of the Allied expedition instead of the last—a material guarantee will be in the hands of the Allies, which may possibly turn the war into a simple blockade, until it pleases the Czar to make peace.

The proceedings of the Allies in the Baltic, however, are of more questionable value. Before any attempt was made to take forts and occupy towns and garrisons there, it is to be hoped that some arrangement had been come to with Sweden, for their preservation and the safety of the native populations when the season shall compel our ships to retire from those seas, otherwise we are only wasting our energies without effecting any permanent good. In neither Poland nor Russia-proper do we appear as

yet to have acquired a foot of territory, nor to have garrisoned a single stronghold; and though we have attempted something in Finland—where the people, foreseeing that we may have to desert them at the approach of winter, receive our overtures without enthusiasm—we have carefully avoided calling to our aid the sympathies of Poland, which would be more permanently within the reach of our protection, and whose people would, probably, rise *en masse* to our assistance, if we had declared ourselves their friends. But while we are no longer in dread of the offensive power of Russia, it must be confessed that this tampering with the war is complicating the affairs of Europe in a silent but progressive manner.

The unfortunate declaration of England and France, that they would countenance no revolutions in this contest, has given immense advantage to the Czar. It is like playing a game of chess, against a formidable antagonist, with a silly agreement not to take his queen. In the first place, the Autocrat is not bound by any similar obligation: and nations groaning under oppression—or that sense of being cheated and betrayed, which rankles in the heart worse than oppression itself—have no sympathy with England and France, which have openly deserted them; while they may hope that Russia, driven to extremities and wanting their aid, may reverse a policy no longer practicable, and that the Czar, to weaken his enemies and strengthen himself with new friends, may proclaim himself the advocate of popular governments or constitutional monarchies, and shake to its foundations every dynasty in Eastern Europe.

Austria, by the connivance of Russia on the one hand and the obsequiousness of the Western Powers on the other, is now permitted to hold the balance of European power in its hand; and while we pretend to think him warmly in our interests, Francis Joseph knows well enough that the key of the Austrian Empire is at the disposal of the Czar, and that, if driven to extremity, he might offer a Constitution to Hungary, which he has good reason to know no other European government has spirit enough to do—and such is the hatred of Austrian rule, that no doubt Kossuth himself would accept the Czar's alliance, in a treaty offensive and defensive, to throw it off.

Italy, Hungary, Greece, and even Poland, all look now to the Czar as the only one who *can* befriend them; and who, to humble and disconcert his enemies, to render the English ridiculous, and to upset all the thrones in Europe which have not bowed down to him, may any day come forward as their liberator from the dynasties which oppress them. He who partitioned Poland may as easily reclaim its dismembered fragments from his ungrateful fellow-robbers, and restore it again in its integrity to a Polish Diet, with the right-hand of friendship. He who gave up Hungary to Austrian domination may any day proclaim his mistake to a sensitive and

generous people, and proffer them his alliance to recover again their liberty and independence. In fact, the untoward compact entered into by the Western Powers has constituted the Czar the load-star of Europe, and assigned him a part to play which may honourably immortalize him, and give him a name in history superior to those of Alexander and Napoleon, if he has sufficient greatness of mind to reverse the traditional policy of his family.

But up to the present time "the hour and the man" are not come: that is—the Austrian and Prussian monarchs are not proven ungrateful. They have nothing to fear from France and England, and their people nothing to hope. They therefore linger about the Czar, pretending to sympathize with the Western Powers, whose friendship is convenient to them, and they use all possible efforts to avoid compromising themselves inextricably with their master. When we read in the *Times* of the sincerity of Austria, her determined aspect with regard to Russia, and her noble intentions to co-operate with us in the cause of Turkey, we shall be able to estimate the real value of all this by keeping in mind the position in which she really stands with respect to the Czar, which is in no material degree altered by the successes of the Allies, nor by any successes they are likely to obtain, while their unpopular declaration remains in force. Austria and Prussia might be dismembered in a week if the Czar were to really determine to do it, and their resource would then be in the Western Powers, who to sustain these friends must wage an unpopular war, for which no English Parliament would dare vote the supplies; or if the supplies were voted, the world would behold England united with the despotism of France (we use not the word offensively), to put down liberty on the continent, and perhaps the United States—already beginning to sympathize with our opponent—leagued with Russia, declaring war against us to sustain it.

The game we are playing makes this view of the case not only possible but likely. Does anyone imagine that the Czar will not, in case of need, make use of the tremendous power his adversaries have placed at his disposal? Suppose him deserted by his friends the Sovereigns of Austria and Prussia—if it were possible, under existing circumstances, that they should so stultify themselves—and his strongholds in possession of the enemy, will he considerately abdicate, to oblige all parties, and surrender to the English in order to spend the remainder of his life in the contemplative retirement of St. Helena? How he would deride the thought, as he sees that the thrones of all the neighbouring governments are still at his feet; and that though he may be weak to sustain despotism, he has still more power than any other Sovereign, if he would become the friend of the nations themselves.

But it may be argued that by adopting any such course as that described, the Czar would be sapping the foundation of his own power, and the influence of these free institutions would extend, eventually, to Russia itself, and perhaps subvert the reigning dynasty—and this argument may be true if Russian laws be incapable of amelioration. The only throne in Europe which stands on a firm basis is that of England; and the reason is—that we believe that no change in the form of government, no new dynasty, could give us any advantages we do not already possess. The Sovereigns of England are safe within the constitutional exercise of the royal prerogative; and when dissatisfied with the government, the people are always appeased by a dismissal of the offending ministry. And if the Emperor of Russia were to relax gradually the laws of serfdom and vassalage—which are no worse now in Russia than they were in England, from the Conquest down to the time of King John—is it likely that he would become unpopular at home any more than abroad?

But the question is, not what he would choose to do, as head of the Holy Alliance and acknowledged dictator of continental Europe, but what he can and may do, to damage those monarchs who conspire to pull him down from this eminence; nor does it require any unusual sagacity to perceive that a course is open to him still which would cause the tragedy of Sinope and the farce of the "Te Deum" to be forgotten, make him popular even in England—if not in France—and overwhelm with disgrace a ministry which, to use an expressive Irish term, had "sold the pass," and betrayed the nation into a war in which we were pledged, beforehand, not to assert the national principles. If a union between Russia and the discontented European nationalities, for instance, were to take place, Turkey would be immediately at the disposal of this new alliance; because they could offer her better terms than the Western Powers can ever obtain for her by fighting, and the Sultan must either join in the compact or make up his mind, at no distant period, to resign his European dominions and cross the Bosphorus, to return no more.

Ministers, of course, see and know all this. From the moment that declaration, that England and France would encourage no revolutions, was promulgated, the war became merely a "disorganized diplomacy," and the Czar, strengthened in his position, had no longer any interest in offering peace; and though England demands that the war be pursued with spirit and resolution, every new disaster to the Emperor of Russia must give a pang to our ministry, and fill the mind of Francis Joseph, of Austria, with terror and consternation. The only question is, how long will the patience of the Emperor hold out? When you have smitten him on one cheek will he turn the other also? or is it not more likely

that he will take up the weapon, you have placed within his reach, and belabour your own backs with it? We are not the apologists of the Emperor of Russia, but if this war was just and necessary it ought to have been entered upon in a different spirit; and had even that spirit been manifested, he would have seen, from the first, that he had not a chance. Instead of warning the nations that we would countenance no revolutions, would it not have looked more earnest and formidable if France and England had only declared their intentions to maintain the integrity of the Turkish Empire, and left the other European powers which were not inclined to join them to take the consequences? Would not this have been more dignified, than to be negociating interminably upon minor points, while the Czar still held possession of the forbidden lands?

Austria, which has been repeatedly praised by our government for its good faith and cordial co-operation, having amassed an alleged army of 400,000 men, and being actually in occupation of Wallachia, now declares, in the last circular to its diplomatic agents, that it "will maintain, for the present, an armed neutrality"!!

In fact, while the unpopular decree of the French and English governments remains in force there can be no results obtained in this war worthy of the British nation; and, in the meantime, it has deprived us not only of the sympathies of all Europe—except its tottering dynasties—but has also rendered our cause contemptible and unpopular even in America: and whatever temporary successes we may have gained, we have placed continental Europe still more completely at the disposal of the Emperorof Russia than ever it was before.

We do not say that the Emperor of Russia will pursue the course here indicated. Family pride, the hope of becoming again Autocrat of Europe without changing his policy, and apprehension that the new governments he might form would be less manageable than the old, may probably restrain him to a point of considerable extremity—to which there is little probability that he will ever be driven; but it is from despots in difficulties that the greatest popular concessions have been obtained. When all the monarchs of Europe have deserted him, we may expect to see the Czar's strength put forth; but will they dare him to the effort? If they fail him, he has a sure refuge in Kossuth, Mazzini, and Czartorinski, or whoever may be at the time the exponents of the disintegrated nations; nor would the people of England raise a finger to prevent it. It would, in fact, be regeneration to Europe, but death to its oligarchies, which will never hurry with eyes wide open to their own destruction; and the renewal of the negociations at Vienna sufficiently indicates the anxiety abroad. In vain does the *Times* now, in the innocence of its

heart, point out the imperative necessity of pushing on the war, *ad interim*. Every effort will be made by Austria and Prussia to embarrass and retard it; and if they must eventually take a decided attitude, it will hardly be against the Czar.

The government, by their mode of commencing the war, have placed England in a very questionable position. They are trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds: Turkey is to be saved, but Russia must not be injured: the Crimea must be taken, but the Czar is not to be exasperated. No easy task will it be for ministers to bring about this paradoxical solution of the difficulties by which they are surrounded, but unless they succeed in doing so the affairs of Europe will, probably, take a very different turn to that which they have attempted to give them.

Samson, shorn of his locks and with his eyes put out, made sport for the Philistines; but they gave him the pillars of the house to lean upon, and he avenged himself by pulling it down about their ears.

GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

BY A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

Never do I remember to have seen the streets of London look so perfectly deserted as at the present moment. I should like to know how many people are left in it that would not leave it if they were able? Certainly the weather has not been such as to make the great city eligible: intense heat—alternating with showery, gusty, thundery weather—has characterized the month.

Parliament is prorogued; and the Lawyers' long Vacation has commenced. M. P.s are bagging unheard-of quantities of grouse; and barristers and attorneys are inundating Ramsgate and the Rhine, Scotland and the Solent. It would be pleasanter, just now, to be a man about the country than a "man about town!"

Of all the extraordinary literary productions it has been my misfortune to read, the most unsatisfactory is decidedly the Ministerial composition called "The Queen's Speech," on the late prorogation of Parliament. Professing to congratulate the Lords and Commons, it contains not one single subject for rejoicing. And how the Council, assembled at Buckingham Palace, could have had the face to write the first sentence—that "the state of the public business enabled her Majesty to release them, &c., &c."—passes the comprehension of a plain man. The state of the public

business was this:—In the course of a session of seven months the Government had carried *one* unmutilated measure, viz., The Consolidated Fund Bill. It had also shuffled two other Bills—sadly impaired—through the House: the latter to be in force one year only! And it had passed one minor measure, The Merchant-Shipping Consolidation Bill. Large and small, integral and mutilated, it had got through *four measures only*. We appeal to any candid person—Whig, Tory, Radical, Conservative, or Liberal—did any Ministry ever do so little? "The war" is the excuse; but what has it done in the war?

Bomarsund has been taken, and the Austrians have entered the Danubian Principalities. These are the two great war facts of the month. Regarding the former, it may truly be said to reflect great credit on Sir Charles Napier and all concerned in it; for the operations were well planned and equally well executed. Two things especially strike us, on reading the accounts of the fighting, because they establish new features in connexion with modern warfare: the first is that granite walls *must* give way to cannon-balls, well aimed; the second, that Minié-rifles can pick off the gunners in the casemates of batteries with such certainty as to make it scarcely possible for the men to load their guns. Perhaps the first of these facts may induce Sir Charles to try the effect of his broadsides on the batteries of Cronstadt. Why not? The forts can be attacked separately—they are casemated, and they are partly of granite and partly of wood. As for the Russian fleet, those who have read authentic descriptions of it (by which we do not mean Russian ones) will think but indifferently of that.

Sanguine people expect an attack on Sebastopol. For my part I expect nothing energetic in that quarter at all, and shall only be agreeably surprised if anything be done worthy of the name of England and France. At the same time all my reading convinces me that there is much less to be afraid of at Sebastopol than is generally imagined. The forts are built of a kind of shell-stone, and even a good salute fired from one of them split its walls. The town is commanded by heights, where there are no defences: the adjacent coast has half-a-dozen convenient harbours for landing troops: the highest estimate gives 50,000 as the number of men at Sebastopol: the Allies, it is said, can throw 80,000 into the Crimea at once.

I don't profess to understand Spanish politics, and I cannot bring myself to feel any vast interest in the concerns of that miserable country—bankrupt in character as in pocket. What is to be done with Queen Christina?—the greatest perplexity of the new Spanish Government. That

Queen Isabella, her daughter, is now a mere puppet in the hands of Espartero, O'Donnell, and others, is little to be regretted. And yet a touch of pity always mingles in our feelings of condemnation towards this lady. The daughter of one of the most unprincipled women of the present century, called to rule at an early age over the most discontented and debased country in Europe, her crown secured only after a long civil war, surrounded by bad advisers, married to a man impotent in mind and body,—how was this young Queen to escape contamination? That she had some fine qualities has been admitted by all, and her courage has been especially the theme of praise; but she must indeed have been purity and virtue incarnate to have passed unscathed through her frightful ordeal. I disapprove of the savage attacks that are constantly made on her private character. She may have sinned deeply; but let us recollect the fearful temptation.

The bibbers of Port-wine will hear with deep regret of the almost total failure of the grape crop in Portugal. Port of 1854, if not a very fine wine will certainly become a rare one, and, perhaps, be valued accordingly My wine-merchant has stuck on ten shillings a dozen, on the strength of it.

As a consolation for this misfortune, the wheat crops are declared to be everywhere superb. With a doubled income-tax, and other war *impositions*, the fact is really consolatory. Let it be remembered, however, that the crops are not yet all secure; and though the weather is now fine it is scarcely so steady as one would wish to see it for harvest-time. In South Wales the commencement of the shooting season has been postponed till the second week in September—little of the corn having yet been reaped there, or being yet ready for the sickle.

Lieut. Perry's Court-Martial has perhaps been the the most popular topic of the month. To write as one feels on the subject, would be to get into a pet. Besides which, everyone knows its history and every gentleman (I don't include all the officers of the 46th regiment in that term) feels the same regarding it. It is a strong sign of the sympathy felt for the lieutenant that a subscription has been commenced to pay his legal expenses, which must be heavy. One gentleman, signing his name "Honour," also suggests another subscription to purchase Perry a company. The writer says he spends his life in helping those that cannot always help themselves. If this gentleman will favour me with his name and address, I shall be most happy to cultivate his acquaintance.

I have heard, from very excellent authority, that Mr. Perry has received at least a hundred letters of condolence from influential people

(principally ladies), personally unknown to him, some offering to provide him with a good civil appointment if he should be cashiered. By the way, let me add a word of commendation to the Mayor of Windsor, Mr. Bedborough, for the spirit with which he has taken up Lieut. Perry's cause, and consented to become treasurer of the fund to be raised on his behalf.

One or two frightful railway accidents have occurred, the most serious being on the London and Dover line. An excursion train was the cause, as it generally is, of such catastrophes: but another cause appears to me to be the fact of two separate companies using the same line of rails. This should never have been allowed; and, indeed, the line to Reigate is quite out of the direct route to Dover and Folkestone and the other places to which the South-Eastern is especially directed.

Very few places of public amusement are open, and the weather is not favourable for a visit to them; but the directors of the Turkish Museum having politely invited me to their entertainment, I conclude this paper to go and see it. As I anticipate much pleasure from my visit, I shall endeavour to give you a more ample description of it than would suit this letter. If you can spare room for it, no doubt your readers will find it in another portion of the *Review*.

I may merely mention, in conclusion, that I have just heard of great preparations being made by Mr. Charles Kean, for the opening of *his* campaign at the "Princess's," on the first week of September. Everyone will wish him success—at least, I do.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The dulness of the publishing season has been broken in a way far from pleasing to the publishers themselves. The decision of the House of Lords in Jeffreys *v.* Boosey is to the effect that a foreigner cannot possess a copyright of his works in England, when there is no intermediate treaty between this country and his own on the subject. Therefore cousin Jonathan after having robbed English authors for so many years must now submit to find an English hand in his own pocket. The question remains whether this decision is likely to bring about an International Copyright treaty with America, or whether that country might not have been shamed into one if we had magnanimously refused to return evil for evil? With some nations, as with some individuals, the latter course would have answered best; but with the Yankees, in a question of dollars and cents (for it all comes to that), we believe that so uncommercial a quality as magnanimity is thrown away. Portions of the press are amusing themselves with speculating whether Mr. Bentley, who had stipulated to pay Mr. Prescott, the American author, one thousand pounds a volume (six in all) for his new work, can *now* be held to the contract. There must be fewer lawyers among the literary profession than we imagine: doubtless

Mr. Bentley's solicitor has long since informed him that he may safely treat his contract as so much waste paper; but, they say, there is honour among thieves—why not among publishers?

We resume our notices of the books that have lately made their appearance, giving the first place, as usual, to the

WAR BOOKS.

The catalogue of these is increasing less rapidly of late, to our own and we trust the reader's relief. Still we have a few to notice.

Turkey, Ancient and Modern, (Black) is a work by the Rev. R. W. Fraser. It appears that the author has long been collecting materials for a copious History of the Ottoman Empire—a work which has yet to be written well. The present war has made him hasten into print in a less complete form than he would otherwise have assumed. This is to be regretted: because Histories are works that should be written for posterity, and not to gratify the mere fashionable taste of the moment, which would care no more for Turkey than it does for Timbuctoo, if the subject did not chance to be uppermost for the nonce. Mr. Fraser's history, however, deserves high praise even as it stands.

A Description of the Principal Harbours and Towns of the Crimea and the Kherson, by Mr. M. Gore (Ridgway), has a title that will attract notice at a moment when the attack on Sebastopol is the theme of discussion. It is in reality only a compilation from various sources; but then the sources are good ones, and it is something to have the information you require ready collected for use.

Russia, Germany, and the Eastern Question (Ridgway), is a translation of a German pamphlet by Herr Gustav Diezel. Tremendously anti-Russian and anti-Austrian is the author, and therefore he will find plenty of admirers in this country. He evidently imagines Russia to be the greatest bar to the progress of Germany, and so would see the former crushed for the sake of his fatherland.

Russia and its People, by A. De Gurowski (Nelson and Son), is another pill for the Czar, which assuredly he would not swallow with much satisfaction. Indeed, we would suggest that if Sir Charles Napier should take Nicholas I. prisoner, and bring him to England, his majesty should be condemned, as the direst punishment that could be inflicted on him, to read all the books that have been written about him in this country during the last nine months. The only question is whether, even with good health and strength, he is likely to live long enough to get through them all?

Whether a *Turkish Reading Book* and a *Turkish Vocabulary*, both of which have been issued by Madden, ought to be classed as "war books" we scarcely know; but as we doubt whether any publisher would have ventured on their production at any other time, we will leave them there, with a commendation for their completeness.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Bohn gives us, for a new number of his Illustrated Library, a *History of the Jesuits*, by G. B. Nicolini, of Rome. Our readers must be tolerably well aware that we are no friends to Jesuitism or to many much milder forms of priestcraft in the Romish Church; but still, we admit the interest that attaches to much that concerns this extraordinary sect, a fair, impartial, and succinct history of which is here given, and will be extensively read, like most of Mr. Bohn's well-selected works.

Thirty Years' View; or a History of the Working of the American Government, is a portion of the title (the whole would fill a page) of a work by "A Senator of Thirty Years," lately published in New York and London. The work will prove interesting

to those who can read for information, without being disgusted by a dull heavy style —still more offensive from its occasional affectation of the light and jocose. Have the Americans any humour? We hear queer stories sometimes, which would make us assert the affirmative; but excepting in Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker," and one or two scenes in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," their written works show them to be singularly deficient of fun.

Recollections of my Military Life, by Col. Landmann (Hurst and Blackett), are sketches from that apparently inexhaustible source of anecdote "The Peninsular War." The strangest thing is that the anecdotes are all good and fresh, and well told.

The Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre, &c., by Martha Walker Freer (Hurst and Blackett), is more than it professes to be, for it is a history of Marguerite's brother also, Francis the First. It is difficult for a young author to know how much of the figures, surrounding the principal one of her picture, to sketch in and how much to leave comparatively obscure, without marring the unity of effect which should characterize a biography. Perhaps, Miss Freer has not quite succeeded in this respect; but she has produced a good instructive book, nevertheless, and one that will probably be looked on in future times as "an authority." Marguerite of Navarre was one of the few Queens of that age whose life deserves to be written.

Fifty Years in both Hemispheres; or Reminiscences of a Merchant's Life, by Vincent Nolte, translated from the German (Trübner & Co.). This is a book to lounge over, smile over, revel over: a book to read at breakfast, when the "paper" has not come; to enjoy after dinner, with a glass of claret at one's elbow; to take to bed without the chance of falling asleep over it, and setting fire to the curtains. Adventure, anecdote, fun, vivacity, observation, sound sense, and keen wit—the book is replete with these things. But we must not compromise our editorial and critical dignity by praising it too highly. Possibly it is more entertaining than truthful.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Utah and the Mormons, by Benjamin C. Ferris (Low & Co.), is a description of a six months' residence among the Latter-Day Saints, at the Great Salt Lake. The Mormons do not appear to have selected the most delightful country in the world for their occupation, as far as climate is concerned. Storms of wind and rain, thunder and lightning, extreme and sudden variations of the temperature, characterize the district. Regarding the people themselves, Mr Ferris gives a very straightforward account. As for polygamy it seems to flourish among them more than ever, and yet the tendency of the population is to decrease! The wives have to be kept apart, like the wild animals in the Zoological Gardens, or, we are told, they fight like cats. These are rather strong arguments in favour of our old-fashioned system of monogamy. These people have attracted great attention of late, and Mr. Ferris's book will enlighten those who take an interest in them.

Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, &c., by John Russell Bartlett, U. S. Commissioner (Routledge & Co.). This is another work by an American author, and an extremely interesting one. In fact our Yankee cousins seem completely to rival us in roving propensities, and the northern half of the New World bids fair to be as completely explored by them as the continent of Europe has been by Englishmen.

The number of new books of travel lately issued has been small; but the tourists' season has commenced, and we shall probably be inundated with voyages in a month or

so. Meanwhile, we are glad to perceive that Longmans are about to publish Lord Carlisle's account of his recent travels. A work from such a man will naturally be looked for with great interest.

FICTION.

Hard Times, for these times, by Charles Dickens, has been republished by Bradbury and Evans, from "Household Words." We simply record the fact, for we could not dismiss the work of such an author in a few lines, especially to pronounce only a mixed verdict of praise and blame.

The Life and Adventures of a Clever Woman, by Mrs. Trollope (Hurst and Blackett), is *not* an autobiography of the author, though we know no lady who better deserves the title she has bestowed on her heroine. The novel is remarkably like Mrs. Trollope's other novels in style—too much like them, indeed, for it contains all her faults in a high degree of exaggeration. An author of our own sex who should venture to paint women as this lady does would be hissed. Thackeray is often attacked by fair lips for Becky Sharpe and a few other of his sins in this way; but then he has drawn some charming women, as a set-off. Mrs. Trollope's are mostly vixens, sharpers, female swindlers, or *extremely* strong-minded women.

Vivia, a Journal, by Mrs. Elphinstone Dalrymple (Hurst and Blackett), is a novel the moral of which is unquestionably sound—viz., it is naughty to be wicked, and it is good to be virtuous. We think we have met with something to the same effect elsewhere—but *n' importe*. In the days when Miss Bremer and Emilie Carlen are among the most popular of novelists, another harmless dose of milk and water will not be objected to.

The Lost Treasure (Daniell) is a neat little story, published anonymously. By the way, the "Critic" is savage with it, because there are lords and ladies in it. The writer in the "Critic," confessing himself ignorant of good society, imagines that no author has ever associated with a real live lord, and is always crying out against those who introduce a titled name into their works. A few weeks ago when criticising a novel, published without the author's name, he exclaimed "*Sir* Hugh! why cannot authors write about the classes they belong to?" The book was written by Lady Emily Ponsonby.

Lewell Pastures, by the author of "Sir Frederick Derwent," &c. (Routledge), is a clever, sketchy novel, with a slight plot, but well-drawn characters, and capitally written.

Among reprints we have, in the "Parlour Library," *Attila*, a romance, by G. P. R. James (Hodgson), a well-known story, whose scenes are laid in classic times: and *The Dark Lady of Doona*, by W. H. Maxwell, the delightful author of "Stories of Waterloo." Neither of these works need our commendation; and now that eighteenpence will purchase the former and one shilling the latter, who will not read them?

My Haunts and their Frequenters, by Edmund H. Yates (Bogue). The author is a young man, whose contributions to periodical literature have attracted our notice very frequently of late. He has here given us a little shilling book, with plenty of amusement and not a little sense combined in it.

Ten-Thousand a Year, by Samuel Warren, has been reissued in a cheaper form with a sensible and amusing preface, by the author, which has obtained the compliment of a sneer from the *Leader*: we decline sneering at it ourselves.

POETRY.

It is impossible to give any fair idea of a poetical work in a few short lines of criticism; but we may chronicle a few of the names of those aspirants for "the bays," that deserve the name of poets.

Gerald Massey is a poet. He disclaims the title as one that he has not yet earned; but we cannot withhold it from him, nor will any of our readers who will read *Babe Christabel, and other Poems* (Bogue). To say that there are faults to be mended in Mr. Massey's style is a mere platitude: he is young, and he is self-taught; but he has true genius, and its truest accompaniment—modesty. We hope to make our readers better acquainted with this gentleman's writing than we could do in this place.

Mr. J. Stanyan Bigg is another who has caught a genuine spark of the divine fire. His *Night and the Soul*, a dramatic poem (Groombridge and Sons), is a brilliant and powerful production. It is really a relief to turn from the wretched poetasters, we have lately had to review, to works breathing the true spirit of poetry.

One who writes under the name of "Ruther" has lately produced a pleasing little poem called *The Haymakers' Histories* (Bell), in that most charming of metres the terza rima.

Lyra Australis, by Caroline Leakey (Bickers and Bush), and *Poems*, by Melander (Saunders and Otley), will please those who are content with "pretty" poetry without much fire and strength.

RELIGION.

The Essence of Christianity, by Ludwig Feuerbach, translated from the German by Marian Evans (Chapman). Should not this book rather be called "The Essence of Infidelity?" Such is its character: it is one of the many hundred attempts made by the Teutonic race to upset religion. Which of them has succeeded? Occasionally a hair-brained, or a conceited, or a half-educated man is perverted from the Christian faith by such works as this one; but what larger effect is produced? Do we hear of the handing down of the "new light" from father to son? Is any enduring belief, or unbelief, established in place of the religion such books attempt to crush? Truly not. And until infidels can come to something like an agreement among themselves, believers may rest satisfied that little danger awaits our creed. We are sorry to see a lady translating such a work. Irreligion is hateful in a man—it is unnatural and even revolting in a woman. We had rather our "sleeping partner" should be the most credulous of devotees, than a scoffer, an atheist, or even a sceptic.

The Law is Light: a Course of Four Lectures on the Sufficiency of the Law of Moses as the Guide of Israel. This is a work by the Minister of the West London Synagogue of British Jews—the Rev. W. Marks. It is another instance of a movement going on among a portion of the Jewish people, which, unless we are mistaken, bodes well for the prospect of their conversion to Christianity. It may be forgotten by many people that the Jews, in general, do not take the Old Testament as their sole guide of life; but refer almost equally to the "Talmud," or Book of Tradition. Now Mr. Marks and other reformers, among the Israelites, reject the "Talmud," and proclaim for the Bible alone. This is well: for it leads to a greater simplicity and purity in the religion; and, certainly, opens the door for the light of the New Testament to stream in, as the fulfilment of the promises made by Jehovah in the old one. This movement among the Jews is an interesting and important one, and will cause these Lectures to be extensively read among Christians as well as those to whom they are specially addressed.

THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART,

AND ITS PROJECTORS.

It is now, we believe, nearly two years since it began to be whispered about that a new institution was on the point of being founded in the interests of literary men and artists: a class of persons who contribute more than any others to the instruction and delight of society, and are commonly among its very worst and most precariously-paid members. Such a project, emanating, as it was said to do, from some of the most distinguished writers of the day, could not fail to be cordially received. Few people were ignorant that while literary men—in particular those we mean who live by literature as a vocation—were to be numbered in the present day by hundreds, and while cases of the deepest distress were of a lamentably frequent occurrence among them, other means of assisting them than those resulting from private friendship or humiliating appeals to public sympathy, rested exactly where they were upwards of half a century ago. The age of patrons and printing by subscription was at an end, never more, it is to be hoped, to return; and booksellers, though by no means on the whole either an illiberal or indiscriminating race of men, were still traders only—looking at everything in a commercial point of view, bargaining for the greatest advantages at the smallest possible expense, and very little disposed to have anything to do with authors whose reputation was not already in some degree established. Many a man of talent and learning had been driven to think seriously of Cave's advice to Johnson, about the porter's knot, while he was seeking a publisher for a work which subsequently brought him credit and emolument. Many a clever contributor to the periodicals had seen his means of subsistence suddenly cut short by the stoppage of the review or magazine with which he was connected. One suicide, at the least, and far more than one deathbed attended with circumstances scarcely less melancholy than those which embittered the last moments of "poor Nahum Tate" and Otway—of Savage, Boyce, Dermody, and Macdonald—were fresh in the recollection of the public. In exigencies and distresses like these, and in the many and most painful instances where sickness, age, or decaying faculties had paralysed pens once popular and successful, relief had been sometimes obtained from the Literary Fund Society, in Great Russell Street. But the means of that institution, whatever they might have sufficed for at

the time of its first establishment in 1790, were now altogether inadequate to the numerous and increasing demands made upon them. Its plan too was narrow and arbitrary, complaints of partiality and injustice had been raised against its management; its officials slumbered at their posts, and for years past no active exertions had been used to obtain support from quarters where, probably, nothing else had been required but solicitation, or even a statement of facts, to have made it forthcoming. While the claims of other charities were being constantly brought before the notice of the public, the Literary Fund Society had been principally known by the not ungraceful opportunity which its annual dinner afforded to some ambitious man of rank to deliver a speech, which was sure to be reported, on the advantages of literature and the merits of its professors, at the cheap cost of a small donation or still smaller yearly subscription.

The names of the projectors of the new institution, when they came to be known, were sadly inferior, both in number and social position, to what might have been expected. Still they were not such or so few as to inspire inevitable misgivings of its success. Mr. Dickens—a host in himself, and of whom we should much better love to speak in connexion with almost any other subject than our present one, except, perhaps, Capital Punishments and the History of England—was at the head of them. The personal popularity of Sir Lytton Bulwer, another of their number, bore very little proportion to his popularity as a writer; but he was a man of considerable fortune, and it might be hoped that a vanity which was constantly reminding people of Narcissus, or Percival, or Stockdale, would stimulate him to a display of liberality worthy of the occasion and his ample means. With them were joined, among others, a small wit, Mr. Mark Lemon—a sort of Mallet or Paul Whitehead of the day—and the splenetic temper and acute vulgarity of Mr. Douglas Jerrold.

The favourable disposition of the public was of no long continuance. In due time the details of the project were announced. To the surprise of everybody, and the disgust, we fear we must add, of most people, it was found to consist partly of a sort of commission agency to a newly-established Assurance Office, and partly in the erection, at some future period, of a number of literary alms-houses, to which were to be attached small endowments. This strange combination of trading philanthropy and humiliating patronage was to be called by the appropriately commercial name of a Guild.

How men of undeniable cleverness, and, in one instance at least, of warm and generous feelings, could possibly delude themselves with the notion that they were promoting the interest and the dignity of literature and art, by a scheme thus mean and paltry, it is not very easy to say; but it is a perfect enigma how they could have been blind or indifferent

to the reception which it experienced at the hands of the public. While disappointment, mingled with no small share of contempt, was abundantly expressed, we cannot call to mind a single independent newspaper or periodical which entertained even a moderately favourable opinion of the project. The *Times*, quick as usual to detect the nature of public feeling, alluded to it in a chilling article, and passed on its way without further notice. People who had really the welfare of literary men and artists at heart were loud in the utterance of their wishes that the thing should drop to the ground and be heard of no more. They could not but see that, while it was useless as a means of carrying out the objects which it professed to have in view, the ridicule that thickly descended upon it would do more than anything else to prevent the formation, at another time, of any judicious and comprehensive institution for the same purposes—just as a foolish Demagogue is about the very worst enemy with which the cause of liberty can possibly be cursed.

For nearly two years it has really appeared as if this was likely to be the case. After fluttering for several weeks in the newspapers, with the vain hope, diminishing daily, of attracting notice and support, the Guild ceased to be talked about or almost remembered. Occasionally, indeed, a paragraph might be read to the effect that a very indifferent comedy—which, together with a rood or two of land, was the inexpensive benefaction of Sir Lytton Bulwer—had been represented before an audience where a high and delicate sense of duty constrained a show of attention to any project ostensibly for the benefit of literature and art. But this was looked upon by most people as a sort of convulsive prelude to decease: like the last flap of the tail of a dying fish aground. The Guild, it was commonly believed, was being let down by gentle stages: as we gradually drop an acquaintance which we have no desire to continue, and are unwilling to bring abruptly to an end.

Unfortunately, vanity, like a polecat or an eel, takes a great deal of knocking on the head. The expectation that no more would be heard about it—an expectation quite as much in the interests of the projectors of the Guild themselves as in those of its professed objects—has turned out to be fallacious. Like the indefatigable ghost in Hamlet, they have been working away all the time under-ground, bidding people swear, "from the cellarage." Parliament, the many-teated nurse of so much folly and imposture, has been quietly applied to, and an Act of Incorporation obtained—not only without discussion but, we have authority for saying, without the very knowledge of one man out of fifty in the House. Armed with this formidable instrument, like Mistress Margaret Dods with the kitchen tongs, or Bailie Nichol Jarvie with his red-hot poker, the Society

has come boldly forward again, after its long eclipse, and appears to be setting vigorously to work. Chambers have been taken, a prospectus issued, candidates invited to present themselves for admission, and money, we are informed, will be received from anybody who will be good enough to offer it. Sir Lytton Bulwer is appointed president; Mr. Dickens vice-president; Mr. W. Henry Wills, a subaltern of Mr. Dickens's in the conduct of "Household Words," is honoured with the office of secretary; and the management of the finances of the Institution entrusted to Mr. Charles Knight, a gentleman not too distinguished for the prosperous administration of his own.

We have no apprehension that the originally and, as it appears to us, unavoidably unfavourable opinion of the public will undergo any change. We think far too highly not only of the self-respect but of the intelligence of men of letters and artists, to suppose they will countenance such a scheme. But the founders of the Guild are in earnest; and we consider ourselves to be quite justified in calling the notice of our readers, not so much to its alleged ends as to the means by which it is proposed to carry them out. We shall do so, we hope, with perfect fairness—taking every statement we may have occasion to make from the Guild's own prospectus; but we should be sad hypocrites were we to make any secret as to the nature of our feelings on the subject. They are such, we are convinced, as will be entertained by everybody who will favour us with a few minutes' attention.

We will say a few words, to begin, as to the finances of the Guild; from the state of which its prospects of success, and, in a great measure, the estimation it is held in, may be judged. Sir Lytton Bulwer, as we have already mentioned, evinced the extent of his paternal interest in the undertaking by the gift of a comedy, which, as Johnson said of Congreve's novel, we had much rather praise than read. Mr. Dickens, with a more substantial generosity, as was to be expected from him, added a sum of fifty guineas to the very suitable offering of a farce. The representation of this comedy and farce, at Windsor and elsewhere, has produced, in round numbers, about £3,600. But the independent benefactions to the funds, from the period of the first announcement of the Guild up to the issuing of the prospectus, a month back, amount to a sum which it is really painful to have to mention, when one reflects on what would probably have been collected had the public, even moderately, approved the plan. They fall short of three hundred pounds—somewhere, we should suppose, about the capital with which the ingenious Mr. Tigg Montague and the respectable Mr. David Crumple established the celebrated Anglo-Bengalee Assurance Company, in Wellington Street East; while the annual subscriptions—upon which source, more than any other, a Society

of this kind must depend—have reached what the first of those distinguished individuals would, probably, have designated "the ridiculously insignificant total" of thirty-three pounds ten shillings! In truth, the tadpole or gurnet look of the list, after the first two items—the fruits of royal and courtly benevolence, not very decently to have been avoided—brings forcibly to our recollection another memorable document of the same kind, which appeared in the columns of the Yorkshire Stingo, towards effecting the liberation of the incarcerated patriots Mr. Smirk Mudflint and Mr. Barnabus Bloodsuck, and which terminated, if we remember right, with "Brutus and Cassius—four-pence halfpenny," and "miscellaneous sums—five farthings." One of the last of the yearly subscribers to the Guild, "H. T. Roberts, Esq., of Manchester," bestows a shilling and a penny!

This is significant enough; but there is another circumstance which we cannot but consider tolerably decisive of the fate of the Guild. It is certainly quite decisive of the opinion generally entertained about it. With the exception of Mr. Hallam and Mr. Rogers—each of whom contributes five pounds, accompanied, we have heard, in both cases, with a peremptory refusal to take any share in its official proceedings—there is an absence, both from the council and subscription list, of every name to which the public is accustomed to look when it is a question of honouring the memory of deceased or alleviating the distress of living genius. The wealthy and benevolent Marquis of Lansdowne takes no part in it. Lord Ellesmere, for the first time in his life, closes his purse to an appeal made in behalf of literature and art. The philanthropic Earl of Carlisle passes like a Levite on the other side. The princely generosity of Mr. Savage Landor,* a man unluckily as acute to detect charlatanry as he is munificent to aid unfortunate talent, cannot be enlisted in such a cause. Even Lord John Russell, himself after a fashion a literary man, and assuredly not the coyest of statesmen in availing himself of opportunities of coming before the eyes of the public, has not a guinea or a good word to bestow. So it is with Mr. Macaulay, one of the first of living writers; with his brother Privy-Councillors, Mr. Croker and Mr. Disraeli; with Mr. Thackeray, so enthusiastic an admirer of Dickens; with Tennyson and Carlyle, Warren, Lever, Ainsworth, Lewes—in short, with every patron of literature, and, excepting its founders, with every literary man of the day. From such a fact what is the inference? It can admit of one only:—they do not consider the Guild to be worthy of their support.

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* The merited expression of Mr. Lockhart, in his Life of Scott. See Southey's letter to Scott, 1808.

Two noblemen, it is right to mention, have given the Guild the sanction of their names. We say names, because it does not appear they have given it anything else. These are the good-natured Duke of Devonshire, the least proof of any man living against importunate solicitation; and Lord Granville, who having filled, in succession, nearly every office in the State, from Railway Commissioner to Foreign Secretary, without finding himself quite at home in any, had now subsided into the almost sinecure Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, and may be reasonably supposed to have a good deal of unoccupied time upon his hands.* Both the Duke and the Earl are trustees to the funds of the Institution, which were probably considered too extensive to be safe under the guardianship of mere Commoners; and Lord Granville, "vir utrique paratus," is a councillor besides.

After a brief statement of the provisions and powers of the Act of Incorporation, the prospectus proceeds to the Bye-laws, which are three in number. The first and third of them are merely formal, relating to the ornamental part of the Society—its honorary members; but the second, and by far the most important—that which defines the qualifications of the professional members, who alone are to participate in the bounties of the Guild—contains a stipulation which we certainly were not prepared to meet with in a philanthropic institution:—No man is to be admitted to belong to it save upon the payment of two guineas. The other qualifications are flexible enough,—but this is indispensable. Like what lawyers call a "condition precedent," it cannot be got rid of.

Now everybody, we suppose, who has interested himself in the foundation of a Charity knows that the current of public liberality, like a river rushing from a lake, flows much more freely at the commencement than at any remoter period of its course. Novelty, in fact, is almost as essential to people's sympathies as to their pleasures. With funds so limited as those of the Guild, and with the little likelihood that exists, after the lapse of two years, of any very considerable increase in them, it must be clear that an exceedingly small proportion only of the professional members will have any chance of being pecuniarily benefited. For the Life-assurance part of the scheme—which, like the payment of the two

* It was a subject of very general regret when he resigned the "golden keys" of the buck-hounds, a post where he contributed more than any of his predecessors, if not to the *sport*, at least, to the *amusement* of the field. "There's Granville off again, I do declare, for the seventh time to-day," exclaimed upon one occasion a certain hard-riding Ex-Postmaster-General to the nobleman who at present fills that office, as he was galloping beside him across the Vale of Aylesbury. But his lordship has had worse "tumbles" since, and almost as many.

guineas, is made a "sine quâ non"—will, as we shall presently have to shew, be anything but profitable to the assured; while the alms-houses must necessarily be limited to such a number as a capital under £4000 and annual subscriptions of £33 10*s.* will suffice to build and endow. Taking this number at ten—surely a very liberal computation—and supposing the cost of each house not to exceed £200, there would remain a balance of £2000, yielding, at the outside, £80 a year, which being added to the £33 10*s.*, and divided among the fortunate occupants, would furnish each of them with a handsome income of eleven pounds six shillings —something above the wages of a housemaid, and below those of a moderately-paid cook! Upon what principle, then, we should be glad to be informed, is the payment of the two guineas based? Is it the magnitude of the prize, or the chance of drawing it? Or, as Mr. Clerk Jobson in "Rob Roy" succeeded in reconciling his patron to the disagreeable duties of the magistracy by bidding him think of the dignity of being one of the quorum, shall the candidate console himself for his disbursement by reflecting on the honour he has purchased by it—that of becoming a member of the Guild? The entrance-money, we are quite ready to admit, is not a very great one in itself; but it may be so to many a man who is called upon to pay it. Money, more than everything else, is to be judged by comparison. Two guineas, at Oxford or Cambridge, will purchase a day's hunting; it will pay, in London, for a box at a theatre: but eighteen-pence, in the days we live in, will command an excellent meal at many a tavern a long way west of the city. In plain words, a Society instituted for the benefit of needy authors and artists commences by taking his dinner, for four weeks, out of the mouth of everyone of them who seeks to belong to it! We have often heard of Charity beginning at home —but we never heard, before, of her beginning with a fine!

The objects of the Guild, we are told, are three:—"Firstly, Life and Annuity Assurance; secondly, provision for the Professional Members of it during Sickness; and, thirdly, the founding and endowing of an institution to be called the Guild Institution." We will say, in their turns, a few words of the way in which it is proposed to accomplish each of them.

On the subject of Assurance and Life Annuities two opinions can hardly exist. Authors and artists, with respect to them, stand precisely in the same position as every other man whose earnings however considerable are fluctuating and precarious, and the source of which, being entirely personal, is incapable of transmission. They are neither better nor worse off than a physician or barrister, an actor or a singer, or anybody else whose profession or art can be exercised no longer than health and strength admit. It is the duty of all such persons, to their families

or themselves, according to circumstances—and we may add, their duty to society—either to assure their lives or to purchase an annuity, whenever and to such an extent as their means may enable them. Literary men, indeed, and artists labour under the imputation of being, in general, somewhat remiss in the discharge of this obligation. We are very far from sure that this is the case with them as a body. Many instances, we fear, of this supposed imprudence may be attributed to a very reasonable doubt of the power to continue the payment of an annual premium, and dread of the loss and bitter disappointment which the failure to do so, however unavoidable, must necessarily involve.

If the intention of the founders of the Guild had been to encourage, to the best of their ability, the making such a provision wherever it was possible, unquestionably it would have been a kind and judicious one: nor would an effectual way of carrying it out have been, we should have imagined, very difficult to discover. An arrangement might have been made with some office of character and standing, by virtue of which any literary man or artist, being a member of the Guild, should be permitted to assure his life or purchase an annuity, to an amount to be fixed by the council, upon terms considerably lower than the ordinary ones. We will not allow ourselves for one moment to doubt but that for an object like this, if rules were laid down for the effectuating of it with judgment and discrimination in regard to the circumstances of every person desiring to avail himself of such a privilege, the public liberality would have been evinced in a very different way than by a miserable contribution of three hundred pounds, spread over a space of two years. Dysons enough are not wanting among us when Akensides are pointed out to them. An annual subscription of one thousand pounds would enable a hundred authors and artists, at an average of forty-five years of age, to assure their lives for five hundred pounds apiece, upon a payment of half the usual premiums.

But Life Assurance and Annuities are one only of the "objects" of the Guild. Free residences and endowments, such as they are, are benefits which it intends to confer. To make the effecting an Assurance or the purchase of an Annuity an indispensable preliminary to becoming a professional member must surely therefore be considered as unreasonable as it is unfair. Many an author, or artist, who is quite as alive to the dictates of prudence as Mr. Dickens or Sir Lytton Bulwer, is destitute of the means of making such a provision, or uncertain how long he may continue to possess them. Why is such a man to be shut out? He would have the greater need, one would think, on that very account, of a rent-free house, and eleven pounds six shillings a year.

Having decided, however, on this indispensable condition, the Guild

proceeds to carry it out in a manner infinitely more objectionable than the condition itself. It is the practice of many attorneys not nice to a shade or two, when it is necessary or expedient for a client to effect an Assurance on his life, to recommend some particular office for the purpose; the directors of which are in the habit of shewing their gratitude, for the favour, by a fee or commission. But we never heard of such an "Honorarium" taking the shape of an annual profit upon the premiums paid. We strongly incline to think that a bargain of such a description, on the part of an attorney, would not be very indulgently viewed by the heads of the legal profession, who have an unhappy prejudice against firms of the order of Dodson and Fogg, of Freeman's Court, Cornhill; or Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, late of Saffron Row, Holborn. They would probably be of opinion that an office which could afford this sort of brokerage would be about the last which a conscientious professional adviser should recommend to a client.

Yet this is exactly what the founders of the Guild have done. After experiencing sundry rebuffs, not always over-courteous, in more fastidious quarters, they succeeded in discovering an office, the "National Provident," which agreed to allow them a commission of five per cent. upon every Assurance effected with it through their means. And this arrangement concluded, they proceed to give full effect to it, by making it imperative, except upon one condition hereafter to be mentioned, on every professional member, to assure or purchase an Annuity in that office and nowhere else.

Now if the scale of premiums, in the company in question, had been no higher than the ordinary ones, there would be no doubt but that the Guild would have made a very excellent bargain for its members. But the truth is, no office, which intended honestly to fulfil its engagements, could afford so extravagant a brokerage, out of the usual rates of charge. It must remunerate itself by proportionately high ones: on the principle that a complaisant shopkeeper will readily gratify his customers by letting them suppose they have beaten him largely down in the price of his commodities, when he has taken the simple precaution of asking in the first instance a great deal more than he is prepared to take. The rates, we find, of the "National Provident" exceed by about five per cent., and, in some cases by a great deal more, those of most other companies! This, of course, is an assertion which we neither wish nor expect any of our readers to take upon our authority. Figures in such cases are the most convincing of reasonings, the most irrefutable—if the word admits a superlative—of facts.

We have before us a list of the London companies, with the scales of premiums in each. To go through the whole of it, seeing that it con-

tains upwards of a hundred, would be trespassing too unconscionably on the time and patience of our readers; but we will give the rates of charge in the first eight or ten of them, taking them in the order that they come alphabetically, omitting only such as are proprietary companies or which make no distribution of profits, and whose premiums are therefore proportionately lower than the rest—these, of course, it would be unfair to the "National Provident" to admit into the comparison. The scale of payments in that office we take from the prospectus of the Guild.

The earliest age in any company at which an Assurance can be effected, the earliest at least which is given in any of their tables, is twenty. To assure £100 on a life of that age, with profits—estimated to range between 6 and 89 per cent., which would give an average of 41½ per cent.—the "National Provident," according to the Guild prospectus, charges an annual premium of £1 19*s.* 4*d.* The "Albert," the first office in the list, for the same sum at the same age, *but with whole profits instead of two-fifths and a fraction*, charges £1 17*s.* 9*d.* The "Ægis," *with* 80 *per cent. profits*, charges £1 17*s.* 5*d.* The "Argus," *also with* 80 *per cent. profits*, charges £1 15*s.* 10*d.* The "Catholic," *with* 75 *per cent. profits*, charges £1 17*s.* 9*d.* The "Church of England," *with* 80 *per cent. profits*, charges £1 17*s.* 4*d.* The "Defender," *with* 75 *per cent. profits*, charges £1 16*s.* 7*d.* In the "Edinburgh," *with* 90 *per cent. profits*, the rate is £1 17*s.* 4*d.* In the "London and Provincial," *with* 75 *per cent. profits*, it is £1 15*s.* 8*d.*; and in the "Medical, Legal, and General," with profits, but to what extent is not stated, the rate is but £1 15*s.* The remaining companies do not differ very widely among themselves: compared, at least, with the extent which all of them (with the exception of the "Law Life," and one or two other old and very wealthy ones, whose shares sell at an enormous premium) differ from the "National Provident." This difference, as will be seen, even without taking into computation the higher amount of profits, is frequently as much as five per cent., and sometimes a good deal more!

The fund which is to arise from their commission the founders of the Guild propose to distribute in loans, without interest, among such of the assured members as may occasionally stand in need of assistance towards the paying of their premiums. Now if every member was to require a loan—which, as the Guild makes a profit on every policy, he would have an undoubted claim to do—such advance must necessarily be limited to his proportion of the general fund; and in that case he would certainly be no loser, but save in respect to interest a few shillings perhaps a year: he would be no gainer by the transaction. But this loan is to be granted only as a favour, and upon an investigation into the circumstances of the applicant; not as common delicacy would have pointed out, by two or

three of the council, deputed for the purpose, who should report to their body the names of such members only as they might consider fairly entitled to the privilege, *but by the council itself*, consisting of no less than twenty-six persons at present, and which for anything that appears to the contrary may be indefinitely increased: and the loan, when granted, may apparently be reclaimed at any moment. Few, indeed, we should think and hope, would be the members who would submit to a canvassing of their necessities thus public and degrading. If, according to an old saying, two persons are too many to keep a secret, what is to be said of six-and-twenty? Yet to the fund, from which such loans are to be made, every professional member of the Guild, to the extent of five per cent. on the premiums of his policy, is compelled to contribute!

Upon one condition, as we have intimated, permission is given to effect an Assurance with other and less costly companies than the "National Provident;" and it is one which really does infinite credit to the ingenuity of its contriver. A candidate previously assured, or choosing to assure elsewhere, may become a member of the Guild by the production *yearly or half-yearly*, or it may be *quarterly*, of his receipt for the payment of his premiums: that is to say, in every case, and unfortunately it is too common a one, where a man has borrowed money on the deposit of his policy, and where, as it commonly happens, the lender, for his own security, pays the premiums upon it as they fall due and adds the amount, if need be, to the debt—or in the case, more frequent still, where the policy is included in a deed or settlement for the benefit of the wife or children of the assurer, the persons for whose sakes it is desirable that such a provision should be made, and a man's trustees, not himself, may be the parties who pay the premiums and take the receipts—the doors of the Guild are closed, or can be opened only by the infliction of trouble, very disproportioned to the object to be obtained.

If the Guild, in consideration of its five per cent., were to covenant with every professional member to hold his representatives harmless, in the event of his policy being disputed, or against insolvency on the part of the company, we should think that the assurer was paying very highly for protection against most improbable risks; but it would have indicated a spirit of commercial fairness in what we must consider a commercial body. At present the commercial spirit is manifest enough, but the fairness is quite a different question.

The next professed "object" of the Guild is a "Provision for its members during Sickness." This it is intended to accomplish on the principles of an ordinary Benefit Society, such as is to be found in every village. The only difference is this—and a somewhat important one it is—that the terms of the Guild are such as exist in no Benefit Society in the

kingdom, and which would have the effect, were a Benefit Society attempted to be based upon them, of preventing any man or woman, in their senses, from belonging to it. One of them, moreover, we will venture to add, is of a very questionable legality, and a good deal more than questionable honesty.

While the rates of payment to be made by the members subscribing to what is called the "Sickness Fund" are certainly not less than the usual ones, no member is permitted to subscribe to it unless his state of health be such as to show that there is very little likelihood of his becoming a claimant upon it at least for many years; a member must have been a subscriber for two years before he is entitled to any relief, and no illness is considered to deserve that name unless it has continued at the least six weeks! The other condition is one which we will not characterize but state. "The Council," says the prospectus—we prefer upon such a matter to give its own words—"*reserves to itself the power of reducing the amount of the Provision in the event of its Funds, from whatever cause, being too low to admit of the payment of the claims in full.*" We sincerely hope this extraordinary proviso, in a public Society, will not escape the notice of the directors of the Assurance Offices, and of our legislators of the lower house. If the former were only permitted to act upon this rule for a few years, we know not who, except an honest man, would not desire to become a shareholder; while honourable members, wearied as they have been through a long session by sterile debates on "Limited Liability," must be inexpressibly grateful to a Society that puts an end to the necessity of settling the question, by negativing the existence of any sort of liability at all! There is really nothing, under this rule, to prevent some future Mr. Secretary Wills addressing an unhappy professional member, who may come hobbling in from a bed of sickness, to make a claim upon the funds, in some such terms as these: "It is quite true, my respectable friend, that you have subscribed to the Guild fund for the last five-and-twenty years, and that you have made your payments, during that period, with a most commendable regularity; it is also perfectly correct that your state of health, which I am really very sorry to perceive, entitles you to an allowance of one pound per week: but it is 'Hard Times' just at present with us, our till is low, and our credit with Messrs. Bullock and Hulker by no means so flourishing as could be desired; we cannot, in fact, conveniently make our payments in full, which if you will have the goodness to refer to our prospectus—here it is, page 27—you will perceive we are not bound to do. Perhaps, in a few years to come, if you should live so long, we may be better off; in which case we will do the handsome thing. Meanwhile take this sixpence, and go your ways in peace."

One more "object" remains to be noticed—the great and distinguishing one of the "Free Residences," which are to be built and endowed "at some future time." Upon such a subject our readers will not, we do think, expect us to dwell very long. No man, not a thousand times worse broken in spirit than in fortunes, would condescend to accept such degrading benevolence. Nor would the locality which we have heard mentioned as being that in which it is intended to erect these eleemosynary dwellings be particularly recommended, we fear, by its contiguity to the abode of the donor. "Dr. Johnson," said Mrs. Thrale, "would always express himself with horror about it, whenever he alluded, which was very rarely, to the time he spent in the neighbourhood of his patron Sir Wolstan Dixie's seat; yet he had a house rent-free, with a salary attached to it, and the duties of instruction one would have supposed to be congenial to his disposition."

All that is passing in a man's breast, Dr. Johnson himself might say, it is impossible to know, and we can only conjecture as to any part of it. Whether the founders of the Guild really contemplate carrying into effect this part of their scheme they alone can tell. Many circumstances would seem to indicate that if they ever seriously entertained such an intention they are now, to say the least, very doubtful about it. Its fulfilment is deferred for seven years. We are nowhere told in the prospectus where the houses are to be; whether they are to be furnished or unfurnished; whether their size and accommodation are to be such as might make them suitable dwellings for persons who have other means to live upon than the "endowment" attached to them, or whether they are to be proportioned only to the purses of annuitants of eleven pounds six shillings:

"Parva sed apta mihi domus."

We have no intimation as to what is to understood by the misconduct, being guilty of which* is to be punished with eviction from house and income. We are left in darkness as to whether these "nimium fortunati" are to be distinguished by any particular dress: a sky-blue coat and silver buttons, for instance—the costume of an alms-house we are acquainted with, whose inmates have an allowance of twelve pounds a year—with the letters L. B. on the collar, which might imply, at the discretion of the public, "Literary Bedesman" or "Lytton Bulwer." Above all, we are

* "And in case any Annuitant shall, in the opinion of the Council, be guilty of any misconduct, the Council shall have the power to vacate the Annuity and remove the person, thus misbehaving himself, from his Free Residence."—Prospectus, page 16. Perhaps, after all, it may only mean that the "Free Resident," if a gentleman, must not omit to take off his hat, or, if a lady, to drop a courtesy, whenever they meet a councillor.

left to our own conjectures as to the nature of the "duties connected with popular instruction" which are to be required from them. Perhaps upon this latter point the founders of the Guild, like a certain new proprietor in Scotland, mentioned in one of Scott's letters, "are just being ruined for want of hints." The house and the dress are deep matters into which we will not endeavour to penetrate, lest we should incur the imputation of rushing in like fools where angels fear to tread. But with respect to the "duties," we would venture to suggest that a joint essay by this "council of ten"—for at such we have calculated the number of the recipients of the munificence of the Guild—on "The Nature and Principles of High Art as illustrated in the modern novel, with a particular reference to the doctrines laid down, upon that subject, in the novels of Sir Lytton Bulwer," would be a fitting inaugural exercitation. This the "literary men" might appropriately recite, on the occasion of a dinner at Knebworth, standing in a line behind the chairs of the distinguished baronet and his colleagues, each repeating a passage of it by turns, like the ancient chorus or shepherds in an eclogue. Such a sight, we are quite positive, would be at least as attractive, if the public were admitted to view it, as the "comedy" and the "farce;" and the proceeds of the exhibition might form a handsome addition to the "endowments" of the performers.

But enough, and more than enough, upon a subject which is too serious to be treated with levity, and too ridiculous to be treated seriously. For the bright genius and the warm heart of one of the founders of the Guild we have the sincerest admiration, though we have the ill-fortune of being obliged to differ in opinion from him much oftener than we should desire. For his sake, and for the sake of every author and artist in Great Britain—whose true interests can never be promoted but may be seriously injured by such a scheme—we trust it will quickly find its way into that limbo where such myraids of more hopeful and, we are compelled to add, more honest schemes have gone before it. When it is dead and comfortably interred, with no hatchment above its head to tell the public it intends to rise again, we who write this (in lieu of the five pounds we would have contributed to a more rational and hopeful project, in the unostentatious name of *The New Monthly Review,)* will promise to celebrate its memory in lapidary lines, that shall be worth almost as much as the annual subscription, to the living Guild, of "H. T. Roberts, Esq., of Manchester."

SOMETHING ABOUT CHARLES LAMB.

There is no one but knows Christ's Hospital; if not by sight, at the least by name. The Londoner is familiar with it; and country sightseers, on their road from Holborn to St. Paul's, generally catch a glimpse of the chubby boys in their queer garments, as they play in the court-yard. The long blue coat, with the tiny bands surmounting; the leathern strap around the waist; the yellow stockings; the high-lows; and the capless head;—who does not recognise the "blue-coat boy?" Very pleasant it is to stay one minute, as you pass the railings, in Newgate Street, and to hear, amidst all the bustle and traffic which is going on around, the hum and shout of boys' voices. What matters it to them that butchers' cars, and Pickford vans, and weltering oxen, and loaded omnibusses, and cabs, and carts, and men, and women, and children too, are all crowding, and jostling, and knocking one another about in their haste, outside the railings. What is all this to them? The hockey-bung is almost over the goal, and a great struggle is there. The almost defeated side fight bravely. Huzzah! They have saved themselves from being vanquished, and a square-shouldered youngster is driving the bung triumphantly towards the other goal. Now this is of importance, if you like! What matters the impatient crowd outside, when such excitement is agitating their young hearts? Surely this is good to look upon. Let us stay awhile and refresh ourselves with the sight and sound of these fresh and hearty boys. It is akin to getting away into the country, to hear their careless turmoil. Dreams of green fields, and sturdy hedges; of high-spreading trees, with nests in snug corners, and squirrels leaping from branch to branch; of pools of dimpling water, far away in quiet nooks, where low boughs hang down and help the weakened swimmer; of who knows not how many the delights of summer in the country, stream across the mind as we hear their jolly shouts. But on a sudden they all vanish—the court-yard is left empty, in all its gravelly bareness. We watch the last of the little urchins, as he scurries away fearful lest he be late for school: there is nothing more to see now, but yet we linger. The shouts and jollity awoke one train of dreamy thought, the stillness has now given rise to another. We cannot help thinking how many boys have played and shouted here since the first blue-coat boy set them the example. What generations of boys since then have grown up into men, and flourished

or failed in life, have married and begot children like unto themselves, and finally have gone down white-haired to the grave! Trite enough, indeed, are these reflections; but presently they fade away, and then there arises, shadowed forth by our imagination, the form of a scholar here long ago, whom we have since learnt to love and admire. We picture him as he was when in this place—which he ever regarded with love and reverence, and whose name he has engraven on the monument which he has erected to his own fame. We will make a feeble effort to paint this scholar.

It is the latter part of the last century. The boys are playing in the old court-yard, as merrily as they have done to-day. Our fathers and grandfathers trundling their hoops and whipping their tops in all glee. But our scholar is not amongst these. If you look under yonder pillars you may perchance espy him. He is walking alone. A slight figure, surmounted by a large upright head, an olive-tinted complexion, a greyish eye, and a kind genial expression: this is he. He is what the lads call a dew-beater—that is, he turns out his toes too much and walks with a broad foot. He marches slowly, and is evidently half thinking and half observing the other boys. Presently he comes up to a knot of marble-players. They stop their sport as he approaches, and salute him variously. "Now then, look sharp across the game, will you!" shouts an oldish boy, who is one of the sea-scholars. "You take your time, Charles Lamb—he shan't bully you," cries another. "I say, Charles, what's for dinner to-day?" inquires a third; while a hungry-looking little fellow says, very earnestly, "If it's veal you promised me some, you know." Whereupon he is rebuked, by another of the knot, with "What a little greedy you are: you know Charles Lamb never has more than enough for himself." Meanwhile our scholar is passing hastily on, smiling and stuttering out, as quickly as he can, "That he will remember about the veal." Then he bends his steps towards the porter's lodge, and there receives the envied dinner. As the eyes of the boys are turned towards him, he blushes and looks ashamed; then presently he peeps between the plates, and sniffs, rejoicing at the fragrance of the escaping steam. Happy little hungry marble-player! It is a bread-and-cheese day, and thou shalt have half of that savoury mess, for it is veal—wished-for dish! Very pleasant is it to see the division of the spoil: the keen interested look of the little one, and the queer kind expression in the other's eye, as he stammers out an injunction to eat it while it's hot—a recommendation speedily followed. Thou enjoyest half thy scanty meal much more than thou wouldst have done the whole unshared, oh, Charles! Nay, thou even beggest pardon, when the young Epicurean, after the first three mouthfuls, ruthlessly demands gravy!

And who is this who touches thee on the shoulder, and, as thou turnest thy head, smiles upon thee with a mouth and from eyes which are full of sweetness. Hasten that dinner, Charles, and then shalt thou saunter alone with him until school-time, listening rapturously as he talks on and on of things that are and will be. Enthralling is the eloquence of this school-boy; and as thou hearest him, Charles, visions of his future greatness steal over thee, and then thou wilt feel an honest pleasure at the thought of being the friend of such an one. And the boys in the school nod their heads, and say that Coleridge, the Grecian, is very thick with young Charles Lamb.

A Saturday afternoon. Away as fast as thou canst, young stammerer. Away from all noise and turmoil, even that of school, and home to the quiet Temple. Is it not grateful to thy senses, the transition from the roaring street to those silent courts? How pleasant to hear the beat of thine own foot, hollow, melodious! Delicious too to catch a glimpse of those gardens, so green and refreshing; while the cool Thames, bearing upon its breast barges and sailing-vessels, boats and timber-rafts, glitters in the background! But what are these but mere accessories to thy pleasure, when home is the goal? Those pleasant old chambers! up ever so many pair of stairs, but looking out, nevertheless, on the beautiful gardens and the Bencher's walk. There wilt thou sit and watch those steady old pacers by and by, when twilight comes on, but not now. For now, after home greetings are over, thou whisperest to thy sister; and presently you twain will go together, and while she will sit at her needle, thou in thy stuttering fashion wilt read out choice passages of old authors —fellows half forgotten by the world, but none the less juicy and nutritious for that. Very happy will they be together: the boy wrapped in the words of his author, the girl pausing ever and anon in her work to smile at Charles! Assuredly, there is much love between that brother and sister.

But years pass away: and Charles Lamb is no longer now the blue-coat boy, but a young man of letters—one who has published poems and been damned by the reviewers. Still, however, let us dwell upon his life—one so full of sadness and mirth, so mingling comedy with tragedy.

It is no common grief which this man bears upon him. It is not one which can at any time become a thing forgotten, which can ever even pass into a melancholy recollection. Our greatest griefs generally become this. Time heals over the seam and leaves but the scar. We look back, indeed, and feel sad; but, with the sadness, comes a sense of relief. It is over and done with. But this grief of Lamb's is life-long. It is a wound ever breaking-out afresh. Each day may bring a renewal. And the fate

which thus drags him down is, alas! incarnate in her whom he best loves—in her whose goodness, and love, and care, all who know her celebrate—in Mary his sister.

There is a glimpse of a time long ago, when his sister was not alone in Charles's affections. Alice W. flits across the scene. We see her indistinctly: a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl. There was happiness for Charles then, a quiet grave kind of happiness; not so much of mirth perhaps as afterwards, but more of sober joy. He dreamed day-dreams then, doubtless. He confronted the future boldly, and hoped much. Had these dreams of his come to pass—had there been marriage and domestic happiness in store for him, should we ever have heard of Charles Lamb? Would the "Essays of Elia" have come down to us? Or would some editor of Coleridge have informed us, in a foot-note, that S. T. C. published some poems once in conjunction with two young men, a Mr. Charles Lamb and a Mr. C. Lloyd! Who knows but this might have been all our knowledge of Lamb, had his life progressed over pleasant places? Who can tell? Happiness is sometimes an incentive to genius, but we know not how often it lulls it to sleep. Would the world have been blessed with "Don Quixote," had Cervantes reaped glory and wealth by his valour instead of a prison? Where would the "Vicar of Wakefield" have been, had "poor Goldy" been a prosperous beau? or would stern old Johnson have written "Rasselas" but for his need? But why, indeed, carry on the list? Has it not been thus again and again? We are told that some birds sing sweeter when deprived of their eyes; and so, when our human songsters are in sore distress, they too clear their throats and sing the softer. Both, indeed, following their instinct, and, as their nature prompts, carolling forth their music to the delight of all who hear. Their misfortunes are our gain. And thus we come to that musty old maxim, that the good of the many is secured at the expense of the few.

And so Alice W. passed from the vision of Charles Lamb, hidden by a sad, sad, tragedy. We will not recall that matricide, by details. It is too horrid to dwell upon—the mother lying dead by the hand of the loving daughter. But who can tell the influence exercised on Lamb by it? It was, it must have been, life-long. Beside the impression produced by the event itself—immense, doubtless—it left also a duty to be performed. The unconscious criminal was to be protected; and this the younger brother undertook. To his sister, then, he sacrificed all his dreams of the fair Alice. To her he devoted himself all his life. They two were all in all to each other. Oh! ye young lovers, who vow eternity of affection and talk heedlessly of years, think upon the love of this brother! Say, could ye endure the trials which he endured for his sister? Behold him! so tender and kind, so touchingly careful lest aught should remind her of

that deed. Or hear him shower upon her loving abuse, while she laughs gently at his harmless anger. If they have written a book together, hear how emphatically he strives to impress on all that the best parts are those written by Mary. And not unrewarded is he. To the best of her ability, well does she repay his love. We fancy we can see her weep, when sad experience warns her that her baneful malady approaches; not so much for her own misfortune as because Charles will be left alone, Charles will be unhappy. We hear her mild reproofs, when Charles has been erring; which he, listening to with wry face, will presently turn into smiles. Very tender are they one to the other.

Nor indeed was their love for themselves only. They had enough too for their friends. We venture to say that no one had more, no one sincerer friends, than the Lambs. All who knew them loved them; all whom they knew they loved. Lamb, indeed, clung closely to his old acquaintance—he liked to be surrounded by those whom he had known for years, his own familiars; but his heart was too catholic to be exclusive. He disliked strangers, before he had seen or spoken to them; but when once the threshold was overstepped, all dislike vanished: the feeling ever after became impossible to him. He seemed intuitively to seize upon the best traits of a man's character; and it was by those he delighted to judge him. Perfectly unselfish himself, and as simple and straightforward as a child, he could scarcely understand meaner natures; and was thus liable to be imposed upon—as he was by Wainwright—by an assumed frankness. Throughout life he was never happier than when seeing his friends happy around him. He delighted in assembling them in his own rooms, and his sister delighted in whatever gave him pleasure.

And what assemblages were those in the dear familiar Temple! First, and most welcome of all, came the old schoolfellow—the friend from his youth up—Coleridge. Many were the reminiscences of the twain of pleasant evenings spent together long ago—of that "nice smoky little room at the 'Salutation,'" where, in his prime, S. T. C. breathed forth high aspirations, never, alas, to be fulfilled. For this friend Lamb ever retained a species of veneration. Sometimes, indeed, he used to jest at his vast schemes, which no one, better than he, knew would share the fate of many a predecessor; but yet, for Coleridge he entertained a deeper feeling of affection than for his more recently acquired intimates. There too came Wordsworth and Southey, there too the fierce Hazlitt and the severe Godwin. There too Talfourd, whose loss we now deplore, gained sweet applause for his maiden efforts. There too how many came whose names are written in our literature. All were welcome; all were made happy. With his kindly smile and genial humour, there was none there so happy as Charles himself. Then was he triumphant—puns and witticisms,

good, bad, or indifferent, quick as they sprang into his brain, did he pour forth. All was bright to him then—the hum of familiar voices, the sight of well-known faces, the laugh, the jest, the kindly glass—and Charles Lamb was happy.

Some stern moralist exclaims, perhaps, "happy! do you call this happiness?" and elevates his immaculate nose. But, all spotless censor, think awhile! It is not everyone who possesses that sereneness of soul and strength of mind which thou dost. Thou art inflexible in thy morals we know. Thou derivest thy happiness from thy counting-house, thy bank, from where not; but, oh, strong man, is there no weak spot in that broad chest, not one little speck beneath that velvet waistcoat? Look up and say no, if thou canst! Remember that cutting parable of the mote and the beam, and be charitable to thy neighbour. What if Charles Lamb did delight in social pleasures, was but too pleased to forget awhile the anxieties which surrounded him! To you, perhaps, the morrow may bring profit or pleasure; but to him the morrow was the rather to be dreaded. No man knows what the next day may bring forth, but we all rather look forward to than fear it; for the evils, which may arise, are unknown to us, nor indeed do we pre-suppose any. But with Lamb the case was different. There was always a dark spot hovering over him, and which he knew would descend some time or other. It might not come to-day nor to-morrow, but come it most certainly would. Thus the present was the only time he could call his own. His future was always limited, always beclouded. What wonder then that the present should have been so dear to him? What wonder that he should have sought extraneous enjoyment, when all contemplation must have been bitter? In his gayest moods there was ever a moment of deep feeling. In his most sparkling writings there was an under-current of solemn thought. To say that he was a trifler because he entered gaily into social pleasures, would show an utter ignorance of his character. He was superficial, to the superficial only.

No! Charles Lamb was one on whom we ought to look with admiration rather: for such men as he come not often. Men of greater intellect, of more varied talent, of more painstaking industry—these we frequently see; but men of greater charity, of kindlier spirit, with a larger heart, come but seldom. Let us then cherish the memory of this stammering hero. Paying him all honour as a writer, but even more as a man.

But we have lingered long enough in front of Christ's Hospital. A small crowd, of aboriginal youth, are admiring our contemplative aspect. It is certainly time to move on. *Vale!*

GASTRONOMY AND MORALS.

A Shilling Cookery for the People. By Alexis Soyer. London: *Routledge & Co.*

We are a very great nation. In how few things are we surpassed by any of our neighbours. Take our literature, and run your eye over the great names it boasts, from Chaucer to Byron, and say where will you match them? See what we have done for science. Bacon, Locke, and Newton, are confessedly the greatest lights that science has produced in the world. Think of the glories of our Constitution—the perfection of our railroads—the efficiency of our navy—the wealth of our citizens—the extent of our empire—the richness of our soil—the beauty and economy of our fabrics in cotton and wool—the inexhaustible mines of metals and minerals we possess—the finish of our manufactures of earthenware and cutlery—nay even the beauty and strength of our men and women, our cattle, our sheep, our dogs, and our horses!

In what are we surpassed? in what are we deficient? In Cookery. We are *not* clever in cookery; and the sooner we are thoroughly convinced of that fact, humbly acknowledge it, and seek to remedy the defect, the better for our digestions and our happiness. Don't let us turn up our noses and sneer at the subject, as one beneath our notice. None but the stupid or the obstinate think cookery a contemptible matter. Digestion depends on it; and thought, feeling, sentiment, imagination, are all subservient to the digestion. Who would not have guessed—even had history omitted to record the fact—that cruel, crafty, bloodthirsty Robespierre was a martyr to indigestion, overflowing with bile, which he in vain endeavoured to repress by eternally sucking Seville oranges? Who would doubt that Talleyrand, the cool, calm, imperturbable, smiling courtier, appreciated and enjoyed the advantages of a perfect *cuisine*? Nero and Caligula were gross gluttons, and brutal tyrants: Alexander was something of a drunkard (and drunkards always have bad digestions); Cæsar was moderate, but liked good cheer—and the characters of the two men differed proportionably. But why multiply the instances, or seek for them only among the celebrities of history? Every man's experience will supply him with examples among his own friends, of those who are crabbed, cross-grained, fidgetty, ill-tempered people; and such he will invariably find to be men

who either have bad cooks, bad digestion, or bad habits as to diet. On the other hand, those who find "good digestion wait on appetite" are invariably pleasant, cheerful people. Half the crime in the world is indigestion; half the ill-temper is bile; half the virtue and goodness, a healthy state of the digestive organs.

Alexis Soyer is a Frenchman; but one who has made England his home for many years. Taking pity on our culinary ignorance, he crossed the channel to enlighten us in the mysteries of his art. Have we not profited by it? A little, perchance, but not much; though the fault rests with the pupils and not the master. Mr. Soyer's *Gastronomic Regenerator* was a work for Epicures; his *Modern Housewife*, he tells us, was for the Easy Middle Classes; the present *Shilling Cookery* is for the Million.

And a capital little book it is. We can actually sit down and read it with pleasure, as we would a newspaper, or a No. of a new periodical; for there are anecdote and history, besides morals and recipes in its pages. Nothing is too high or too low for the author's grasp—from quizzing an Emperor to boiling an Egg. He seasons his directions, as he would his sauces, with stories and epigrams; and philosophizes over an omelette, or jokes over a mushroom. Hear him on the subject of eggs:—

"Orpheus, Pythagoras, and their sectators—good and humane people as ever lived—unceasingly recommended, in their discourses, to abstain from eggs, in order not to destroy a germ which nature had intended for the production of a chicken. Many allowed themselves to be persuaded, and would have believed it an unpardonable crime if they had eaten a tiny *omelette*, or boiled eggs. Many of the most learned philosophers held eggs in a kind of respect approaching to veneration, because they saw in them the emblem of the world and the four elements. The shell, they said, represented the earth; the white, water; the yoke, fire; and air was found under the shell.

"The shepherds of Egypt had a singular manner of cooking eggs, without the aid of fire: they placed them in a sling, which they turned so rapidly that the friction of the air heated them to the exact point required for use."

Mr. Soyer does not recommend this last receipt for cooking eggs, nor are we disposed to place much faith in it: nevertheless, we should like to see the experiment *à la whirligig* repeated. When the traveller, in the fable, was angry with the company for doubting his description of an immense leap he had taken at Rhodes, one of them quietly suggested that he might easily convince them by making a similar leap before their eyes.

Our author professes to have truly philanthropic views in the publication of this work, which is dedicated by express permission to the Earl of Shaftesbury—possibly with a view to his system being taught in the

"ragged-schools." At all events we are convinced that we shall be a better, happier, more amiable, and more moral nation when we have improved our *cuisine*. Authors, above all, will benefit by it; for while their own imaginations are cleared and brightened, the tempers of critics will be wonderfully improved when removed from the baleful influence of "digesting with many a throe the tough sinews of a British beef-steak," as Pelham pityingly expresses it.

But, while we admit the superiority of the French *cuisine*, we have not wholly given up our own. Man has been facetiously defined "a cooking animal;" and in France you become convinced that the definition, if not true of all men, is true of Frenchmen, who no sooner become acquainted with an Englishman's limited scale of dietary than they regard him with the most profound pity. Scarce a day passed with us, on our first visit to Paris, that we did not require some explanation from the waiter at the *table d'hôte*, or *restaurant*, of some dish or other that was complacently set before us. The unmistakable look of commiseration, which accompanied his eloquent description and praise of the delicacy in question, would have been a study for Cruikshank. On returning home, however, we were rather inclined to look affectionately on the honest sirloins, with their clear brown gravy and mellow under-cuts, and the juicy haunches of well-fed mutton, which, long forgotten, again presented themselves before us. They seemed to say "Here we are! cut away, and fear nothing!—there's no deception in us: and if you don't find yourself stronger and better for your English feeding, we'll consent to be fricasseed and carbonadoed into fragments no bigger than horse-beans, and to be served up to table in a thick puddle of sauces as black as your hat!"

However, Alexis Soyer here teaches us—what we English are always boasting about, but seldom get—"*Good* plain Cookery."

THE LIFE OF A PIRATE:

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

Somewhere about the years 1730—1.

CHAPTER IV.

UNBRIDLED PASSION.

I was now in my seventeenth year, having just turned my sixteenth birth-day, which was the 22nd of April. My appearance, as I had used to see myself in a bit of broken glass in the stable, was wild and savage in the extreme: like Orson's, in the story-book. My thick black hair fell shaggily over my eyes; until I would cut it off, with the garden-shears, when it hindered me from reading. I was wonderfully strong for my years, quite capable of contending with any ordinary man; short of stature, square of face, with a broad rather than high forehead, lips firmly pressed together, large dark and flat eyes.* I don't think, as I look at myself this moment, that there is any great change in my appearance, save in so far as I am altered by my mustachios and curled beard, and sun-swarthened complexion. My mother had been very particular, almost fastidious indeed, as regarded my dress; but the clothes which I had at her death had been long since worn out, and my uncle—or it would not have been him—had refused to let me have others of a like fashion and materials. Any old garment of his own, that had been left off, and could by possibility be altered to my size, by old Hannah or botching Jno. Darker in the village, or sufficiently near to it to hang upon my body, served me for apparel; and I wore, in lieu of hat, a greasy, crumpled, felt cap—little, if at all, better than such as are stuck upon mawkins in a garden, to keep the blackbirds from the cherry-trees.

I had become, as was not to be wondered at from the life which I had lead—or rather which had been led me—of a fierce, gloomy, and

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* I must, I should think, in person, a good deal resemble Fracastorius, according to that description of him given in the Life with which Mr. Tate has prefaced his version of his Poem; though my nose does not exactly, like his, "cock up with constant contemplation of the stars."—*J. W.*

revengeful disposition. I hated everyone around me: first—and a thousand times worse—my uncle; and after him, old Robin and his withered whining wife. Friends I had none in the world; and had lost, in truth, the very wish to have one. The only human being towards whom I had entertained the slightest kindly feeling was the poor dumb doy, between whom and myself there had sprung up a sort of tacit eye-expressed understanding, such as sometimes exists between a horse and its rider; and he had long since left the village. Since then I looked upon myself as living in a state of separateness from, and hostile relation to, all mankind; and as having no sort of obligation whatever, in any dealings I might come to have with them, to consult any other object than my own will and gratification. The character which pleased me most, in history, was King Richard III., that strode to a throne over all obstacles: a giant marching across the earth, making men fear while they hated him—"oderint dum metuant"—like caged beasts at a keeper's eye. I wished heartily that he had conquered at Bosworth instead of his miserable money-grubbing competitor; and I felt that if I had lived in those days—as would to God I had!—I could have willingly died fighting by his side; or braved the scaffold, to avenge him, as my gallant ancestor had actually done, the brave and faithful Sir Humphrey Stafford. It always gave me a vindictive pleasure to think that the Stanley who betrayed him had afterwards lost his head upon the block, by order of the ungrateful tyrant whose life he had first preserved* and then helped him to a throne: a bad breed and a treacherous, from Bosworth down to Deventer.

Next to the last crowned Plantagenet, my father's old commander, Dundee, elicited as much as anyone my respect and admiration. I held him then, and I still do so, for the most Roman of all the moderns, and the likest to a hero of Plutarch; and as he was unquestionably an abler general so also a steadier, greater, and less cock-brained man than Montrose. I distinguished between cruelty—which no man more despises and abhors than I do, and of which Dundee, in my judgment, has been very unfairly accused—and that simple indifference to the lives of others, which may well be pardoned in a brave man ever ready to hazard his own; for we

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* This is the account of Polydore Virgil, a contemporary writer:—"Fuit cèrte hoc beneficium post hominum memoriam maximum per quod Henricus a periculo mortis liberatus conservatusque regnum sibi quæsivit."—Lib. vi., p. 1504. And is, doubtless, what is referred to by the author.

Deventer, a town in Holland, was betrayed to the Spaniards by Sir William Stanley, the English Governor, under Leicester: a perverted sense of religion, it is to be hoped, rather than any meaner motive, overpowering his loyalty to his Sovereign.—*Note by the Editor.*

are nowhere, that I know of, bade to love our neighbours any better, but only as well as ourselves.

Cromwell I did not think very highly of—so highly at least, by any means, as Milton and Cowley thought of him—a man that was surely not less fortunate in his panegyrists than in everything else. His refusing of the crown, when offered him, after the example of Cæsar, shewed a great deal more of caution than courage; nor was it worth while to kill a king and fear to grasp the ready sceptre. I looked upon him as a hateful mixture of religion and roguery: like prayers in adulterous beds. Nor has this generation, I take it, been of a very different way of thinking with regard to the famous Protector—which worse hates his hypocrisy than his violence, and has far more grudged him one head taken with a pretext of law, at Whitehall, than five hundred put to the sword at Tredah.

As I was now getting big and strong, I should most likely, under any circumstances, have come ere very long to a rupture with my uncle! And it turned out an unlucky thing for him, as well as myself, that I did not openly set him at defiance, and go over to Wellingboro' or Northampton, where I might haply have lit upon some one that had known my father, and whom I could have induced to take up my cause and come to some terms about me with my guardian. But it was not to be. The power which brings about such events as lie beyond our own disposing—if, indeed, in the course of things human, there be really any other influence at work than our own free-wills and the free-wills and actions of other people operating upon us and themselves—had other views in store for me.*

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* The following curious note, too wild and paradoxical to do much mischief, is taken out, like a previous one, from the context:—

"For, surely, a minute superintending Providence, and redressing arm of the Divinity—that is almost inextricably linked therewith—supposes but a poor piece of workmanship, in danger of tumbling to pieces but for its maker ever at hand: less artificially wrought than a common clock, that for eight days can dispense with assistance, being once wound up and set agoing;* and must render in some sort invidious and impious that notion of a perpetual motion. We that spring from Adam are but God's younger and less-favoured children, and it was only his eldest-born that was thought worthy to be held up at every step he took, lest he should dash his feet against a stone—

'Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus'—

were, to my thinking, quite as wholesome an article of faith as 't is a reasonable rule of poetry; and we are expressly told in scripture that God rested on the seventh day.

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* If the author had lived seventy years later, Vaucanson's brazen duck, which digested as well as any human being—and a good deal better than many of us—might have served him, for an illustration, quite as well as his eight-day clock. The Duchess d'Abrantes alludes to it, in her very amusing, if not very authentic, book on the Salons of Paris.—Note by the Editor.

Old Hannah's death, which occurred about this time, was the indirect cause of my quitting M——; upon which event, as a pivot, turned all my future fortunes. She had been ailing for some time past; but she was always so given to complaining, whether there was anything the matter with her or not, that neither old Robin nor I took much notice of what she said, though she would tell us, ten times a day, there was something wrong in her inside, and she was sure she should not live long. She proved a true prophet; for she took to her bed one Thursday night and died on Sunday morning. The doctor was sent to, and gave her husband some stuff for her; but she could not keep it on her stomach. The wretch never came near her himself, though he spent the whole of the Saturday afternoon with my uncle; and they both swore, and were very angry with the poor old creature, because she could not come down and boil some water to make punch for them. I went up to her room two or three times myself, to see if I could be of any use to her; but she was quite off her head, and kept mumbling something to herself about "master being angry with her, for somebody had stolen the duck-eggs."

A day or two after her death my uncle rode over to Ecton and engaged a daughter of William Brown's, that had married a child of old Robin's by a former wife, to come and keep house for us.

I saw the girl, for the first time, on the Friday evening following. She was sitting at supper, with her grandfather, when I came in from wandering, as usual, about the lanes and fields. She looked at me with astonishment and almost alarm, so strange and uncouth was my appear-

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"I remember to have read in Pomponatius, that renowned Professor in Padua, that 'God and Nature will never be wanting when there is a necessity for them'—'Deus et Natura in necessariis non deficientes'—but of that necessity and special occasion He only is judge. The ship that carried Jonah was overtaken by a mighty wind and tempest—the terrible winged poursuivants of Heaven not to be run away from; but ordinary storms discriminate not betwixt the righteous and the reprobate, nor do vessels sink or swim, now-a-days, according to the morals of their crews. It were as superstitious to believe the contrary as it was cynical and perverse in Petronius to shipwreck the only honest man that is to be found in all his book, and bring his scoundrels safe to shore. The world will not easily be persuaded, even in matters of fiction, to come over to that opinion of Mr. Dennis 'that it is the duty of a dramatic poet to reward virtue and punish vice' (however agreeable it may be to see it done); for the violating of which rule he falls foul of Mr. Addison, and might, with greater reason, have fallen foul of Shakespeare, as Mr. Cibber has done practically, for the tragical ending of King Lear. Divine justice, in this world, were an argument against a world to come, and our lives complete of themselves; whereas death doth but close, not balance, a man's account. What the epigrammatist indignantly demanded—

'Marmoreo Licinus tumulo jacet; at Cato parvo;
Pompeius nullo; credimus esse Deos?'—

ance. She told me afterwards, when we became better acquainted, that she had heard old Robin say his master had a nephew living with him, but had as yet asked no questions about me.

She was a fattish fair-complexioned girl, about my own age, or perhaps a year or two older; with a large face; low brow; great masses of yellow Sicambrian hair, very little troubled by a comb, hanging about her neck and cheeks; and a pair of prominent round grey eyes, that shone out from their sockets like candles in a turnip. Her figure was short and pillar-like, being much of the same thickness throughout; and she was dressed, when she had done her work for the day, in a pink frock and a Joseph, only a little less dirty than the clothes which she had taken off.

The next and succeeding days, when I happened to be in the kitchen, which was not very often except in the evenings, or when the weather was intolerably bad, she would endeavour to enter into conversation with me; but I took little heed of her. I had, in fact, for nearly three years past made so little use of my tongue to anybody that silence had grown into a habit with me—like William of Orange, the taciturn—and talking was a trouble. But it was evident to me that she wanted not, in her gross way, a sort of good-will towards me; for if she chanced, when I came in, to be eating anything—an apple or a crust of bread—she would suspend her munching, and offer me a piece of it. She would save

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was a reasonable question in the mouth of one who had no certain knowledge of a future state, but believed the grave to be sin's sanctuary and our crimes to have a common period with ourselves. We live under a different rule, and can afford to dispense with present judgments and a preternatural interposition of Providence, which, if they really existed, might render it difficult to reject the heresy of an opposing evil agency; and that had a chance to be true which Fawkes said of the powder-plot—'that God would fain have hidden it; only the devil, out of his love of mischief, must needs step in and discover it.'

"Montaigne has a pat story to the subject—as to what subject, in truth, has he not?—'When Diagoras,' says he, 'surnamed the Atheist, was in the temple of Samothrace, one of the priests, triumphantly pointing to the innumerable votive tablets with which the walls were hung round, put this question to him: 'thinkest thou, O, Diagoras, that the gods have no care for mortals, nor meddle with the course of events, when thou seest how many persons have been miraculously preserved from shipwreck?' 'Il se fait ainsi,' replies the other; 'mais ceulx ne sont pas peincts là qui sont demeurez noyez en bien grand nombre.' What temple would have held the pictures of all those that the gods had let go to the bottom? Some find a stumbling-block in this: where then is the utility of prayer? Truly he hath a high opinion of his own righteousness that does not hold forgiveness of sins, as 't is surely the safest object of our prayers so also to be a sufficient scope for them, were we never to get up from our knees. In ills remediable by art we ourselves are our proper Providence, nor need any Hercules but our own shoulders; in such as lie beyond the reach of it, we could only be helped or healed by

me candle-ends to read by when I went up to bed, which was doing me a real service. My food too, thanks to her, was of a better sort and more abundant than it had been in old Hannah's time; and was kept hot, on the hob or trivet, when I returned too late to take my meals with her and her grandfather. As she grew more familiar with me, though the talking was still nearly all on her side, she would begin to abuse my uncle, for his shameful treatment and neglect of me; and say I was his nephew and the son of a great officer, and I should have been sent to a proper school and lived when at home, with him, in the parlour. This was touching a quick place: and sullen and obdurate as I had grown, with a temper hard and black as a flint-stone, and with plenty of fire too, for the matter of that, when struck, in the heart of me, my eyes would shine and glow with hatred; I would grind my teeth one on another, as though I were whetting a knife, and swear to be avenged on him, some day, for all that he had made me suffer. Like Tiberius—his enmities—my wrath was lying all the while, ripening and strengthening in my bosom, to be drawn out, when the time came, with an interest that was worth the waiting for.

One evening, early in the autumn, I came back from a long walk. I had been spending the day in Sywell wood, gathering nuts and lying in the sunshine, cracking them, watching the woolly clouds as they

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a miracle, which it is much more the part of presumption than piety to entreat; while as against death, the surest of any, it were just as reasonable a thing to ask for Phaëton's chariot as Elijah's, and to pray for immortality at once as the three lustres of King Hezekiah. When we are come to the pass of saying, with the lover in Mantuan,

'Ite procul, Medici! non sum sanabilis arte'

our stint of time were far better spent in supplicating pardon for our past life than for the tacking-on of a new piece to it.

"In fine, as it is the ancientest so is a wing the aptest emblem of Providence—that eternally overspreads and shadows the world, but never actually touches it."

The saying attributed to Fawkes, in the above note, I met with, by chance, in a curious book entitled "The Tragical History of the Stuarts," written by D. Jones, Gent., 1717 (part ii., p. 274); but which, rare as it is, I suspect not to have escaped the knowledge of Sir Walter Scott. My reason for thinking so is this:—the common version of poor Amy Robsart's death, at Cumnor, is that she was thrown down stairs and had her neck broke; but, as there would have been a sad want of dignity in such an end, Scott, as we all know, has made her perish by falling through a sort of trap, from which the props had, previously, been withdrawn. Now this way of effecting a murder, certainly a very uncommon one, is related minutely in Jones's book as having been had recourse to by the Duke of Buckingham, to get rid of one Butler, a chymist, in the Strand, who was possessed of some very dangerous secrets. The quotation from Pomponatius is to be found in his book "de naturalium effectuum admirandorum causis."—Page 169.—*Editor.*

drifted, boat-like, through the hollow sky. The heat of the weather, the pithy half-ripe fruit, of which I had swallowed a great quantity, and a brisk walk home again, had combined to make me exceedingly thirsty; and as it happened, there was standing, on the kitchen-table, my uncle's large silver mug, nearly full to the brim of strong March beer. He had been interrupted, while drinking it, by his friend and crony, Barber the horse-jockey, coming in and telling him there was to be a sale at Earl's Barton, where a poor fellow's goods, one Gaudern, had been seized by a scoundrelly bailiff; and some colts were to be had dirt cheap. I took a pull at it, and the girl Sally coming in, at the moment, I handed over the tankard to her, who finished what was left in it at a draught. Whether it was the beer that got into her head, or the sultriness of the weather, or that she needed naturally but little exciting, God knows or his antipode, but no sooner had she done drinking than she flirted in my face the few drops left at the bottom, and burst out a laughing. The next moment her great grey eyes met mine, in a full encounter, sending the blood with a rush through my veins, till my face grew the colour of a peony. What followed I need not dwell upon. It was something as old as Eden: and not at all to be wondered at—for we were both of us young and healthy; giddy with the drink; passionate with the warm weather; and so circumstanced in life as to care nothing, one or the other of us, for the world's opinion about us, but thought only of pleasing ourselves:

"Je n'en dirai plus;
Qui veuille dise le surplus!"

says old Geoffry, the Monk, of Paris.

CHAPTER V.

REVENGE.

'T was now the month of November, 1727. The day had been a true November one: sloppy, raw, cold, and comfortless. A small muggy rain had come drizzling down all the forenoon; but between twelve and one o'clock it had held up for a short time, and there were a few faint watery gleams of sunshine with small patches of a blue sky, quickly hidden again by the hurrying clouds, and then the rain had recommenced, and continued to fall unintermittingly. The drenched and sodden earth, looking as though it had been covered with a month's flood—the bony leafless trees, stretching out their skeleton arms in the air, like so many dead Briareuses—the steaming oxen, sheltering themselves where they could find a covert, under any cart-shed or hovel, in the fields or farm-yard, and

rubbing their heads, in brute amity, upon each others' backs—were objects calculated to fill the mind with melancholy saddening sensations. It must have been a blithe and buoyant spirit that could have held up against their influence, and been gay and cheerful in spite of nature. I was of no such temperament.

I had passed the morning strolling about at the back of the now deserted Grange, thinking how happy I had once been there, and taking, as it turned out, a last look of my birth-place. How plainly, through the avenue of years, does it rise up before me! The house was divided from the lane, in front of it, by a small square palisadoed garden, of about its own size, filled with trees and evergreens, that blocked up the lower windows, which were only those of the kitchen, on one side of the entrance, and a sort of store-room, on the other. Between these the door opened into a passage, which led to a large and cheerful hall, diamonded with black and white stones; and out of that was an opposite door, a half-glass one, at the head of a flight of steps descending upon the lawn. On the left-hand of the hall was a small chamber that had served my father for a study, and a place to keep his arms and fishing-tackle in. On the right was the common sitting-room of the family, with its light and large bay window raised a step or two from the floor. At the end of the level part of the lawn—which had been kept up, while we lived there, with the utmost nicety and care: not a single weed, or piece of moss, or butter-cup, being permitted to shew itself amidst the short and bright green sward—a line of low posts and chains fenced it off from the lower side, which sloped down to an old pond, half-choked with flags and bulrushes, and a favourite haunt of frogs and water hens. The stables bounded the lawn, in one direction; and on the other, running up the lane at the top and down to the pond at the bottom, was a large garden, with a high brick wall to it; at the foot of which, where the aspect suited, sloped away deep and sunny strawberry-beds, filled with broad-leaved scarlet hautboys. I could walk blindfolded through that garden, supposing it to be now as it was then, without treading on a single bed or border, so perfectly do I remember it.

I returned home—if home I should call it, which is a profanation of such a name—weary, wet, and wretched; but my dinner, thanks to Sally, happened to be an unusually good one, and that and the glowing kitchen fire restored me ere it was long to my ordinary spirits and the Dead-Sea level of my soul. My uncle and Robin were neither about the premises. Only the girl and I were in the house.

Half-an-hour had passed away, and we were standing warming our backs against the great copper: my right arm thrown round her neck, and her hand held in mine. We were talking, as usual, about my uncle; and she was urging me to delay no longer, but insist, the very next day, on

having an explanation with him, when the door was violently flung open and he entered the kitchen. I can see him at this moment: passionately brandishing his eternal horsewhip, his eyes glittering, and his face on fire with anger and malicious excitement.

The girl, bold only in his absence, shrieked out at the sight of him, and darted from the kitchen. "So, so," cried he, "you young scoundrel, that is the way you go on with my servant-girl, is it?" and before I could utter a word, or even draw back, he struck me a fearful blow with the handle of his whip, having first twisted the thong round his arm so as to throw his whole strength into the stroke. There wanted but this to set fire to the long-laid train. The hoarded hatred of years blazed into furious explosion, and with a howl of rage and ferocity I flung myself upon him: leaping clear from the ground, straining my arms round his neck, clinging to him jaws and claws, like a tiger from a jungle. It saved him, for the moment, that his throat was covered with a thick wrapper, or overlay, or I should have fixed my teeth in it and torn it through to the windpipe.

He let drop the whip, and, placing his hands one on each of my shoulders, strove to unloose my hold and force me back from him. He succeeded, at length, in this—for he was a very powerful man, and now half wild with fear and anger—and dashed me off breathless and staggering against the copper; but for which I should have fallen to the ground.

I glared round in search of a weapon; and one was not wanting. On the table lay an oyster-knife: short, strong, and sharply pointed. In an instant I had clutched it, and the next I drove it into his broad breast with such violence, as he rushed at me, that the base of the blade cut into my own hand. He uttered a loud shriek, tossed his arms wildly up, like those of a jerked puppet, and then fell heavily on his back—the knife sticking in him—with a clash that made the fire-irons clatter on the hearth-stone. But my vengeance was not half sated. I threw myself upon his chest, snatched forth the dripping blade, and dealt him a dozen more stabs with it, the least of which would have let life out. Then I rose up, hurled the bloody weapon to the far end of the kitchen, and, folding my arms across my bosom, looked steadfastly down on my vanquished enemy. His eyes were filming over, like those of a dying partridge; his mouth gurgled and bubbled with blood; there was a hoarse half-choked rattle in his throat, as if he were struggling to gasp a curse out; and with a faint quivering motion of his fingers, which he had just strength to crook upwards, he expired.

From that moment until I left the house my movements were guided by a continuous impulse, perfectly calm and collected, yet taking no

consultation with my reason. I walked to the sink-stone, washed, and deliberately dried my hands on the roll-towel that hung over-head, and pumped the bloody water down the drain-hole. I turned back to the dead body, and kneeling down beside it drew out a bunch of keys from his breeches-pocket. With one of these I unlocked the bureau, in the parlour, where my uncle kept his money and papers, and laid my hands on two small canvas bags, filled with guineas and half-guinea pieces, and on some loose silver and copper pieces that were lying in a drawer. Then I took down the house-key, let myself out by the back-door—giving the lock a double turn behind me, groped my way as well as I could through the garden (for by this time it was quite dark), and clambering over the gate, into the high road, strode rapidly down the village.

The rain had ceased to fall, but a low moaning melancholy wind seemed to betoken that it would not be very long ere it began again. The night, as I have said before, was pitch dark, with that solid palpable wall of blackness that looks as if you could divide it like water, with the hand, and conveys to the mind, I scarce know how, Milton's notion of a raven's down, and the feeling of a velvet blackness. So long as I continued in the village, a few candles dimly gleaming through the panes of the cottage windows just enabled me to discover my way; but the moment I had passed the last house I was once more in profound darkness. I kept straight on for some time—now stumbling over a great stone, now plunging knee-deep into a rut, full to the brim with water—holding my hands straight out before me, to prevent my coming in contact with anything. After a while the moon rose, wan and humid; and a few stars, scattered about the heavens, sparkled from out the sailing clouds. I now instinctively mended my pace, which had hitherto necessarily been very slow, and found myself, as the clock of St. Sepulchre's church was striking eleven, at the entrance of the town of Northampton.

(To be continued.)

NOT A BIRTH-DAY ODE.

BY A—— T——, ESQ.

[The following lines, which appear to have been written shortly after the accession to power of the present Administration, have only recently reached our hands. We print them, that our readers may have an opportunity of testing their authenticity. —*Editor.*]

O ye! (for thus all invocations run,
Whether to modest moon or flaunting sun)
Bards of the birth-day ode and laurelled brow,
Famous in former times as I am now!—
Great Shadwell, Cibber, Tate, and thou, more nigh,
Whom wicked wags called "Pudding-headed Pye!"
You who old thoughts, in swaddling garments clad,
To look like new—a task, for wits, too bad;—
Blessed shades! whom oft in mazy dreams I see,
Look fondly down on undegenerate me!
Ode, sonnet, ballad, nursery namby-pam,
Rejuvenescent "in memoriam,"
To deftly pen my halting muse inspire,
From fens and bogs, with your own harmless fire!
Let me the Lakers' sunken school restore,
And be what Hunt and Southey were before;
Let cloudy Keats in me obscurely shine,
Let wat'ry Wordsworth trickle through each line;
May miss to miss my melting strains rehearse,
And babes be hushed with Tennysonian verse!

O, royal lady, still the nation's pride!
And welcomed with seven children by thy side:
Who yearly dolest me out, in lieu of wine—
Too hot and heady for a brain like mine—

Five-score dear pounds, for loyal verses turned—
And none can say they are not hardly earned,—
What though thy Palmerston, in warlike vein,
Bullied poor Otho, but succumbed to Spain:
What though thy Malmesbury made haste to own
The reckless Frenchman on his blood-stained throne;
Bowed England's honour to the Tuscan's feet,
And begged for gold where he should send a fleet:
What though Britannia (name of hope and fear
Kings once grew pale at, nations loved to hear)
Late mourned her sons, in Austrian dungeon thrown,
While fiddling Westmoreland smiled sweetly on;
And stern Eliza from the skies looked down,
Scorning the modern meekness of the Crown,
Who were she here again had shunned disgrace,
And clapped the envoy in the lieges' place,—
Fear not, fair queen, calumnious pen or tongue,
Whilst thou canst buy a hundred pounds of song!
Down, boldly down, my inky glove I'll throw—
Like Dymoke, daring thy great uncle's foe—
War to the ode with living libel wage,
And bid the future judge thee from my page!

'T is true thou pensionest, with hundreds four,
Thy German-master, now his toils are o'er;
'T is true thy Singing-mistress, lucky jade!
Gets twice the sum that thy poor bard is paid;
While Waghorn's widow, starving, sick, and sad,
With eighteen-pence a day thou bidd'st be glad;—
Waghorn, unstipulating silly elf,
Who loved his country better than himself.
But, who can tell! so flatteringly I sing,
One day on me may fall some better thing!
Perhaps great James, the Admiralty's pride,
May swing a boatswain's whistle to my side;
Or courtly Clarendon his pockets search,
To find a fee for me—like Mr. Birch;
Or aged Cupid—bless his handsome face!—
May make me happy with exciseman's place!
'T was this that recompensed Bob Burns's lay—
'T was this Will Wordsworth got besides his pay—
And why not I, forsooth, as well as they?

O, Duke of Wellington!—I mean the late—
Ere thy life's thread was sternly snapped by Fate,
Hoping, great sir, you'd haply call to mind
How gallant Sydney was to Spenser kind—
With a broad-piece rewarding every rhyme—
O blest example for succeeding time!—
I penned an ode to thee—the act was rash—
You sent no answer, but pronounced it *trash!*
Yet I, unangered, when thy race was run
Composed an elegy, and sent thy son—
A doleful elegy, heart-breaking lay—
But grieved am I in such a case to say
(Though no one than myself cares less for pelf)
Thy son was not more generous than thyself!

Sometimes I think, to eke my stipend bare,
My pen I'll offer to the next Lord-Mayor;
With short-legged lines his proud procession sing,
Guildhall's high potentate, the city's king!
A witty fool was used his state to grace;
Might not a modern bard obtain the place?
Time was when Fleet Street echoed with a strain;
Time was—and why should not time be again?
O blest were I, beyond all poets blest,
Laureat to be alike of east and west:
Of Westminster and Wapping shine the star,
Nor intervene for me, old Temple-Bar!

O thou! 'midst fogs and sterile mountains bred—
Types of thy hard-bound heart and misty head,—
Whose welcome voice, late ringing through the sky,
Made squabbling grunters cease their hungry cry,
Rush crowding, jostling, shoving, head and tail,
And plunge their noses in their country's pail,—
Scotch Aberdeen! in whom all virtues meet,
So long as thou art throned in Downing Street:
I know not if I love or honour most
That great good man who rules the official roast!—
Heavens! when I think audacious Derby dare,
For ten whole months, usurp the Treasury chair;
Dull Disraeli at the Exchequer sit,
While Wood, the modern Colbert, wanted it;

St. Leonard's lawyer, void of sense and skill,
Wise Truro's place impertinently fill;
While great Newcastle did his office see
In hands of rustic knight of low degree;
And Machiavellian Graham grimly scan
The navy governed by a naval man;—
Such consternation doth my breast distend
As if the world were coming to an end!
What though they say—all frontless as they are—
You waged a treacherous, base, clandestine war,
Lied, plotted, truckled, undermined, betrayed,
Until your chequered Cabinet was made
Motley as Joseph's coat, or Scotsman's plaid,—
(Whig, Peelite, Papist, Deist, Puseyite, Rad)
Heed not, great ministers, their clamorous din:
'T is theirs to rail who lose, to laugh who win!
Like Epicurus' gods, with unmoved eye,
Poor struggling mortals at your feet descry;
Snug, salaried, envied, oligarchic be—
But think, oh sometimes think, of Alfred T—!

TOM SUFFRAGE'S VOTE:

A TALE.

BY A SITTING MEMBER.

CHAPTER VI.

Electioneering.

Now, good people all, to whom this is written, you must not conceive that all the Liberal party, nor even the Democratic section, of Lower Fleecington was comprised in the club at the "Cat and Trumpet!" There were many tradesmen in the town who were prepared to vote for any man who would come forward and place himself in opposition to the Grouseland family; but they were mostly too idle, too timorous, or too indifferent, to use any effort to procure such a man to head them.

Some, seeing that there never had been an opposition to the old family, thought that therefore there never could be; and became resigned to the state of things, half-forgetting they possessed a vote at all (which they might as well not have done, for the good it was to them). One or two thought it would be a desirable thing to raise an opposition; but they feared for their custom and their patronage. And the great bulk did not know, and wondered, *why* nothing was done to throw out the Grouselands at each election: and while they were wondering, one Honourable Mr. Grouseland after another walked into the Senate from Lower Fleecington.

Mr. Francis Sniggers—who, with all his faults of puppyism and self-conceit, was really shrewd and knowing in the ways of the world, and a perfect genius in the estimable art of setting people by the ears—saw all this, with his quick London eyes, before he had been in the town for one twelve-month, and considered how he should make use of it. He was often sent, by his principal—to whom he had become indispensable—on legal business, to the large detached houses in the neighbourhood; and old Screwman little thought that whilst he was nominally examining abstracts and giving small parcels of advice respecting mortgages, he was in reality

looking about for the man to put forward at the ensuing election. It was not long before the right person was found in that Mr. Winnegar of whom we have heard him say that "he is a stunning fellow—can drink nothing but water—lives on vegetables—has a stupendous forehead—and is a regular saviour of his country!" Mr. Timothy Winnegar, as stated also by Sniggers, had once been in business in the tin line; but having got rich, and wanting something to do, he turned patriot. Mr. Winnegar was very vain of his "sound sense," as he called it; and Sniggers knew well how to play upon that note, and *did* play upon it with admirable execution: he served him with a judicious course of flattery, and prevailed upon him to believe that *all* the Fleecingtonians were only waiting for *him*, and *him* alone, to come forward "and rescue them from the pit of aristocracy" (these words are from the mouth of Mr. Sniggers himself). And so Mr. Sniggers rang the changes upon "him" and "his," and "his" and "him," until he wound up Mr. Timothy Winnegar to the necessary pitch of satisfaction; and then left him, impressed with the belief that he (Winnegar) was like a second Jean Paul—the ONE, the ONLY ONE!

When a chance of election was to be seen, Mr. Sniggers was again at Mr. Winnegar, with all his might; and never rested till he dragged a promise from him to risk his own precious person, and a cool thousand or so, in the coming struggle.

Now a committee was, of course, required; and Sniggers knew very well that the worthy small tradesmen, who composed his club at the "Cat and Trumpet," however well they might do as hearers of his flaming speeches in the club-room, and however well they might smoke to the discomfiture of the "upper classes," were yet not the men of whom a committee of an election should be formed—for, to say the truth, Sniggers, like Falstaff, was rather ashamed of his followers.

Sniggers then went to work upon the class of inert respectables, of whom mention has lately been made: he fished out two surveyors, a young lawyer, an architect, and three proprietors of woollen manufactories, who were of Liberal principles; and, by dint of showing them a letter received from the immortal Winnegar himself, and of expatiating thereon, he enlisted a tolerably respectable band of committee-men; then he dubbed himself and Mr. Thomas Suffrage as canvassers of the borough, for Timothy Winnegar, Esq.

He was too wise to put himself, or his honest friend Tom, upon the list of the committee. Dull dogs would have done it, and so brought the opposition down to a mere farce, concocted by a small grocer and a lawyer's clerk. Sniggers knew better: his creed was that none look so much at money and standing as your true democrats—none despise equality so much as the levellers—so he had his committee of moneyed

and professional men; and he enrolled Tom, with himself, as their humble servants.

But how had Tom time for all this; and what became of the neat little stock-in-trade that he had been set up with?

It was mentioned, in the first chapter of this tale, that when Tom and the little shopkeepers became innoculated with the political vein, they left their "businesses" to mind themselves, while they minded their country. Tom, however, was more prudent than many. The neighbours, indeed, said that Tom's business was going fast "to the dogs," while he was going to the old Mill-house or to the "Cat and Trumpet:" but we know everybody's neighbours are fond of saying the same thing of everybody; and if all the persons consigned by others to the tender mercies of those mythical dogs went there, the poor animals would have enough to do!

Tom, as soon as the actual stir of the election began—for he found that it was impossible for a man to weigh out justice to his country and sugar to his customers at one and the same time, or to become a light to the nation whilst dispensing candles to his fellow-townsmen—sought out an old crone, who kept a green-grocery stall, who by a long course of charing and bile had become as yellow as her own onions, and as withered as their skins. She, having had some shadowy connections with Tom's childhood in the way of nursing or something of that sort, was thought by him worthy of all confidence; and so was appointed to satisfy his customers, whilst he satisfied his conscience.

Tom, though proud of his appointed part as a canvasser, was neither very zealous nor very successful in its fulfilment.

Indeed, upon one occasion, a call upon one of their staunchest supporters proved rather an unfortunate thing for the said partisan—it happened to be the person with whom the old Indian had taken up his abode. Tom and Sniggers were in the parlour, with the person in question—Sniggers relating some wonderful anecdotes of gallant struggles and brilliant victories made and achieved by the democratic party, in time out of mind, and discussing the merits of the committee-men whom he had chosen—when the door opened, and in came the old Indian. Tom's hand was stretched out cordially, in a moment: it was *not* taken—a cold gaze from two grey eyes met Tom's astonished look. Tom blushed with shame, and the Indian passed out again.

"A dead cut that," said Sniggers: "what a cold-blooded old buffer."

Tom did not answer: he was too much vexed; and not only vexed, but astonished, to the very verge of his powers of astonishment.

"Nice old gentleman, seemingly," said the master of the house: "tells jolly tales—but I fancy he's *high* you know, rather *high!*"

"Tawny and mean-looking: none of his clothes made for him—nothing to be high about, that I can see," said Sniggers; "but to business again."

The business was, of course, the promise of a vote, which was given with much strong language, expressive of an apprehension for the *spiritual* welfare of those unfortunate beings to whom fate has unkindly given title and a rent-roll.

Tom and Sniggers were no sooner gone than in came the old Indian again. "Jones," said he.

"Yes, sir,"

"You have been canvassed, I suppose."

"Why, yes, sir; they are early in the field."

"So they are, confound 'em," said the Indian bitterly; "and you have given yourself to 'em, have you?"

"Why, sir—you see, sir—Mr. Sniggers—that is—I mean—" stammered the unfortunate host.

"I understand you—I thought so," broke in Mr. Scampton: "then you will have the kindness to let me have my bill—now—in an hour, if you please: I am going to look out another lodging."

"But, sir, you said you were *very* comfortable—bed—waiting-room—everything, sir."

"So I did—but your principles, sir—I can't stand your principles, sir: you will have the kindness to do as I say." And the Indian procured his hat, and sallied out into the street; leaving Mr. Jones (who had calculated upon a tolerable good picking from the Indian's full pocket and liberal ideas in the matter of provisions, and so forth) in a state not the most enviable in the world.

In an hour, the Indian had returned; and three minutes after, his baggage (which had been scarcely unpacked) had been seized and carried off by a porter, the bill settled, and the week's rent paid—and the lodgings were again empty.

We leave it to our married friends to paint from experience, in as vivid colours as they well can, the scene which ensued when good fat Mrs. Jones—coming home from a woman's tea-party, where she had been discoursing with great effect about their new lodger and his funny anecdotes—found that lodger, and his boxes, and his stories, and sundry gentle hopes of good "management," all vanished like a beautiful dream, "all along of her husband's tomfoolery about 'lections, and votings, and such like."

But with all this Sniggers got on very decently, and obtained enough promises to assure him that whether Mr. Timothy Winnegar obtained his seat in the Senate or not, his cause would at least make a good show of fight.

Although the first day of canvassing (the day on which the plot was hatched up between little Ada and her friend) had been a very busy one with Sniggers and Tom, yet the latter firmly declined the invitation of the former to "a pipe or so;" and went to argue his case with Ada, before retiring to rest.

CHAPTER VII.

The popular Member.

A few more days had passed, and Suffrage, and Sniggers, and the sapient men in committee had been working hard for Lower Fleecington and Timothy Winnegar, Esq. And these committee meetings were not the most quaker-like of assemblies in the world; for the men who composed them had probably never sat in Election Committee before, and hence arose untoward disputes regarding matters of discipline, and no less upon shades of opinion, which were various: so that the "Vice" was perpetually "reminding" the Chairman of something or other, and the Chairman was continually snubbing the "Vice;" and the Secretary was always "suggesting" and "proposing;" and the other members, instead of gravely going into accounts with intent to save Mr. Winnegar's pocket, were nagging away at one another about that worthy gentleman's opinions on every subject, quite as dogmatically as the wise men in the fable disputed about the colour of the chamelion!

And little Ada had been making the same time longer by wishing it was over. Her father had not said a syllable more on the subject. Her uncle was as jolly as ever, and unrolled a fresh mat of Indian stories every night; never mentioning Tom Suffrage (that young gentleman and his unhappy vote being tabooed), with the single exception of relating to Mr. Brancrust how he came to change his lodgings — to the intense delight of that estimable old gentleman. Somehow, Ada wished her Indian uncle back again; and felt she could love him better were he, as he used to be, an unseen hope across thousands of salt-water miles. Tom, on the other hand, from having so much to think *upon*, had never a spare moment to think *in*, although there is no doubt that if he had he would have been very wretched. It was therefore perhaps a charity to him that Sniggers hurried him about from—we were going to say "from pillar to post," but there were few *pillars* in Lower Fleecington!

The energy of that Sniggers was somewhat surprising. He had, positively, within the last few days made himself the personal friend of all the blackguards in the place (gentle and simple), and he was also an immense fellow among the lowest of the non-electors—creatures who had

no such thing as a vote but yet had pretty strong voices of their own, and arms and shoulders tolerably gifted with muscle.

The friendship between Sniggers and these gentry was founded on "half-and-half," judiciously administered, and was cemented as firm as the hills by sundry "goes" of "hot within," until they were all, to a man, prepared to shout themselves hoarse for what they knew nothing about and did not care to know!

Mr. Winnegar, at the pre-suggestion of Sniggers, had suggested to his wise and energetic committee, that a neighbouring hamlet or two should be compelled to supply its share of these "freemen"—technically called "roughs," or "lambs"—for service on the nomination-day. The task of winning over these auxiliaries was also undertaken by Mr. Sniggers, and the bonds of beer, and grog, and inflammatory speeches, were again put into requisition: and by the means of their united sweet voices, and dirty paws, and broad shoulders, Mr. Winnegar fondly hoped to win the nomination, and then to prevent Mr. Grouseland and his party from obtaining even a view of the polling-booth till the day was over and the victory his!

Tom never ran about so much, or spoke and shouted so much, without his throat being dry as sawdust, and his legs weakly; but it was not so in this case—for thought was certain misery, and when drinkables were abounding, it would be a very hard case indeed if thought could not get drowned in the Lethe of beer. As for Sniggers he was a perfect comet—a human meteor—saving his whiskers, a perfect Mercury—a flying lawyer's clerk—the personified spirit of contention, in a fancy shirt and a Newmarket coat. At one moment he was seen in close discussion with a tradesman of the town; and presently he was holding a labourer by the button, and talking to him, in a hamlet a mile or so away. He abode in one quarter just long enough to let one know he was there, and before one could speak to him he had vanished "like an exhalation in the evening."

The contrast between the conduct of the two parties, who were to contend, was remarkable. Whilst the partisans of the Democratic section were running their legs off, and wearing out their lungs in the cause, the Conservatives had simply sent round a few canvassing-cards, to their old and tried supporters—had made no noise, had given no symptoms of banners being manufactured, or triumphal-arches being in contemplation; the only thing from which one might infer that an election was about to be, was the fact that a committee of landed individuals, of sober deportment and double chins, was sitting quietly, day after day, in the "Grouseland Arms Hotel"—a large dreary-looking hotel with one wing entirely shut up and the windows boarded, with an immense stable-yard where tufts of grass were loosening the stones and where fowls supplied

the places of post-horses and carriages, in fact a very sample of the tribe of inns that has been ruined by steam. In this quiet place the quiet committee sat, treating with silence the vigorous demonstrations of the other party: certainly this silence might either proceed from contempt or a grim despair—the Winnegarites were right willing to believe the latter.

Mr. Timothy Winnegar had sent to intimate that he should be in town on the day previous to the one fixed for the nomination: so his loyal committee and his faithful Sniggers resolved that his *entrée* should be a triumph. Early that morning, therefore, Tom Suffrage was seen marching a body of thirty "roughs" from the hamlet of Top Puddleton; Mr. Ninepoints, the patriotic shoemaker, was leading another body from Upper Waterditch; and a third amiable detachment was on its way from Slopham, headed by Sniggers himself;—and all bound for Lower Fleecington.

With fustian jackets enlivened by bits of ribbon tacked on in odd places, with little streamers of calico, and with stout bludgeons in their hands, these three bodies met about noon, at a trysting-spot in front of a public-house, and proceeding to a given station about half-a-mile from the town, were drawn up in order to wait the coming of Mr. Winnegar.

It was a good deal of trouble to keep such a body of *such* men in good order; but it was done very creditably, if we except some half-dozen fights that took place, and sundry bonnetings all for fun. And the leaders—Sniggers, and Tom, and the shoemaker—managed to keep up their authority wonderfully; if we except again, that Sniggers was forcibly bonneted by one of his faithful adherents, and Tom besides vainly looking in his pocket for his watch, to see how long they had been waiting, was seen (after giving a peremptory word of command to an obstinate "lamb") holding a *sanguine* handkerchief to his nose.

After an anxious period of waiting, the roll of wheels was heard and horses' feet approaching, at a steady rate. The men instantly got into their places, and the road was lined on either side by a sturdy file. On came the sound—nearer—a horse's head peered round the corner—a deafening shout rose from the lips of the patriots: there was a thick cloud of dust—a cry of murder! murder! in women's voices—and a horse dashed at full gallop between the files, dragging after him a phaeton, containing, not the far-famed Winnegar, but a pale quaker, and three unfortunate quakeresses, in mortal fear and drab bonnets! Down the lane dashed the cob, usually as sober as his master—maddened by the cries, and shouts, and laughter, from each side of him—up the next hill like a feather on the wind: pursued, till out of sight, by sacrilegious mirth, and certain impious clods of earth, hurled by a few of the outsiders in the host of patriots.

Then another long and weary pause followed, broken by the appearance of a thin meagre packman, in a poverty-stricken gig, who being greeted with great applause from both sides of the way, pulled up short and rose from his seat indignantly to make an oration, in answer. When on his feet, speaking was found to be next door to an impossibility, as he was obliged to dodge backwards and forwards, and stoop and twist, to avoid the handy little clods of turf that were flying about him, some of which left their handmarks upon his seedy white hat, with the narrow band of crape. Growing at last purple in the face, between every dodge yelling out an oath, he seized his whip at last, determined to use it upon his persecutors. Upon this the clods flew faster than ever: and one hitting his pony on the nose, caused that ancient steed to lay down its ears, and back and back till it shook its master into his seat again; when there, he suddenly seemed to relinquish any idea of revenge, and muttering savagely something about its being "a nice way to serve a *gent*," he laid his whip across the back of his animal, and pursued the *un*even tenor of his way amid a tempest of howls.

Then a dozen of pigs came after, and were also welcomed with acclamations. The porkers scared by this, their first public reception, ran madly hither and thither: some at a headlong speed along the road, some back again as hard as they could scamper, and others doubled about, in-and-out and between the legs of the crowd, answering the kicks freely bestowed on them with unearthly yells. The drovers, frantic and *Irish*, poured out floods of Milesian Billingsgate, tucking up their coat-tails under one arm, and brandishing their sticks in a threatening manner, which only made matters worse. At last—the porkers being dragged out by the tail from their hiding places, and brought back again, and got together in some semblance of order—their excited masters resumed their march.

Just as the hubbub had subsided, a pair of beautiful bays and an open carriage, with the *man* himself, two other gentlemen, and three servants all covered with ribbons, dashed round the corner.

Although taken by surprise, a second shout was got up by the exertions of Sniggers and Tom. And Winnegar rose from his seat, and, with his everlasting scowl upon his forehead, bobbed once to his *constituents!* and sat down again. This gracious conduct produced another shout: whereupon the great man waved his hand—the enthusiasm then became unbounded, and seven stout "roughs," unharnessing the bays, rather appropriately converted themselves into beasts of burden, and set off with the carriage at a run. The remainder—totally regardless of any authority which Sniggers, or Tom, or the shoemaker, might claim over them—crushed up behind the vehicle, to grasp the hand which Mr. Winnegar was advised by his friends in the carriage to hold out to them, and at the

same time to make small experiments as to whether something might not be abstracted, in the bustle, from the pockets of that gentleman or his companions.

Triumphantly the procession marched into Lower Fleecington. As it was passing the Rector's garden, the whole of the pupils—with Cavendish conspicuous among them—who were ranged along the wall, got up with blue ribbons in their button-holes, giving one long concentrated hiss in answer to the cheering. It was rather unlucky for Cavendish, this expression of feeling; for as he stood on the edge of the wall with his hand up to his mouth, to assist his hissing, a dead cat, picked up by the way, artfully directed by some vigorous arm right across the young gentleman's face, drove him into certain prickly specimens of floriculture in the inside of the garden:—the wall was immediately clear, and the procession gave a tremendous shout of victory. They met with no other outward opposition whatever; although we may be certain there was a deal of quiet determination concealed under the clean white aprons of the respectable tradesmen, who stood at their doors to see the cavalcade go by.

Tom, marching with Sniggers at the head of their host, felt his face grow strangely red and his heart beat strangely fast when they passed the old Mill-house; but he held up his nose as high as he could, and carried his small flag in a defiant way, and tried to feel a fine fellow and a patriot—but in vain.

There was a scene going on in the little room, which it was perhaps as well for Tom that he did *not* see. There was old Brancrust standing stiff with indignation, his hands dived deep in his drab-small pockets, his grey eyes fixed and glancing through his spectacles. Then there was the tall gaunt figure of the Indian, standing upright, with his hands crossed behind him, and staring at Tom with his stern, sharp, tiger-shooting gaze, full of bad omen to the unlucky patriot.

By the side of this figure of wrath was poor Ada—gentle little Ada, with whom I hope my readers are, by this time, as much in love as Tom himself! Let us beg, however, that none of them will go over to Lower Fleecington to find her out, for she is at present Mrs. ——but hold! I am running away, and anticipating, and doing all that is bad in a story-teller. I will go back.

Well then, there was pretty little Ada, not daring to look at her very very naughty Tom, witness of his humiliation, but faithful still; and at every fresh muttering of her uncle's, raising a little hand and laying it on his coat, to check him. By her side were the ringlets, and ribbons, and face of Miss Amelia Dovecote (the countenance, this time, nearly as long as the bonnet-strings), who was busily occupied in trying to do three

things at once, viz.,—to cheer up her friend, to pacify her friend's father and uncle, and to look at the procession.

Still, however, the spectacled eyes were fixed on Tom, still however the hands were dived fiercely into the deep pockets—still the stern look remained unsoftened on the Indian's forehead, still the sentences dangerous to eyes, and life, and limbs, gurgled out of his mouth.

"Well, what do you think of that?" demanded Mr. Brancrust, turning short round towards the Indian, as soon as Tom had fairly passed out of sight.

"Think! Oh, Ada here had better look out for another sweetheart —that's all!" replied Mr. Scampton, with cruel jocularity.

"Yes, I think he's done it now," mused Mr. Brancrust: "his vote for their side is pretty sure after this—he could n't help it!"

"And he does n't intend, sir! But I'm sure my little niece does n't care a straw about him now—such a fool as he is, making an ass of himself in the streets like that—do you, Ada?" And the Indian moved to put his arm round that young lady's waist; but she turned pettishly away, and whispered something to her bosom friend, whereupon they both left the room.

"Well," said Miss Dovecote, when they were both in the garden of the Mill-house, "it's an unfortunate thing that Mr. Thomas Suffrage can't be kept away from these universal-suffraging people! But of course, dear, it can't be helped now: unless you are going to be sensible, and think no more about him—that's what I should do—nasty disagreeable thing!"

"Amelia!"

"Well, well, dear—then if you will go on with this foolish love of yours, we've only got our scheme to depend on now, you know: because if Tom does not really give his vote, your father and uncle too will forgive his "Cat and Trumpet" doings, and everything else—I'm sure!"

"Oh dear, no! I'm frightened to try it—it's all over, I'm sure—oh, silly silly Tom!" cried Ada, despondingly, and let her head fall on her friend's shoulder.

"What, love, have you lost your resolution so soon?" exclaimed Miss Dovecote—perhaps unwilling to lose the fun of carrying their plot, whatever it might be, into execution. "Come, Ada, cheer up; put on your bonnet, and we'll walk round the shrubbery and talk about it."

"Oh, I sometimes wish I had never seen Tom!" said Ada, as she rose; "and yet—"

"Ah! what a sad thing it is to have a sensitive heart—I know how you feel, exactly!" said the gentle Amelia, sighing pathetically. Poor sympathiser!—*her* heart had been broken *three* times already!

(To be concluded in our next.)

LORD BROUGHAM.

Among all the literary celebrities of the day, it would be difficult to point to a name more renowned than that of Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux. It may be asked why we have so long omitted to notice him. We reply that even now we despair of doing justice to a career so momentous, talents so varied, a list of works so voluminous, as those of the noble lord: and so we have postponed our task, from fear of our incompetency to perform one so laborious and so difficult.

Our readers, however, are aware that we have not professed to give copious biographies, or minute criticisms, of the authors whose names have adorned our pages: we are producing SKETCHES only, and the finish and accuracy of a laboured picture must not be looked for in them. The outlines of a life; a list of the works, with the dates of their appearance, and a slight running commentary on their subjects, merits, or defects, are all that we attempt. So far, therefore, as we perform this restricted task well or ill, and no further, are we amenable to praise or censure.

Yet, even within the limits to which we confine ourselves, it is no easy matter to trace the life and works of one who from the age of sixteen to seventy-five has been before the world as an author; whose history is bound up with, and forms part of, that of his country; whose fame as an orator is unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, among his contemporaries; whose career as a statesman has been no less remarkable, though more open to question; who has done more than any man living to reform several gross abuses affecting society, and above all to promote the education of the people; and who has added to all his earnestness, his learning, and his ambition, a degree of eccentricity remarkable even in one of a class celebrated for it (for few men of great talents have been exempt from it), and an apparent political vacillation which has made him at once the most remarkable, and the least trusted, of living statesmen.

Henry Brougham was born at Edinburgh, on the 19th of September, 1779: but he is not a Scotchman, though one of the "north countrie," being the eldest son of Henry Brougham, Esq., of Scales Hall, Cumberland, and Brougham Hall, Westmoreland. He was, in some respect, connected with literature by birth: for his mother was a niece of the celebrated

Scotch historian, Robertson. He was educated at the High School, Edinburgh; and little as such men as he generally owe to their early school-life—for they become great, irrespective of their teaching, and often in spite of it—yet we cannot but trace much of Lord Brougham's subsequent bias of mind to his training in this Scotch academy. For example, at the age of sixteen, we find him contributing a paper on Physics and the High Mathematics, to the Transactions of the Edinburgh Royal Society. What young gentleman of Eten, Harrow, Winchester, or Rugby—those well-bred academies of Latin verses and Greek themes—ever enlightened the world on such a subject? How many of them know anything about low arithmetic, far less High Mathematics?

In the year 1800, being then just twenty-one years of age, Henry Brougham was called to the Scotch bar. Two years afterwards, in conjunction with Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, he founded the *Edinburgh Review*. Who would guess that this extraordinary periodical—confessedly the most able one of our own day, and which took nearly the same high position at its very outset—was started by three young men, the eldest of whom was scarcely five-and-twenty years of age? But what men they were! Jeffrey, the keenest critic and one of the most powerful writers in the language; Sydney Smith, the wit, the scholar, the most perfect master of the art of ridicule, and, withal, the most correct and finished of literary models; Henry Brougham, the man of science and the classic, the most eloquent and the most sarcastic of reviewers.

The contributions, to the *Edinburgh Review*, of Lord Jeffrey, of Sydney Smith, of Sir James Macintosh, and of Thomas Babington Macaulay, have been published in separate and collected forms: those of Lord Brougham have not yet been so given to the world. Many of the most remarkable papers which have appeared in it undoubtedly emanated from his pen; and he has continued a contributor to its pages down to a very recent period, if not to the very time at which we are writing. But we shall not, in this sketch, notice such unrecognised works—especially as his lordship's avowed ones are sufficiently numerous and voluminous to occupy all our time and space.

In 1803 he published, in Edinburgh, his first complete and separate literary production, called *An Enquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers*—a work in two octavo volumes. It is too late to criticise such a book, fifty-one years after its appearance. It treats on what Disraeli termed "obsolete politics;" for in no department has reform been more extensively carried out, though in none does more yet remain to be amended, than in our colonial policy, during the last half-century. Our former system lost us the United Colonies of North America: our present one (though infinitely better and more conciliating to our depen-

deneies) has scarcely repressed rebellion in Canada, disaffection in the West Indies, and a growing dislike of arbitrary home-interference in Australia and South Africa. We have much to do yet, to place our colonial policy on a sound and just basis, honourable alike to the mother country and her possessions in all corners of the globe, and calculated to secure the affection and support of the latter without detriment to the power and influence of Great Britain. It is a delicate and a difficult task, and we see not the men who are to perform it. Perhaps no nobler, and certainly no more beneficial, career is open to aspiring statesmen than that which the supervision and reformation of our whole system of Colonial Government offers: yet how few attempt to grasp, or even to deal with, the subject, because the rewards of success would be less brilliant and famous than are to be reaped in the home and foreign departments of Government. It is a question whether we shall retain Canada, even for a few years; it is equally doubtful whether Australia will remain ours so soon as she has strength to be independent of us: but the questions would never have arisen, had our colonial policy been based on the broad principles of common sense and common justice—had we kept in view the welfare of the colonies themselves, instead of treating them as conquered provinces, places for the banishment of criminals, the promotion of troublesome claimants for Government rewards, the banks of posts and pensions wherewith to repay services utterly unconnected with the colonies, and which the rewarded were sent to govern or to administer justice in, with the apparently essential requirements of utter ignorance of all the wants and resources of their "adopted" countries.

We have been led into a longer digression than we intended, on a subject which has always occupied much of our attention, and on which we have thought much and felt deeply. But it is not irrelevant to the matter before us, which is Lord Brougham's first work. We have said that it is too late in 1854 to criticise his remarks on England's colonial policy in 1803; but those who wish to know accurately what our policy then was, and to compare it with what it now is, will find full information in this work, together with the vigorous exposition of its defects which might be expected from such a man as the author.

How much is it to be regretted that the first subject which engaged Lord Brougham's pen never seemed to have again attracted his attention! Among all the twenty or thirty subsequently published works of this author, besides about the same number of his collected speeches, we find *not one* which refers to this most important and interesting topic.

In 1806 Mr. Brougham was called to the English bar, by the Society of Lincoln's Inn; and he then removed altogether to London. The success of Brougham at the English bar has become proverbial. He was not

much of a lawyer in the judgment of lawyers themselves, but the public voice pronounced him the first of advocates; if he was deficient in all the niceties and chicanery of special pleading, he was supreme in eloquence. He could argue the cause of the wronged or the oppressed with pathos and power, overwhelm an opponent with sarcasm and ridicule the most withering and irresistible, and pour forth such a torrent of indignant words to expose an infamy or crush an abuse that clients cared nothing for attorneys' opinions as to the extent of his technical knowledge—they saw and felt his rhetorical powers; they perceived, or guessed, its effect on juries from what it produced on themselves; and they demanded that, if possible, Henry Brougham should be *their* advocate in their own all-important case. Within two years from the date of his call to the bar, he appeared before the House of Commons as counsel for the British merchants, aggrieved by the famous Orders in Council. Never, perhaps, was so great an honour conferred on so young an advocate; and never was honour better deserved, or the title to it more fully justified by the event than on this occasion. His advocacy of the claims of his clients may be classed among the most brilliant of his professional successes—second only to his celebrated defence of Queen Caroline, twelve years later; and inferior even to that in the importance of the subject and not the ability of the achievement.

In 1810—Brougham being then thirty-one years of age and a barrister of four years' standing—he was elected Member of Parliament for the borough of Camelford. Within two years from this time, Parliament was dissolved. The speeches delivered by Brougham in the House of Commons during the interval have never, we believe, been reprinted; but there is no question of his success as a political orator, even at this period of his life, or that he was a frequent speaker within the walls of St. Stephen's.

At the general election, which took place in 1812, he stood for Liverpool; but was defeated, and four years more elapsed before he again succeeded in entering Parliament—which he accomplished in 1816, as member for Winchelsea. On the 9th of April, in that year, he made a powerful speech on the State of Agricultural Distress: one of the great orations which have been reprinted, but which, as a purely political speech, is beyond the province of our criticism.

At this period Brougham's professional practice was immense. Portraits of him in wig and gown, with outstretched arms and that ever-memorable nose, addressing some attentively astonished jury, were to be seen in almost every print-shop in the United Kingdom. About the same time, too, he was appointed one of the legal advisers of the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline. For this cause, and because he was known to be a hot Reformer and violently opposed to the Court and the

powers that then were, he was *not* honoured with a silk gown as one of His Majesty's counsel, though such a distinction was eminently his due for his position at the bar.

In 1817 he delivered another of his great orations in Parliament (since reprinted), on the State of the Nation; and next year, 1818, he published *A Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, upon the Abuse of Charities*—a work which went through no less than nine editions. Sir Samuel Romilly was at that time Attorney-General of England, *ex officio* the guardian of all charities of the realm, and the officer whose duty it was to proceed against those who abused the powers or misapplied the funds connected with them. In no country in the world are there so many charitable institutions as in our own, and ordinarily they have been founded by private individuals. Their history is generally to this effect:—

A testator bequeaths a certain sum of money, or devises a certain portion of his landed estate, to trustees, upon trust, to apply the income derived from either source to found or maintain such an institution as the testator in his will points out. Perhaps half the charitable institutions—hospitals, alms-houses, public-schools, &c.—in England have some such origin as this. They are to be found everywhere, in every city, town, borough, and almost every village in the kingdom. Many of them have existed from very remote times; and in some of them, the funds which originally were small (and appear ridiculously minute according to the present value of money) have, by the increased value of land, or the other sources whence they are derived, grown and accumulated to such an extent as to make them enormously rich, even in the estimation of the nineteenth century. No proper supervision had been exercised over those who had the control of these funds. In some cases they were private individuals, lineal descendants of the original trustees: in others, they were individuals who were trustees by virtue of their office: in many cases they were corporations, who exercised the authorities of trustees. They had one great sin in common—they had nearly all abused their stewardship. It says little, indeed, for the public or private morality of England—little for our own national or personal integrity and sense of honour—that the funds of nearly all the charitable institutions had been perverted from the original benevolent purposes of their founders, and made their way into channels where they were never intended to flow, and not unfrequently into the pockets of the trustees themselves.

We have lately had some startling revelations of noble and reverend gentlemen deriving princely incomes from institutions intended for purely charitable purposes—of the riches of the great being swelled by the funds intended for the relief and maintenance of the poor. We have cried out indignantly, and with reason; but these abuses, and especially the gross

ones, can now be counted, and will prove short-lived, while in the days when Henry Brougham wrote his letter to Sir Samuel Romilly they were almost innumerable, and the evil was gigantic. Yet people never noticed them: they slept over their duties, or, "good easy men," forgot all about them. Brougham first woke them from their slumber. Great must have been the surprise of the public, deep the shame of those who *should* have looked to the matter, and terrible the alarm of certain "trustees," when first appeared this great *exposé* of infamous abuses. To suppose that immediate action followed, would be to show little knowledge of human nature; but the great point was attained—curiosity was aroused—indignation would follow—and sooner or later reformation be effected.

We have dwelt long on this subject, not only on account of its importance, but because it is one of those practical subjects exactly suited to a genius like that of Lord Brougham; and especially because it is one of the most prominent to which he has devoted his pen and his eloquence: for—nearly twenty years after this his first essay on the abuse of charities—we find him as Lord High Chancellor organizing a commission, consisting of men selected from his own profession, to proceed to every part of the kingdom, armed with the fullest powers for enquiring into and searching out every abuse of the kind. It is not always that men when they have attained to position and power even attempt to carry out the measures of sense and justice they had advocated in former days. Perhaps we shall find Lord Brougham himself wanting sometimes, when weighed in this balance: let us, therefore, do him justice in this instance, and confess that his conduct has throughout his varied and chequered life been consistent in *this*, as well as in one or two other great and worthy causes.

In 1819 he was obliged to publish *A Vindication of the Enquiry into Charitable Abuses;* for the abuses had found their defenders, and the interested and the compromised were "stopping the way" to reformation.

In 1820 he was appointed Attorney-General to Queen Caroline, and this year was one of the most remarkable of his life.

But though we have proceeded so short a way through his career, and scarcely yet arrived at the period when he is most conspicuous in his character of a "Literary Celebrity," we must close our memoir for the present—resuming and concluding it next month.

(To be continued.)

GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

BY A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

The appearance of the London streets has not much improved since last month. A few of the denizens of Bloomsbury have returned to their family mansions, in that venerable and quiet portion of the metropolis; but the west-end is still deserted, looking as if the whole of it were in Chancery. I can conceive nothing more blank than the appearance of Bond Street—except, perhaps, the state of Odessa after two English war-steamers had been sighted off the town. The weather, however, has wonderfully changed within the last few days: it has become almost cold, and, as a consequence, the cholera has begun to lessen its ravages.

At last the expedition to the Crimea is a *fait accompli*. Fifty-eight thousand of the allies have landed at Eupatoria, and a reserve force of fifteen thousand more are *en route*. How will diplomacy manage now, when the allied army is muzzle to muzzle with the Russians? That Sebastopol will be taken, no one seems to doubt; the only difference of opinion being as to the length of time that must elapse before its capture is effected. The troops will have their work to do; and when it *is* done, what is to follow?

The talk of Napier's probable return from the Baltic has filled the nation with disgust. Not that we care for Sir Charles's remaining with the fleet, for some of us fancy it would get on much better without him (our naval commanders now-a-days seem to be of Falstaff's kidney —and think "discretion the better part of valour"); but that the ships themselves should leave the Baltic, having done nothing but capture a sixth-rate fortress, would be a disgrace to England and France and a kind of triumph for the Czar. Nothing more seems in contemplation, as the French troops have been sent home.

The camp at Boulogne has attracted thousands of visitors from England, as well as from all parts of France. Prince Albert's visit to the Emperor was the scene of great festivities. Fraternization between the two people seems complete; and the good folks of Boulogne, the *marchands*, the *poissardes*, and even the English gentlemen who have forgotten to settle their little accounts on this side of the water, must have been astonished and amused to see British life-guardsmen hobnobbing with French cuirassiers, with no other words in common than the magic ones of "Bomarsund" or "Sebastopol."

Prussia remains in her old position, of dishonest neutrality. I call it dishonest, because she is bound to take one side or the other, openly and not secretly as she does now. She is, in fact, Russia's spy; and does the Czar more service by remaining in amity with the Western Powers, joining in their councils, and learning their real intentions, than she could effect by taking up arms in his cause. Nevertheless we should like to see a French army marched to the Rhine with all speed—just to ask her what are her intentions.

Mr. Perry—now no longer lieutenant—is cashiered. So much has been written about the disgraceful Courts-Martial held on this gentleman that little remains to add. In truth, reform is wanted everywhere—reform of the Courts themselves—reform of the system of appointing commanding officers—reform of the "Horse Guards"—and, above all, reform of the 46th regiment, "from the mess-room up to the *Garratt*," as a witty public entertainer said the other night. The defence-fund progresses swimmingly, about fifteen hundred pounds being already subscribed.

The writer of a letter to the *Times* does good public service in calling attention to the crowds of poor wretches who are allowed to sleep on the bare stones, under the walls of St. Marylebone workhouse. If the police did their duty, no single human being would ever pass the night in the open air in this metropolis: they are bound to take every houseless wanderer to the police-station, and bring them before the magistrates the next morning, when they will be committed to prison if criminal vagrants, or sent to the workhouse if simply paupers. In either case they would be better off; and we should be spared the cruel and heartrending spectacle of half-naked creatures huddled together through the night, in all weathers, shelterless, cold, and hungry.

I cannot but feel surprised that so little seems to have been yet done for the relief of the sufferers from the recent fearful outbreak of cholera in the Golden-Square and Berwick-Street districts. I have seen donations pour in profusely for questionable laundresses, who had pawned the linen entrusted to them; yet here, when there are scores of honest hardworking people left almost destitute by the frightful plague which has hurried parents and husbands to the grave, driven customers from the little shops, and stopped the supply of work to the garrets, these poor people are less cared for by a "humane and charitable public" than a peculating washerwoman! Is there not sufficient "romance" in the case to excite sympathy—or why is the hand of benevolence thus stayed?

The harvest has been everywhere abundant. It would be impossible to record a greater national benefit in so few words. A day of thanksgiving has been properly resolved on; but let it be a day of giving in every sense—not in thanks only, but in something which will not only evince our own gratitude but also carry relief to those who so bitterly need it.

The time of year, the war, the weather, and the plague, have conspired together to close nearly all the places of public amusement. I was present at Albert Smith's last appearance, and the Egyptian Hall was crowded in every corner. His farewell speech was clever and telling: he sung his "Galignani" song even better than usual—he confessed that he was "used up," personally—he promised fresh attractions and fresh decorations for November—and he made his bow of exit for the 838th time!

The Adelphi theatre has reopened, but as I have not yet paid it a visit I can give no account of it.

The death of Mrs. Fitzwilliam robs us of one of our best actresses, and we really have not many good ones to spare. Buckstone ought to have closed his theatre for at least one night, to evince a decent regret for her loss.

I have not heard that anyone has yet gained the reward of one thousand pounds offered by the leading journal, for the discovery of a new way of making paper from materials whose supply must be inexhaustible. (Surely old rags will never be wanting?) But I see that the Treasury and the Board of Trade have been corresponding on the paper question. It is suggested that the fibre of plantain must be a good material; and I hear of a gentleman who has discovered something of the kind, which discovery however he retains as his own secret, considering it worth much more than the amount offered by the *Times*.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

We are still in the dull season of the publishing year, and still too much occupied with Crimea expeditions, Baltic victories, Courts-Martial, and the cholera, to have much time to bestow on general literature. But as in our enlightened days *il faut lire* is almost as indispensable as *il faut vivre*, the critic is expected to point out what to read and what to avoid. The war literature is getting worn out; but a few continue to cling to it, and we find before us the following

WAR BOOKS.

The Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Crimea. By Charles Henry Scott (Bentley). This is a book of travels in Russia, and contains an account of a voyage down the Volga to Astrachan, and a tour through Crim Tartary. In spite of the numberless works that have lately appeared on Russia the present one conducts us over ground that cannot be called familiar or hackneyed. It is astonishing how little the general reader yet knows of the interior of the vast empire with which we are at war. Mr. Scott, being merely a traveller or tourist, cannot of course supply all the information we need; but so far as his experience serves him, he has given us very good and life-like pictures of scenery and people. His book is, indeed, the very one to be read at the present moment, from the careful and detailed accounts it gives us of the Crimea and especially of Sebastopol. His description of this city, which we have had opportunities of comparing with other reliable sources of information, is extremely well given, and no doubt correct—except, perhaps, when he ventures on mere opinions, as (for example) where he asserts that the limestone of which the forts at Sebastopol are built *hardens* with time. The buildings at Odessa, constructed of the same material, are already decaying, though Odessa is only a city of yesterday. We suspect this limestone will be found to *soften* considerably with time, and for the sake of the besieging force we hope we are right.

The Fall of the Crimea, by Captain Spencer (Routledge & Co.), is another very *apropos* book at this time. It is written by the author of the work on "Turkey, Russia, the Black Sea, and Circassia," already noticed by us. We trust that the fall of the Crimea may be as cleverly accomplished as is the book before us ingeniously written.

The Eastern War, Part I. (Hardwicke), is a poem concerning which we will only say that its author ought to be condemned to take an active fighting part in the war itself, until he gives good and responsible bail to refrain from inflicting any more verses on the public, on that or any other conceivable subject.

The Third Napoleon: an Ode addressed to Alfred Tennyson, Esq. By Robert Story (Hearne). This is an appeal to the laureat, urging him to write an Epic on the career of the present French Emperor, who in the eyes of Mr. Story appears to be a hero of the first magnitude. The verses are passable, but will not, we imagine, induce Mr. Tennyson to invest his talents in so unpromising a speculation. Some war-songs follow the Ode, which do not remind us of Dibdin.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Charles Lord Metcalfe, by J. W. Kaye (Bentley), is the most important and interesting of the biographical works of the month. The man who governed successfully the three greatest and, we may add, most difficult of management of all England's colonies, must have been one of no ordinary talents and sagacity. Reading his life, indeed, we are fully impressed with his abilities; but we think we perceive, even more strongly developed than these, an element of greatness generally too little noticed, but assuredly as important as any—personal amiability. Without detracting one iota from the intellectual gifts of Lord Metcalfe, we cannot but think that it was this quality which frequently gained ends that the most transcendant genius without it would have failed to reach. The man who, on his arrival in Jamaica as its Governor, was not secure from personal violence from the excited inhabitants: and who, on quitting it, two years later, was followed by the blessings of all classes; honoured with a statue, universally voted to him; prayed for by the Jews, in the synagogues; and almost worshipped by the crowds of coloured people, who knelt on the shore as he departed:—this man was surely one as much distinguished for the gifts of the heart as of the brain. Mr. Kaye is one of the ablest of biographers, and has performed his task with care, impartiality, and intelligence.

The Heroines of History, by Mrs. Octavius Frere Owen (Routledge & Co.), is scarcely named correctly. Had the authoress called her book *some* of the heroines—or heroines simply—we should not have made the remark; but to write the lives of *the* heroines, omitting Joan of Arc and inserting "Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite," is approaching the absurd. However, so far as the twenty-four ladies, whose lives *are* written by Mrs. Owen, are concerned, they appear to have had justice done to them.

The Life and Times of Sir Walter Raleigh. By Charles Whitehead (Cooke). The author of this work is an extravagant admirer of Raleigh. We can pardon this, because we have felt something of the same admiration ourselves; but then it has been in spite of our better sense. We should not have thought, for one moment, of sitting down to write a defence of Raleigh's personal and political character: for the best of all reasons—because they were indefensible. We admire him, as a woman sometimes loves a rascal, because we cannot help it. There is something fascinating about the courage, the varied talent, and the cavalier bearing of the man; something romantic and exciting in his strange and chequered adventures in England and in the New World; something lamentable and pitiable in his miserable captivity and wretched end. Mr. Whitehead, laying full stress on all these, buckles on his armour as Sir Walter's champion, and runs a tilt at everyone, living or dead, who has not acknowledged, or who does not own, his hero to be a *chevalier sans reproche* as well as *sans peur*. We cannot join him in such a crusade; nor can we even say that he has managed his own case as skilfully as he might have done. Still the life is one that deserves reading, being copious and in some respects complete.

The Battles and Battle Fields of Yorkshire, from the earliest times to the end of the great Civil War. By William Grainge (Hinton). Generally speaking, we regard county and local histories as the dullest of reading, to any but the "families" interested in the counties or localities in question. But here is a book of a different stamp, being full of pleasant, gossipy, and, at the same time, valuable information, about various battles which have been fought in Yorkshire, from that of Stamford Bridge, eight hundred years ago, down to that of Marston Moor, with Cromwell for its hero.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Scenery, Science, and Art, being extracts from the note-book of a Geologist and Mining Engineer. By Professor D. T. Ansted, M.A. (Van Voorst). This work takes us pleasantly through France, Switzerland, Spain, Sardinia, Germany, Algeria, and the United States—a goodly list! The author's object was to enquire into the mineral districts of the various countries he visited; but if the reader supposes that the book must therefore be merely scientific, and consequently dull, he will be greatly mistaken. The Professor seems to be a pleasant fellow, who enjoys and criticises a good dinner as much and as well as a fossil, and observes men and manners as keenly as geological specimens.

Norway and its Glaciers, visited in 1851, by James D. Forbes, D.C.L., F.R.S. (A. & C. Black), is a good account of a country little visited, until lately, by English travellers, but which bids fair to come in for its share of fashionable patronage in the tourist seasons now. The work is also well illustrated, and forms a very handsome volume. Journals of former excursions in *the* Alps are added.

Hungarian Sketches in Peace and War, by Moritz Jokai (Constable & Co.), is a portable little volume, cheap in price and full of information.

Nice, and its Climate, and *Notes on Spain*, are the titles of two works written by Mr. Lee, a medical man, and author of previous Travels on the Continent, and published by Hope and Co. They are especially adapted to the use of invalids—the one describing the peculiarities of the climates of all the principal places between Genoa and Marseilles, and the other containing a special account of Malaga.

FICTION.

Floating Reminiscences and Sketches of a Sea Life. By the Old Sailor. (Whittaker & Co.) Who will not be glad to see another of Mr. Barker's graphic rollicking sea-books? Since poor Marryatt's death the "Old Sailor" has had no rival, and those who know his works best will not be disappointed in their expectations when they read this new one added to the list.

Our own Correspondent at the Seat of War—a Penny-a-liner's Day-Dream, by William Brough (Tinsley), is an amusing little *brochure*, full of exaggeration, of course, but not the less laughter-provoking on that account.

The History of Magic. By Joseph Ennemoser. Translated from the German, by William Howitt. *With Appendix, &c.*, by Mary Howitt (Bohn). We have placed this work under the head of "Fiction," because it assuredly contains more that deserves that name than most novels and romances. Ennemoser's theory is that every popular superstition is based on some foundation of truth; and so are *lies* generally. But because a grain of truth lurks somewhere in the rubbish-heap of falsehood are we to waste our time in trying to fish it out—besmearing ourselves meanwhile (like Ennemoser himself) with a much greater amount of the false than we can ever discover of the true. Can William and Mary Howitt find nothing better to do in the literary way than to put their names to a work which tends rather to carry the human mind back to the standard of the dark ages than to assist it in making "progress?"—a word which has been unmercifully *worked* of late years and by none more than the Howitts themselves. There is something meretricious in this total abandonment of principle for the sake of making money. Mrs. Howitt's appendix of "the most remarkable and best authenticated stories of apparitions" is a collection of old woman's nonsense. We wonder Mr. Bohn considered it worth printing.

POETRY.

The Last Days of Disorth, by W. G. Starbuck (Saunders & Otley), is a Welsh poem, or a poem on a Welsh subject, in six cantos. We surmise that the author is young, which will account for an appearance of imitation which we observe in his style. Still it is a *good* imitation, and many of the passages in this poem would not discredit renowned names. We might find faults enough, doubtless; but with a writer of such promise we prefer only to hint that the courage to cut away, mercilessly, such passages and expressions as his own mature reflection will point out to him as weak and unworthy of the better parts, is the quality he most wants.

The Deluge, a poem, by the Rev. James Spry (Langridge). Clerical gentlemen seldom make good poets. We will not stop to enquire why, but the fact is indisputable. Mr. Spry has not redeemed their character by a very watery version of the Deluge.

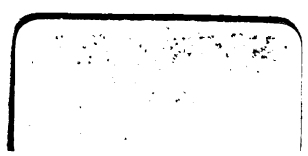
A Waterloo Commemoration, for 1854. By M. J. Barry. (Orr & Co.) Waterloo still wants a poet: Mr. Barry has applied for the place, but we cannot accept his testimonials, though he has some good qualifications, and might have succeeded had he tuned his lyre to a less lofty theme. Since Troy what great battles *have* been duly sung? All that we can call to mind are failures, including Lucan's pleasing but weak "Pharsalia."

Poetical Tentatives, by Lynn Erith (Saunders and Otley), a modest title to a little book of poems containing many good and beautiful thoughts expressed in much sweetness of language. They are the offsprings of the heart rather than the head—but of a pure, sensitive, and womanly heart. The book is worth a score of more ambitious poems, and we shall gladly welcome "Lynn Erith's" next appearance.

Butler's Poetical Works, Vol. II., is the new volume of the series of "Popular Poets and Poetry of Great Britain" (Nichol), introducing many short pieces of Butler's with which we were not previously acquainted.

RELIGION.

One of the most amusing books (we trust we are not irreverent in calling it so) we have seen, for some time, is that called *The Dragon of Revelations shown to be Austria* (Allen). Really, this unfortunate dragon has a worse time of it than the one under the heels of St. George's steed, with the spear popping down its throat, on the old crown-pieces. It is made to do duty for everything and everybody, troublesome and disreputable. It has been Napoleon, first and third, a great many times; it has been Nicholas of Russia, and his venerable namesake—below; and now it is Austria, though what is meant by Austria (whether the Emperor Francis Joseph, the country itself, the army, or the people) we know not. We can only treat such works with ridicule; for if we dealt seriously with them, we should be compelled to denounce them as rank blasphemy. The author professes the art of prophecy!

Monks and Monasteries, by the Rev. Allan Maclean (Murray and Son), is an abstract of ten lectures against the "black cattle" of Cardinal Wiseman, as the author facetiously denominates the cowled gentlemen, who appear to have invaded his parish in such numbers as to alarm him for the safety of his flock—or, perhaps, his fees.

Theologia Germanica, edited by Dr. Pfeiffer, translated from the German, by Susanna Winkworth (Longmans & Co.), is something of a curiosity, being a treatise written five hundred years ago by Tauler, a Dominican Monk of Strasbourg, and which gained the approbation of Martin Luther himself. Indeed its doctrine is as pure as those of the early reformers themselves. It is worthy of being read and studied by all who are interested in such treatises, and it is extremely well translated.